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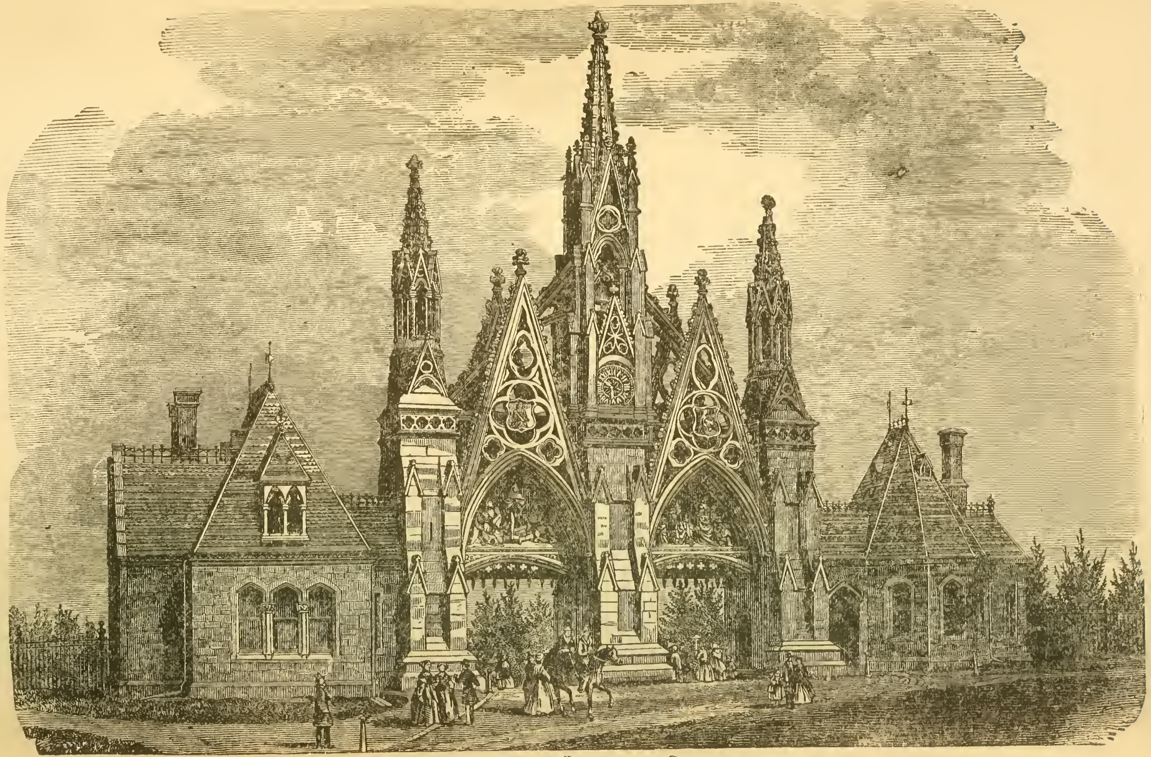

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MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

A Compend of Funeral Addresses.

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AN AID FOR PASTORS.

A BOOK OF COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

EDITED BY
J. SANDERSON, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF
"JESUS ON THE HOLY MOUNT," AND EDITOR OF "THE PULPIT TREASURY."

INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN HALL, D.D.,
PASTOR FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

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INTRODUCTION.

JOHN HALL, D.D.

Pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

THERE are few more delicate tasks falling to the lot of a minister than the conducting of what are known as funeral services. It does not meet the difficulty to have provided for him a form employed over all, without exception—the best proof of which is that where such a form is in fixed use, occasions are constantly arising in which the clergyman is constrained, by his own sense of the fitness of things, to add words of his own. He thus runs the risk of making invidious distinctions, while the uniform employment of the same language, if it be fit in the case of a decided Christian, is stronger than the Christian consciousness recognizes as fit where no profession of faith has been made.

Among the ways in which the minister can prepare himself to discharge this duty is by the prayerful use of such helps as are within reach. Foremost among these is the word of God, next in place will be the suggestive examples set by men, in whom, notwithstanding the imperfections of our common nature, good sense and knowledge of human nature have been elevated and consecrated by grace.

There are many ministers, who, like the present writer, have been censured for statements made over the dead when they carefully guarded their testimony and avowedly confined it to the record of their own intercourse with the deceased; and some, who have had "hearers" take their departure because enough was not said in eulogy of their buried kindred. Such things must probably be expected in the complications of a society, partly Christianized, and largely influenced by conventional usage. A true minister can only try to maintain in himself a conscience void of offence, and at the same time avoid the giving of just offence to others.

The Rev. Dr. Sanderson, in undertaking to aid young ministers, has two elements of encouragement in the attempt. The first is that he has been himself an active pastor, and understands the work to be done. The second is, that not wholly relying on his own judgment, he avails himself of the labors of others, who have secured the confidence of the Christian community.

In commending his undertaking I may be permitted to reproduce words long ago intended to warn against excessive and indiscriminate praise, and which the observation of later years has not tended to weaken, but rather confirmed.

Suppose Herod Antipas had died six months before John the Baptist was beheaded. Imagine a court-preacher of the day making the funeral address. There is no evidence that the Jews had at that time any service-book or anything to read in the synagogue except the Old Testament. So he must make his funeral service according to the circumstances. He would, of course, glance lightly at that infelicity of the royal departed which complicated his domestic life by making him the husband of his niece, who was also his living brother's wife, and in the room of his living wife. "There are, however, happily other and brighter spots on which the memory would love to linger. He had shown the deepest interest in that great revival preacher who had, as all knew, stirred the hearts of thousands. He had heard him often, and been deeply impressed. He had even opened his house to him. He gave the influence of his great name and authority to him, so that the courtiers, as they all knew, had been also attracted and interested. Not only that, but the distinguished dead had proved the depth and sincerity of his convictions by doing many things recommended by the eloquent preacher. How can we, in view of all these evidences of pleasure and profit from such ministrations, doubt that this child of an Idumean family has gone to be with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob?" Unfortunately, however, Herod lived too long, and his having a place in history is mainly due to the circumstance that he ordered the beheading of this "interesting" and eloquent preacher without the formality of a trial, and from being a patronizing and interested hearer becomes the Baptist's murderer.

It is one thing to like a stirring sermon now and then, the reality of which is a pleasant variety among the shallow and painted frauds of the theatre, and opera, and even fashionable social life, and it is quite another to believe with the heart what is said. It is one thing to be on good terms with the prominent men in the church, and so conciliate their followers, now and then to give a subscription, perhaps even forego a dinner-party to preside at a benevolent meeting; and it is quite another to submit one's self to God in faith and obedience. It is one thing to respect devoted men, and even publicly compliment them as sincere and so forth, and quite another to put lusts and passions under the control of the truth they teach, and to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. But to rich and poor, high and low, this is the divine requirement; and we must be sparing of our eulogies over men, as Christians, however prominent or public-spirited as citizens, if they have never given evidence of subjection to the Father of spirits. Happily we are not the judge of men's standing before God; but we may make ourselves such, and rest favorable judgments on very slender evidences.

John Hall.

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MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

CHILDHOOD.

GOD'S LOVE OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

REV. T. GASQUOINE.

It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.—MATT. xviii: 14.

GOD loves little children with tenderest, deepest, sweetest love.

I. **It is a love of utter unselfishness.** It springs out of the eternal fountains of loving-kindness. They cannot know him, trust him or love him in return.

II. **God's love of little children** is the love of delight in them. His delights are with the very youngest of them. He rejoices in the life of little children.

III. **His love is a love of compassion towards them.** If all the promises show his care for the weak and the helpless and those exposed to danger, that care must be as sensitively towards little children. When Christ was upon the earth, his ways with children were full of tenderness. When his disciples were disputing who should be greatest, he took a child and set him in the midst. When his disciples would drive away mothers with their children, he took them in His arms and blessed them. The very providences of God which begird the lives of children show his tender compassion toward them.

IV. **God's love is the love of trust** in the almost infinite capacities of children. That slightly knowing, fully trusting, fitfully loving little child is to become the intelligent companion of angels and adoring sprits before the throne of God.

Surely it is "not the will of your father, &c."

A MOTHER'S SORROW.

REV. A. S. ROBERTSON.

Rachel weeping for her children.—Matt. ii: 18.

THIS mother had been dead for centuries; but such a dreadful slaughter had been made of the children around her grave that she is represented as moved to tears in her tomb and is comfortless in her sorrow. Sin always causes tears, but the consideration of what Christ has done should always bring comfort. "They died for Adam sinned. They live for Jesus died." Consider:

I. **The immediate cause of their being cut off**—Christ's Incarnation—Matt. ii: 1–16.

II. **The only cause of their salvation**—Redemption by Christ. Rev. xiv: 4.

III. **They were first fruits to God and the lamb**—not John Baptist, nor Stephen—but the babes of Bethlehem. Rev. xiv: 4.

IV. **These are now lambs of the upper fold.** In their mouth was no guilt. They were only babes two years and under—God's celestial family is increased by Herod's self-defeating massacre. If they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Jesus' name, they surely inherit the first fruit of the promised blessedness.

V. **We should keep these babes in remembrance.** If the woman who poured ointment on Jesus' head has her memorial, surely babes whose lives were first sacrificed for Christ should not be forgotten.

VI. **How encouraging the thought, that none shall be forgotten,** or be unrewarded by God who suffer for Christ, and how anxious should we be, to become as little children.

VII. **How comforting to the bereaved are these truths.** Weeping parents should rejoice that their children are without fault before the throne. In the innermost ranks. "Now, are they holy."

VIII. **Regard them as "first fruits" of a glorious harvest.** He who took children in his arms on earth, takes them still into his heavenly keeping for eternal blessing—now jewels on his bosom. This is the comfort.

IX. **He is willing to take every penitent and present him "faultless,"** where all shall be one family in Him. There shall be no sorrow there.

SOME REASONS FOR REMOVAL.

REV. VARNUM LINCOLN.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 Sam. xii: 23.

WHY take away the little one in the freshness of early dawn, leaving the home desolate, the heart sad, and the sweetest hopes forever withered? We may not be able fully to answer; but there are considerations which mitigate in some measure the overshadowing gloom.

I. **The length of a human life** is not always the measure of its usefulness. A long life is not necessarily a useful one. It may be like some long rivers whose waters are slow and sluggish, whose banks are low and marshy, where the crocodile and the serpent find a home. Other lives are short and diminutive like some mountain streams, and yet what a work they accomplish—what delight a child brings to a home, what source of pleasure to parents and others. It gladdens, refines, elevates.

II. **A child's work** on earth is not finished when it dies. Its buried body draws the thoughts often to the grave. Its soul gone to eternity attracts thoughts and affections thitherward.

It opens the fountains of sympathy in the heart towards other bereaved ones. Its death becomes a teacher of spiritual things and a magnet towards a saving power.

III. **It is removed from the many troubles** and temptations incident to this mortal life. Disease, accident, misfortune, poverty, neglect, what sources too of moral evil, threatening to deluge the young mind and heart. These evils are more fearful than death. It is now safe from all moral harm.

IV. **God has called it** to a higher and nobler mission than any on earth. Who can tell what the spirit of a beloved child may be given by God to do in heaven? Something better, at any rate, than he could have performed here.

V. **The assurance** that godly parents shall be reunited to their children. "I shall go," etc. This is clearly taught. God is able thus to comfort us in all tribulations.

THE CHILD GLORIFIED.

J. SANDERSON, D.D.

And her child was caught up to God and unto his throne.—REV. xii: 5.

WHATEVER the primary meaning of these words may be, they are especially true when spoken of one who has died in infancy. All such are not lost but gone before. They are the "lambs of the upper fold," whom the good Shepherd has gathered from the hills and vales of a land smitten by sin and swept by wintry blasts.

I. **The departure of each of these is arranged and superintended by God.** He has a favor towards them, and therefore watches over them, provides for their welfare, removes them when he will and sends the angel of death to call the spirit home.

II. **They are "caught up" in mercy to them.**—Their natures are sinful and might develope into awful iniquity. Their temptations might be many and strong, and to these they might yield. Their disappointments might crush their hopes and shade all their prospects. Their sorrows might come like "the clouds returning after the rain." But God has mercifully spared them all these.

III. **Children are "caught up" in mercy and love to parents.** Beautiful and cherub-like as infants are, who can say to what a child may grow? Cain and Absalom and Judas were not less attractive and lovable than other children are, but what a grief they must have been in after years to their parents. The possibilities of an evil nature are fearful to contemplate.

IV. Children are "caught up" to have God's place vacated in the parent's heart. This place is often filled by a child or some earthly object. Children are often idolized. It is right to love, but not to idolize—God will not permit it. He is a jealous God and must have his own place in the heart.

V. **Children are "caught up" to be forever at home with God.** Here they are away from the Home of the Soul—from their Father's house. God wants them with Himself—to render them unspeakably happy and have a seat with His only-begotten Son on the throne.—"*To God and to his throne.*"

Lessons.

Think not of your child as dead, but living—not as a withered bud but as a blooming flower in Paradise.

Be submissive to the Divine will. God gave. He took. He will restore. "He doeth all things well."

Anticipate reunion in heaven.

God has a dwelling-place for all his children.

Look to him for comfort. His promise is "I will be with thee in trouble."

THE MISSING ONE.

REV. G. ORME.

And one is not.—GEN. xlii : 13.

THESE words occur in the story of a family life as it is told by some member of the family to another who has long been an absentee. It might be repeated in many a home, and is true of many a family. "One is not." It may be the father or mother, brother or sister, or the dear little one. Death has divided them. The face will be seen no more. This renders the absence so saddening.

I. **How frail and short-lived are all our social possessions and delights.** The families who may meet at any time in the fullest numbers and in the greatest gladness may do so no more. One, probably the least likely, may be missing. How dearly we should prize our domestic relations, devoutly and gratefully cultivate them, and yet not rest in them, nor let them keep us back from God. How affectionate should be our demeanor, how pure and sweet and beautiful and happy our lives.

II. **The member who "is not," may have his present state far in advance of his former one.** It was so with Joseph, to whom allusion is here made as the missing one. And although our missing one may not be permitted to hold intercourse with us or minister to us, yet in his exalted position we may not doubt that he still remembers, is in sympathy with us, and may hear through our elder Brother of us, or through those blessed ones who minister to those who are heirs of salvation.

III. **The prospect of a full and an abiding reunion.** Joseph had only been taken from them for a time, to minister to them in their time of necessity, to prepare the way for reunion, and to receive them to himself in happier circumstances. So our departed one may not be "lost, but gone before," may be the means of drawing the affections of those left behind heavenward and thus preparing them, through Christ, to leave this the famine stricken world, for the land of eternal plenty, and to welcome them there to everlasting habitations. As new arrivals take place, how the joy of each and of all increases. How complete the joy when a whole family is found there.

But if any be absent, and as we count up the number we have to say, "And one is not," what a drawback to the joy of all.

Let us seek so to live, that we shall appear "a whole family in heaven."

AN INFANT'S DEATH NO REAL LOSS.

J. SANDERSON, D.D.

To what purpose is this waste?—MATT. xxvi : 8.

THE unfeeling question of those who had no sympathy with Christ or her who had poured her precious ointment on His head and feet. A similar question may often start to the lip of those who see their child laid in the coffin on whom they have lavished the wealth of their affection and care. Jesus answers the question of both parties, by assuring, there is no waste, if their poured-out ointment is expressive of their devotion and affection for him. Although we cannot see all the designs of God in any of his dispensations we can see enough to satisfy us that "God does all things well." There is no waste in a child's death, so far as God's purpose is concerned, for :

I. **The child has lived to be a demonstration** of God's fashioning life giving and saving power. No waste, though one-third of the human race die in infancy.

II. **No waste**, SO FAR AS THE CHILD'S INTERESTS are concerned. It has lived to be one in the "Kingdom," and to be blessed by Christ, to have angels watching it as an "heir of salvation," to have the pleasure of existence in time, to have the glorious possibilities of eternity, to have a body made like Christ's, and a seat with Christ on his throne. No waste.

III. **The child has lived for its parents' sake**; to call forth their love, to exercise their graces, bind them closer in affection to each other, draw out their affections more fully to the Giver, make them more devout and earnest at the mercy seat, as they feel their increased responsibility, and to make them feel more intensely their stewardship. No waste.

IV. **The child's death will be no waste,** IF HEARTS BE SOFTENED BY THE AFFLICTION, reminded of God's covenant, of the sin that has caused death, and of the uncertainty of life. If taught not to make any earthly thing a portion or an idol, if affection is directed to the other world where the soul is, Christ is, and where God is gathering his own one by one. If parents are more impressed that repentance and faith are required of them if they would join their child again, and hear her speak to them in the other world. Sin makes the impassable gulf.

Exercise unfaltering trust in God. Thank him for the loan of the child, and that through Christ you can rejoin it in that land where parting shall be no more.

◆

EARLY PIETY.

REV. J. W. McCREE.

Thou art my trust from my youth.—Ps. lxxi: 5.

A RECKLESS child is never a happy child. He should be pleasant, docile, open-hearted, courteous, humble, willing to do the least things patiently, waiting for the time when he shall, by Divine grace, do the greatest things. That the young may be brought to trust in Christ, they should be treated by the aged with great kindness and love. It may be fitting on this solemn occasion to say:

I. **They should patiently answer their inquiries.** Think what a world of wonders this is to the juvenile mind. How full the Bible is—teeming with things unknown to the youthful soul. Try to satisfy its eager, palpitating questions. Every one who will do this in a wise, genial spirit will have a rich reward.

II. **They should not frown upon the laughter of the**

young. Why should not the young laugh, not too much, nor too long, nor out of place, but when it is timely and innocent, then should the old bear with it and share in it.

III. **They should sympathize with the struggles of the young.** Some young people have a hard life. Godless parents, homes without flowers, music, beauty or love. Fathers never kiss them, mothers never pray for them. Cold walks to work, low wages, tedious hours, blustering nights. Who would not pity, help and love them and show them all possible kindness ?

IV. **They should rejoice when they rejoice.** If they are merry, singing for joy, garlanding themselves with roses on birthdays, they should not throw "wet blankets" over their glossy heads and smiling faces. While they love and wed and laugh, the aged should not begin to prophesy evil concerning them, but turn the water into wine at the marriage, bless the feast and be merry, and show that God's people are the gentlest, the sweetest and the best.

V. **The aged should seek the salvation of the young.** No parent should rest until all his family are converted and in the church of Christ—until even the very lambs of the flock are "safe in the arms of Jesus"—His forevermore.

Some of the young never grow old. Their voices ring no more out of cots. Their feet patter no more to the door. Their little graves rise amid green grass and the heavens shelter their spirits. Wherefore, comfort yourselves. There *is* comfort for us this day, when the departed could say, "Thou art my trust from my youth." Then death is the gate of life, earth leads to heaven, where the young are crowned with knowledge and joy, where all are immortal and glorious and have pleasures forevermore.

THE LESSONS OF GOD'S ROD.

BY REV. G. D. MAGREGOR.

Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it.—MICAH vi: 9.

GOD employs many instruments for the instruction of His children. Scripture, daily blessings, Providence, a remarkable Providence as that of the sudden death of a young man.

I. **This solemnly speaks to us** of the brevity and uncertainty of human life. This lesson is often sounded in our ears and addressed to our hearts. But this neglected truth is now loudly proclaimed, not to rob the young of the sunshine and joy natural to young hearts, but to urge them so to live that to them death shall have no terror and no sting.

II. **This speaks to us of the disappointment** of the brightest hopes. This has often been the theme of the moralist, the poet and the preacher. Now it has had an impressive illustration. Hopes are all quenched in death and buried in an early grave. Have you a hope which entereth into that within the veil? If death comes then you will have a prize of infinite worth substituted for one only of finite value. No merely earthly hope can defy death or bloom beyond the grave. Let Christ be the trust and stay and He will endow with a hope full of immortality.

III. **This event speaks to us of the mystery of Providence.** A mystery in such a death at such a time. What power for good possessed! What service might not such a mind have rendered to God and man! A promising life abruptly ended, while thousands of the weak and worthless are permitted to live in uselessness and in vice. But the Judge of all the earth will do right, even though the rightness of this procedure does not reveal itself at once to our feeble reason. We see but a small portion of God's complicated plan—the merest outlines of His picture. In heaven the hopes of the believer will find a richer fruition and his powers a nobler service than earth could afford.

IV. **This event speaks to us of the worth of a Christian faith.** "We sorrow not as those who have no hope." The foundation of this hope is the knowledge that the departed lived and died trusting in Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life." Merely to remember that he had many amiable qualities, etc., would not be enough, but the confidence that he was an humble disciple of Christ cheers and sustains and casts a brightness over the grave. Learn the transcendent worth of a Christian faith. It supports the dying, comforts the bereaved and gives a certainty of a blessed reunion. Delay not to exercise faith, but be ye also ready.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT NAIN.

REV. GEBLER.

LUKE vii : 11–17.

THE spring season of the year, full of renewal of life, beautifully accords with this incident in to-day's Gospel. Two processions of human beings meet each other at the gates of Nain; out of the village comes the train of death, a corpse in the van; the procession of life approaches toward it; in the van is the Prince of Life, Jesus Christ; the latter does not give way, but conquers the former. The funeral procession is changed into a mass of happy persons, and with the cheerful followers of the Lord from a group of blessed worshippers.

I. **The funeral train which is met by Christ.**

II. The manner in which the Lord approaches this train.

III. The result.

I. The procession comes from Nain, which means "pleasantness." This entire beautiful earth is only a world of death. The corpse is that of a young man—no human energy can defy death. The mother is a widow—Death is a cruel prince. The accompanying people can do nothing but sympathize. This funeral train is a picture of devastation and sorrow, and the impotence of man in opposition to this power of destruction—where Christ has not yet come, *e. g.*, heathen nations. And even now, what deep immorality and fear of death where Jesus is not known and trusted! Man without Christ is spiritually dead.

II. The Lord beheld and pitied the widowed mother. Thus He looks yet on every one whom the stroke of death casts into deep sorrow. He speaks to her. Thus He comforts us likewise in His word. He touches the bier, He *does* something. And thus, in our day, we become acquainted with circumstances which take place against all human expectation, and which are proofs of the continuous power of the living Christ.

III. "He that was dead sat up and began to speak." Although He does not show His power in this wise any more, yet He shows it in different ways.

(*a*) Christ stops deaths—this is shown in the history of nations which accept Christ (*e. g.*, cannibalism in Sandwich Islands).

(*b*) He awakens us from spiritual death.

(*c*) He helps us to overcome the terrors and agony of death.

(*d*) He will raise up all the dead at the last day.

"And he delivered him to his mother." Many a spiritually dead lost son has Christ restored to his parents (*e. g.*, Augustine and Monica). He will re-unite those separated by bodily death.

Verse 16. Mourners and despairing souls are snatched out from depths of grief and despondency, and caused to praise God.

CONCLUSION.

If we have Christ in us, we can bring consolation to them whom death has deprived of loved ones, and meet our own death with composure. May the life of Christ become daily stronger in us.

UNFULFILLED HOPES.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, D.D.

I pray thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan. . . . . Thou shalt not go over this Jordan.—DEUT. iii: 25, 27.

THERE are many things in a man's life which he desires, but usually there is some one thing which is the supreme good after which he longs. It was so with Moses. And yet this is the one thing which God will not grant. Let us inquire:

I. **What God refuses to grant.** Going over Jordan was, it would seem, the only request God refused to Moses. This refusal was the last trial of his meek soul, and he came out of it meeker than he had been before. Some one's heart is set upon ambition. But his Waterloo comes, he is dethroned forever, and another takes his place. Some one has a dear home, idols are there, we do not know how much we loved until there is the vision of a face darkened under the coffin-lid—Oh! The cry that went forth ere that face paled in death. "Let the dear one live." There are many Jordans we pray God to cross, but we are kept back—hidden hopes blighted, secret struggles ending in defeat. Thus also in spiritual attainment—some lofty eminence has been aimed at, but some sin has clogged our feet. Some temptation yielded to has clipt the wings of prayer and faith, and we have failed. But we are sometimes never greater than in the hour of our defeat—great in humility, in acquiescence with God's will—in faith. Stephen, Paul, John, Luther, Christ, examples.

II. **Why did God refuse to grant the prayer?**

1. Because of sin in the case of Moses. And because of sin in the death of infants—that sin not their own, but of those to whom they are related. There are other mysteries connected with such a death which God's hand only can unravel.

2. Because designed to benefit Moses thereby. Moses needed this last stroke of God's chisel to clear away his last infirmity. He had to die completely to self, and this refusal accomplished this. A similar lesson may be taught by this death.

3. Because this refusal lifted him to a nobler elevation of character, more unselfish, more divine. Abraham was thus elevated when he did not withhold his son. David, when after Absalom's death, he cried, "Let my soul live and I shall praise thee." Paul, when his prayer was refused and grace given him to bear the thorn. Christ's last act in obedience was when He cried: "Not my will but thine be done."

4. Because it had given Moses an opportunity such as he had not before, of honoring God, in the midst of disappointment before all. He showed that it was easy —it was gladness to obey the last command of all— to go up to the Mount and die.

III. **Because of refusal, God grants the more.** The things granted were far better than all he withheld.

1. There was a larger outpouring of grace into the heart of Moses. Grace of forgiveness, of restored joy,

of salvation, of broken bones rejoicing, of fresh communion. God kept his best wine for Moses until now.

2. There was the speedier crossing of the Jordan of death into the life everlasting. The goodly land of Lebanon was as nothing to the heavenly, and to the glory of God which he would now see.

3. He did cross the Jordan and stood with Christ on the mount of transfiguration 1600 years after. He stood there in *glory* then, and talked with God's own Son. God thus gave him an answer exceeding abundantly above all he asked or thought.

Let us be patient in affliction.

> "He is not dead—the child of your affection—
> But gone unto that school,
> Where he no longer needs your poor protection,
> And Christ himself shall rule."

Godly sorrow worketh repentance. The time comes when we must all cross this Jordan. Let us live upon the Mount and grow familiar with the land toward which we are going. Christ is on both sides of Jordan. Get Him in you, with you, and you are safe.

THE CHILD IN GLORY.

REV. THORNLEY SMITH.

Neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.—LUKE xx: 36.

THESE are remarkable words. The present condition of every human being is a very humiliating one, but it is only for a little while that any of the children of men can dwell in these tabernacles of flesh and this vale of tears. This condition shall soon be exchanged by the saved for a better. A little lower than the angels *now*, each of the children of God shall *then* be equal with the angels and the angel's heaven shall be theirs for ever. And while this is true of all the good it is equally true of the little ones whom God calls to the better world. They too "shall be equal unto the angels."

I. **Equal unto them in holiness.** Look at the angels as they stand before the throne, as they minister to the saints, as they bear the spirits of the redeemed into the presence of their Lord! How radiant they are! How fair! How beautiful! Their robes are robes of dazzling light and upon them is neither stain nor speck. And yet the redeemed, even the little ones of the flock of Jesus, are equal to them—yea, they shall shine in brighter lustre and be conspicuous among the cherubs, who shall rejoice in the companionship of these young immortals and recognize them as friends.

II. **Equal unto them in intelligence.** However wise angels of God may be, and however deep and profound their knowledge of God and of his works and ways may be, yet even infants of humanity shall become equal unto them. What discoveries they shall make, what mysteries they shall solve and what glories will burst upon their sight when they enter the spirit-world. They may not indeed immediately and at once be equal to the angels, but they shall soar into their domain, stand on their platform, take a place by their side, eventually out-soar the flight of the first-born seraph and stand nearer to the throne than Gabriel himself. They will know, as angels cannot know, practically and experimentally the mysteries of redeeming love.

III. **Equal unto them in happiness and joy.** Angels are happy because they are holy and therefore enjoy the felicity of immediate fellowship with God. But every child "caught up to God and to his throne," will be holy and will join in the songs of the harpers before the throne, only in the chorus of which angels can unite. No seraph can be more joyous than the ransomed spirit of a child.

IV. **Equal unto them in immortality.** "Neither can they die any more." Angels never die. Their nature is incorruptible, and they are as vigorous and strong to-day as when first they came from the Creator's hands. And paralleled with angels will be glorified children. Immortality is stamped upon their soul—and the body resurrected and made like Christ's, will equal the existence of angels. Conscious personal existence for ever with the Lord is the privilege of every infant caught up to glory.

What lessons these thoughts suggest. They speak to us:

1. *Of our dignity.* However sinful, weak, dying man now is, even the babes of the household shall one day be equal unto angels—the nobility of heaven.

2. *Of our hopes.* Our privilege is EVER to be looking upward—however sorrowful now, anticipate the blessedness awaiting those, even babes, who enter the city of the skies.

3. *Of our business*—to become like little children, to be saved like them through grace, for only then can any of us become equal unto the angels that stand in the presence of the King.

* * *

THOSE laughing eyes of thine fair child
God never wished to weep;
Ere smiles had fled, the shadows fell
Of death's long, silent sleep.

DEATH ON A SUMMER DAY.

REV. W. FORSYTH.

He sat on her knees till noon and then died.—2 KINGS iv: 26.

THERE are times when many days of sunshine and joy succeed each other, and others when in a single day there seems concentrated the joy or sorrow of a year. This occurred to the family at Shunem. A child had been given when they were hopeless of offspring. He was the mother's joy and pride, had taken away her reproach. His fellowship was her delight and his future the dearest hope of her life. He grew in beauty by her side and filled her house with glee, and on a summer day when all was life and gladness in the harvest field he visited his father among the reapers. How happy that father as he walked hand in hand with his boy amid the yellow corn, the innermost thought of his heart being, "May the God of Jacob bless the lad." There and then death met him, when the sun was high and hot, the lad suddenly cried, My head." Learn:

I. **Sorrow may come at the most unlikely time.** There may be darkness at noon. Thunder out of a clear sky. The happiest home darkened suddenly by sorrow and the shadow of death.

II. **Sorrow may spring from the most unlikely source.** From a fountain of joy and a well of delight. The sudden cry of agony is from a child, buoyant, playful, full of life. How strange the association at such a time—childhood and pain. Here are the ravages of sin. Rom. v: 14. How in the presence of such sufferings are we humbled and awed before God.

III. **Sorrow may come in the midst of innocent labor.** Work is going on according to God's ordinance in the harvest field. Old and young cheerfully engage in the reaping work. No work more wholesome or pure. The simplicity and purity of the olden time characterize the reapers. Yet death invades this busy, joyous scene. What place is safe ? What people or work have an immunity from trouble ? The trail of the serpent is over them all.

IV. **The effect of this sudden sorrow.** The father's heart is pierced as with a sword by that cry of pain. He feels stunned, is helpless, but he knows where love and help and comfort abide for a child when weary of learning, or faulty, or pained, or stricken by sickness. "Carry him to his mother." Everything with her must give place to the little invalid. "His mother"—true refuge for the weary—safe resting-place for the sick and dying child. Mark:

What a change from the morning. Left home full of life and frolic, returns helpless, unconscious, dying. How startling to the mother was that pale countenance of her boy as she received him on her knees ! How often had she dandled him and kissed him while there before. How she now hoped against hope ! What suspense was hers during the closing minutes of that forenoon. "He sat on her knees till noon and then died."

None but a mother's heart knows the terrible distress of such a moment in such a scene. Her sun had gone down at noon. How tumultuous the thoughts that crowded her soul ! How great the trial to her faith ! God seemed to have forsaken her that moment.

V. **Mark the resuscitation of her faith and hope.** God lives and all is not lost, is her recovering thought. She strengthens her heart in God. Hurries to her prophet—makes her passionate appeal to him. Hope springs up again in her heart. Nothing is too hard for the Lord.

How strange and solemn the scenes in that chamber of death when the prophet of the Lord stretches himself on that child. How wonderful the revival. What joyous scenes in that Hebrew home that evening.

What lessons for us. The uncertainty of earthly things—the power of faith. The willingness of God to help—the certainty of a resurrection, the joy and gladness at the reunion on the morning of the last day.

THE SHUNAMITE AND HER SON.

JOHN BRUCE, D.D.

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.—2 KINGS iv : 26.

THIS story has soothed the spirit of many a parent, and is still fraught with consolation. The story suggests:

I. **The Shunamite though a godly person was not exempt from family bereavement.** She had one on whom her affections centred, and who was dear to her, even as her own soul. To him she clung as one of the chief sources of her enjoyment, and as one whose life seemed indispensable to her own. Yet in accordance with the sovereign purpose of God, she was called to part with this child. In the morning he is with her and she delights to look upon his opening charms and to indulge in fond anticipations of the future. At noon he is struck down by the hand of death, and is no longer hers. "When the child was grown, etc."

A visitation like that of the Shunamite, is not uncommon with the people of God. The grim messenger enters their dwelling and commits his ravages on those whom they love. Darkness forthwith covers their tabernacle and the cheerful household hum is hushed. This is the law of nature acting according to the appointment of

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God—"By one man, etc." When parents see their tender flowers blighted and cut down, it well becomes them to think of sin, as that which brought death into the world and all our woe. But when they think of death through the first man, they may think of life through the second man Christ Jesus.

II. **The Shunamite, though a pious woman, was deeply grieved by the loss of her child.** When Elisha saw her, he saw grief depicted on her countenance; and when he saw Gehazi annoyed her with his importunity, his language was, "Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her." And why should not Christians grieve for the loss of their dear children? It is only when grief becomes immoderate, or when mourning is accompanied by murmuring, that it is offensive to God. It is chiefly because bereavements awaken sorrow, that they lead us to see our need of God and to seek for satisfaction from higher sources than the world with all its transient joys.

III. **The Shunamite amidst her affliction, betook herself to God.** Elisha was not only a man of God but a prophet signally attested by Jehovah. In a certain sense he was the the medium of intercourse between God and man. To him the Shunamite came in this her hour of need—unbosomed all her sorrow and looked for the consolation she required. The restoration of the child seemed needful to the realization of the promise that had been made to her. The Christian parent should go to God in the season of bereavement. "He knows our frame," sympathizes, pours the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit. He does not afflict willingly, has gracious designs, assures that afflictions "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." He leads forth by the right way.

IV. **The Shunamite acquiesced in the bereaving dispensation, painful though it was.** When Gehazi met her and accosted her in those courteous terms . . . "Is it well with the child? She answered, It is well." True, her beloved child had been removed from her; after a short, but severe conflict with trouble he had closed his eyes in death. And as a consequence of this her tender heart was wrung with anguish and her soul was vexed within her. But still she could say "it is well." She saw the hand of her God and Father in the trying dispensation, and, like Job, she bowed with holy submission knowing that all was truth and mercy sure. It should not require many words to persuade bereaved parents, that with them also it is well.

Fond parent, look to thy child in its glorified state, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Think of him as raised above all sorrow, and suffering, and imperfection, and mingling with the innumerable company of the redeemed.

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
  That mourns thine exit from a world like this:
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
  And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss."

THE CHILD AND THE FATHER'S CUP.

THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of them.—MATT. xviii: 2.

THIS was done to rebuke the selfish ambition of His disciples. Children are still placed in houses to be teachers as well as to be taught themselves. No house is "furnished" until God in his loving kindness sets a little child in the midst of it. They teach lessons.

I. Patience. A virtue that some are slow in acquiring. None can teach it better than a helpless, dependent and often wayward and exacting child. "*Bear* with me," is the meaning of its long wakeful nights and peevish cry, and of its dullness in getting its lessons. If telling the same thing unsuccessfully for eleven times remember the twelfth time you may succeed. God is patient with us, He would have us patient with our children.

II. **They teach us our faults.** They are household mirrors to reflect our faults. Their ebullitions of temper show how ridiculous ours are. We are photographed on them. This family likeness is sometimes frightful. Think that in every fault of theirs you see yourself as in a looking-glass.

III. **They show us our graces.** By seeking Jesus they follow the example set by father or mother, or both—so also when they consecrate themselves to God and confess Christ, they are only reflecting in their own lives, our lives. In like manner is their after career of usefulness and honor. If we are properly taught by our children on earth, and we teach them the way of life, our reward will be that Jesus will set our child in the midst of us in heaven.

God often calls these children home. This is the bitter cup he gives us to drink. He knows our soul's disease. He is the wisest and best of physicians, never selects the "wrong bottle," and never gives one drop too much of the corrective medicine. He does all things well. His children must trust their Father. He chastens for our profit that we may be partakers of his holiness.

God sees that some one in the family has need of his spiritual skill—from indulged sin, from weakening of the graces, and He gives a cup of bitter disappointment —the gourd that was so grateful and refreshing withers.

Patient submission, humble acquiescence, and unfaltering trust and hope are the lessons God would teach and what the soul's disease requires. If the cup had not been drank the blessings would have been lost; if the child had not died, the idol would have been enthroned.

God's cups may be bitter, and you may be long in draining them, at the bottom lies a precious blessing. Rich graces lie there. For this reason the "trial" of faith is precious. So Abraham and Job and all God's children have found it.

Be not surprised when God mixes such a bitter cup for you as the death of a child. You need that medicine. The best tonic medicines are bitter. They have a merciful purpose. It is your Father's cup. Drink it, unhesitatingly, uncomplainingly, and with the spirit of that Beloved Son, who said, "Not my will but thine be done."

EARLY DEATH.

BY J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

The righteous is taken away from the evil to come, etc.—ISA. 57: 1, 2.

THE young king Josiah, who ascended the throne of Judah at the tender age of eight, is considered to be the righteous one here specially referred to. He proved himself the most godly of his royal race. 2 Kings 23 : 25. At the age of sixteen he was brought by means of perusal of the Divine Law under the fervid power of personal piety and from that day onwards, during a memorable decade, he became priest and king in one. He swept away every vestige of idolatry and restored the purity of the Temple-Worship.

But, strange, mysterious dispensation! Just when in the flower of his youth and when his people were prospering in peace and piety he is brought bleeding and wounded from the battle-field and dies in his chariot, ere he can reach his palace in Jerusalem. The national grief was deep and intense, and a national dirge composed by Jeremiah was for many years sung on the spot where he received the fatal wound, the best choristers of Israel tendering their services on the occasion.

Josiah's case is not singular. The book of memory will reveal many whose young and cherished names are written upon grave-stones. Such early removal forms a problem insoluble by our poor reason. We can understand the removal of the hoary-headed sinner and of the aged Christian, but the Josiahs of early and brilliant promise and the Lazaruses, the young life and light of the Bethany homes—where is the wisdom or the love in stripping the temple of its pillars, "Beauty and Strength"?

The words of Isaiah give a twofold answer to these questions and mysteries. The

1st. Negative. "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come." It was so in the case of Josiah. Why is the "staff broken and the beautiful rod" might have been the sorrowful inquiry of both the Israelites and of Josiah. But they were all in ignorance of the future. He and they had mercifully not revealed to them the impending invasion of the armies of Babylon and the miseries which were entailed on his unhappy city and country. Jeremiah refers to this in his 22 chap. God does not disguise from the young king the reason of his early departure. 2 Kings 22 : 18–20. What was true of Josiah's early death is applicable to all. Often, when we can see no love or kindness or wisdom in these early graves, it is because the morrow to us is mercifully veiled. Who can tell if the loved and early lost had been spared, what trials might have been in reserve for them, or what sins and temptations might have overtaken them? Better the brief loan with its hallowed and undarkened memories than the prolonged life with its possible evils — "taken away from the evil to come."

II. **The words of the prophet give a positive explanation.** "He shall enter into peace, etc." This Josiah did. This is one of the beautiful Old Testament evidences of the immediate blessedness of the departed righteous. The body rested as in a bed, the spirit that walked uprightly on earth continues, in a loftier state of existence, this elevated walk. The work cut short in this world is not arrested, it is only transferred. The merciful are "gathered," as a better translation has it; not wrenched away, but gathered to unite in the worship of the great congregation in the upper sanctuary. Let us listen to the whispering of angels around the pillows of the early departing ones. "He shall enter into peace." "He shall walk in his uprightness."

Besides, the "righteous" survive dissolution even in this world, in their deathless memories of goodness and worth, they continue to "walk." The uprightness is not laid by with their funeral shroud, or merely carved in the epitaph on their grave-stones. No! it lives. The sun has vanished, but the glow still reddens the mountains and glorifies the evening clouds. It was so with Josiah. 2 Chron. 35, 26. His deeds were also written deep on the nation's heart, and in imperishable memorial in the chronicles of the great and good of all time. "Early," when applied to death, is a term only relative to the body; the spirit, the character, the *man,* still lives, and the old promise becomes literally true regarding those prematurely taken away—"*with long life* will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." "He asked life of thee and thou gavest it to him, even length of days for ever and ever. Ps. 21: 4.

THE TEACHING OF A CHILD'S DEATH.

WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. 2 Sam. xii : 23.

SICKNESS had come into the Palace. "The Lord struck the child." David was greatly distressed by this event. Not only was he saddened by the sufferings of the child, but because Nathan had specially connected all the pangs of the child with David's sin. Hence every quiver of pain the infant gave was a new needle-point thrust into his own conscience. David betook himself to God in prayer, while the sickness lasted. This shows that David was God's child, though he had sinned. He besought God both for himself (Ps. vi: 1–4) and for the child. Though he had been told that the child would die, he yet besought God for its life. There is always "who can tell," what God may do.

The child died, and when David knew it he came to his house, asked for bread and ate it. His servants required an explanation, and here it is, showing the strength of his character and the firmness of his faith in a future life. "While the child, &c."

David's resignation was the result of his persuasion of the happiness of his departed child and of his humble hope of joining him therein. Practical teachings.

I. **The illness and death of little children may be intimately connected with the conduct and spiritual history of the parents.** They belong indeed to a tainted race, and their death shows their connection with Adam ;

but it may also be caused or connected with the character of their immediate parents. Their death may be the penal consequences of their sins, or it may occur to lead them to thoughtfulness and to quicken their spiritual life. They may have been permitting the world to have too large a share of their attention, or permitting themselves to become enslaved by some degrading habit, or they may be unconverted. The death of infants may have a corrective, restrictive or preventive power on the parents or other members of the family.

II. **The surest solace under the affliction and death of infants is in God.** David has recourse to prayer, and what he sought for was not granted, but he got strength to bear the stroke. It would not have been good either for himself or his people to have had his prayer literally granted. But his tears of weakness had brought down God's strength. Let us, in all trials, repair to the "mercy seat."

III. **We may cherish the most unwavering assurance of the salvation of those who die in infancy.** David's words teach this. He, under the Jewish dispensation, had the fullest persuasion of the eternal welfare of his baby boy. There are several things recorded which tend to make the doctrine of infant salvation perfectly indubitable.

Over and above the fact that they have not committed actual transgression and do not personally deserve condemnation, and may be presumably regarded as included in the provisions of the covenant of grace; there are certain things which place this doctrine beyond all question. There seems:

1. *A moral impossibility involved in the very thought of infants being consigned to perdition.* They have neither memory nor conscience, the elements in the punishment of the lost.

2. *There are positive indications that infants are included in the work of Christ.* There is no passage in which it is stated in so many words, but many passages which very clearly imply it. Thus Jesus said of infants, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," meaning "of these is the kingdom of heaven," and for this reason He took up little children in his arms.

3. *The tone and spirit of the gospel favors the idea of infant salvation.* The Saviour was peculiarly tender to the little ones. It was foretold that He should carry the lambs in his bosom, and his infinite atonement would be shorn of half its glory if it were not available for little children.

Let us consider *to whom they have gone.* They have been taken to the arms of Jesus and to the bright glory of the heavenly state. Let us consider *from what they have been taken.* They have been removed from earth with its pains and privations, its sufferings and sorrows, and from the spiritual dangers with which the world is environed. Perhaps they would have fallen. A living cross is heavier than a dead one.

Let us consider *for what our little ones have been taken away.* Perhaps we have been wandering away from Christ, or we may have never known Him, or this may have been the case with some member of the family. God has taken the child away to bring us back, or to bring us to Himself. Why then shall we repine?

Let us consider *how this bereavement will appear to us when we come to die ourselves.* The great concern then will be about those we are leaving behind us. There will be no anxiety about those who have gone before.

The appropriation *of these consolations implies that we ourselves are journeying heavenwards.* "I shall go to him." The departed child is in heaven. Are you advancing towards heaven? If not, these comforts are not yours, and a great gulf will be eternally fixed between you and your child. Let then the memory of your departed little ones stir you up into religious earnestness. Do not resist the appeal.

A CHILD'S TRUE ESTIMATE.

ANONYMOUS.

A little child shall lead them.—Isa. vi: 6.

THESE words were written to illustrate the great quiet that shall fall upon this troubled earth when the Redeemer's Kingdom is fully prevalent on the earth. So docile will even wild beasts be that a little child shall lead them without fright or danger. Little children it will be seen, by revelation, have a large place in the revelation and purpose of God. They are included in the Covenants, are made the subjects of circumcision, are given by promise and granted in answer to prayer, are accepted as objects of consecration, raised from the dead, nurtured by angels. The cry of little Ishmael—outside of the Special Covenant as he was—touched the heart of God as well as the heart of Hagar his mother. In the New Testament their privileges are unrevoked. The promise is unto us and to our children. We find that touching act of Jesus taking little children in his arms and blessing them and leaving to his church the sufferance that little children should come unto him without hindrance. We find them declared to be capable of receiving blessing, even though but infants, children without speech. He who gives them knows the avenues by which their souls are reached, and how as their great High Priest to apply to them the blood of everlasting cleansing. It is to the Bible we owe our estimate of their worth, and the lesson that, however young they may be called away, they have not lived in vain. Then are two thoughts in our text.

1st. **The child-measure.** There have been two notable ways of estimating the value of a human soul.

1. What the soul is able to accomplish. This was the old Roman conception. Power to do was the exponent of the Roman mind. Scripture has recognized this characteristic of Roman civilization and presented the Messiah in Mark's gospel as the man of power. He is the great hero who conquers diseases, demons and death and whose earthly mission was that of Conqueror of a lost and ruined world. A Roman mother, rather than see her child grow up a coward, would gladly see him impale himself upon his own sword.

2d. **God's standard of measurement** is, not what the soul does, but what the soul is. It is no thought of the Bible that those who die in cradles are less to be noticed than those who go up from gory fields, etc. God measures the soul not by what it has been able to accomplish, not by the figure it has been able to cut in the drama of existence. It is like gold, precious for its sake. God has tempered the soul to the economy of its earthly existence. Few souls ever live to magnify themselves by deeds. Many fall still-born into the grave. Many before they find utterance for their thoughts. Many before they answer the roll-call of public duty. Others are born to that weakness of mind which makes necessary our hospitals for the idiotic and insane. Well has God said, "Not by works, lest any man should boast." He looks not to deeds, but to the soul. Hope may be written over the grave in which lies the late occupant of a crib, as well as the recent occupant of a throne. Herod who slew the Judean children was more merciful than he who teaches that

God saves on account of what we do. For if this be true, where are the children? They are without gospel—left as lambs for the slaughter—left without any fellowship with the holy child Jesus. But if we take the soul itself as the standard by which human existence is to be valued, we thereby get a standard by which the value of every human existence may be computed. Then one touch of the finger of grace removes the stains which have dimmed the divine image and superscription upon an infant's soul. In it was the breath of God, before it lies the blood of Christ and beyond this blood lie the boundless steeps which lead up to the lofty perfections of Jehovah. It has responded to the purpose of him who called it into being. It tarried a second or two on the threshold, God's angels lifted the everlasting doors of grace and glory, and it entered the last penetralia of the future. Thus the precious word of God has given us a scheme of grace which reaches to the youngest child.

II. **Children have a mission**, not of deeds but of influence. It is difficult to define influence. It is an invisible power which by subtle methods moves us to action or serves as a restraint. The world owes a great debt to children for their unconscious and largely unintentional influence. By it they radiate and bless the world.

The great lesson of self-sacrifice is learned from their presence, a lesson which is seldom learned in any household where the cry of a child is not frequently heard. No other animal comes into time-relations with so much peril. No man can compute the sacrifices, weigh the sighs or bottle the tears which parents give to their offspring.

Many a spring of tenderness too has been opened by a child which every other influence has seemed powerless to open. Many a falling house has thus been kept together. Society would be honey-combed into absolute pleasure-seeking or money-making or self-seeking if the influence of children were removed. Even their departure makes the world assume something of that true aspect which God has given it in his word, and heaven is anchored to many a heart more peacefully and hopefully because of the children that are there. Many a time has the Great Shepherd led his children nearer the eternal world by carrying a lamb or two ahead as fresh challenges to the parents to follow after. "A little child shall lead them." We should take the language of the Shunamite woman to express our allegiance to the Divine government in the day of our bereavement. "It is well" with child, father, mother—not because parental instinct had perished, or because the child was less loved than before. But it is well, because God's ways are always right—because another has been delivered from the evil that is in the world—because it is no small thing that God puts everlasting honor upon our children, because it is not a thing for comfortless grief that Jesus suffers little children to come to him.

The keeper of the vineyard takes away the twig for the deeper rooting and fruitfulness of the vine, and we know his wisdom and answer not a word.

Is it not time that the family should be gathering on the hill-tops of glory? That your house on high be furnished—that your mansion should be decorated with those blossoms which have been your delight on earth? May their going be the means of deeper meditation on the excellence of eternal things.

HOME BEREAVEMENTS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Remarks made at the funeral of a child in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

WE are joined together, many of us, by a common experience. Many of us have met in each others' houses and in each others' company on just such errands of grief and sympathy and Christian triumph as this. How many of us have sent children forward; and how many of us feel to-day that all things are for our sakes; and that those things which for the present are not joyous but grievous, nevertheless work in us the peaceable fruit of righteousness!. So we stand in what may be called a relationship of grief. We are knit together and brought into each others' company by the ministration of grief, made Christian and blessed.

To be sure, if we were to ask this life what would be best, there is no father, there is no mother, who would not plead with all the strength which lies in natural affection, "Spare me, and spare mine." For the outward man this is reasonable and unrebukable; and yet, if it be overruled by Him who loves us even better than He loves his own life, then there comes the revelation of another truth: namely, that the things which are seen are the unreal things, and that the real things are the things which are invisible.

When our children that are so dear to us are plucked out of our arms, and carried away, we feel, for the time being, that we have lost them, because our body does not triumph; but are they taken from our inward man? Are they taken from that which is to be saved—the spiritual man? Are they taken from memory? Are they taken from love? Are they taken from the scope and reach of the imagination, which in its sanctified form, is only another name for faith? Do we not sometimes dwell with them more intimately than we did when they were with us on earth? The care of them is no longer ours, that love-burden we bear no longer, since they are with the angels of God and with God; and we shed tears over what seems to be our loss; but do they not hover in the air over our heads? And to-day could the room hold them all?

As you recollect, the background of the Sistine Madonna, at Dresden (in some respects the most wonderful picture of maternal love which exists in the world), for a long time was merely dark; and an artist, in making some repairs, discovered a cherub's face in the grime of that dark background; and being led to suspect that the picture had been overlaid by time and neglect, commenced cleansing it; and as he went on, cherub after cherub appeared, until it was found that the Madonna was on a background made up wholly of little heavenly cherubs.

Now, by nature motherhood stands against a dark background; but that background being cleaned by the touch of God, and by the cleansing hand of faith, we see that the whole heaven is full of little cherub faces. And to-day it is not this little child alone that we look at, which we see only in the outward guise; we look upon a background of children innumerable, each one as sweet to its mother's heart as this child has been to its mother's heart, each one as dear to the clasping arms of its father as this child has been to the clasping arms of its father; and it is in good company. It is in a spring-land. It is in a summer-world. It is with God. You have given it back to Him who lent it to you.

Now, the giving back is very hard, but you cannot give back to God all that you received with your child.

You cannot give back to God those springs of new and deeper affection which were awakened by the coming of this little one. You cannot give back to God the experiences which you have had in dwelling with your darling. You cannot give back to God the hours which, when you look upon them now, seem like one golden chain of linked happiness.

You are better, you are riper, you are richer, even in this hour of bereavement, than you were. God gave; and he has not taken away except in outward form. He holds, he keeps, he reserves, he watches, he loves. You shall have again that which you have given back to him only outwardly.

Meanwhile, the key is in your hand ; and it is not a black iron key ; it is a golden key of faith and love. This little child has taught you to follow it. There will not be a sunrise or a sunset when you will not in imagination go through the gate of heaven after it. There is no door so fast that a mother's love and a father's love will not open it and follow a beloved child. And so, by its ministration, this child will guide you a thousand times into a realization of the great spirit-land, and into a faith of the invisible, which will make you as much larger as it makes you less dependent on the body, and more rich in the fruitage of the spirit.

To-day, then, we have an errand of thanksgiving. We thank God for sending this little gift into this household. We thank God for the light which he kindled here, and which burned with so pure a flame, and taught so sweet a lesson. And we thank God, that, when this child was to go to a better place, it walked so few steps, for so few hours, through pain. Men who look on the dark side shake the head, and say, "Oh, how sudden !" but I say, Since it was to go, God be thanked that it was permitted [illegible] so brief a period of suffering; that there were no long weeks or months of gradual decay and then a final extinction; that out of the fullness of health it dropped into the fullness of heaven, leaving its body as it lies before you to-day a thing of beauty. Blessed be God for such mercy in the ministration of sickness and of departure.

I appreciate your sorrow, having myself often gone through this experience; and I can say that there is no other experience which throws such a light upon the storm-cloud. We are never ripe till we have been made so by suffering. We belong to those fruits which must be touched by frost before they lose their sourness and come to their sweetness. I see the goodness of God in this dispensation as pointing us toward heaven and immortality. In this bereavement there is cause for rejoicing; for sure it is that you and your child shall meet again never to be separated.

INFANT SALVATION.

REV. CHARLES A. EVANS.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein. LUKE xviii: 17.

OUR text, on the authority of our Lord, teaches one of the most consoling, supporting, heart-cheering doctrines to the bereaved parent, that is contained in the holy scriptures—that is, that little children are redeemed and glorified. That this is the doctrine of the text is indisputably clear, both from the connection in which it stands, and also from the meaning of the phrase "Kingdom of God." In the preceding context, the Saviour made use of a parable, in order to convince the Jews of the impossibility of being justified by works, or self-righteousness; and having thus presented to the Pharisees this truth, immediately infant children were brought that he might bless them. This no doubt was a custom among believing Jews then, and based on that prophetical promise in Isaiah, 44th chapter, 3rd verse, and was to be fulfilled in gospel days—"I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Having taken them in his arms and blessed them, saying, "for of such is the Kingdom of God," he subjoins in application to the Pharisees, "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." The Pharisee boasted of his own righteousness, as the ground on which he should be justified, and admitted to the Kingdom of Glory; and Christ immediately applies the case of the infant as regards the grounds of its salvation, to show the proud Pharisee that his theory of salvation is false, and that in order to be saved he must renounce all self, humble himself, and if he will be saved, receive Heaven as the infant child receives it. Now the question arises, how does the infant receive the glories of Heaven? The word receive clearly implies that it is a gift of its Heavenly Father; and indeed this is the invariable teaching of God, both in regard to infants and adults. "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in the sight of God," "by grace are you saved," or, as the word grace means, unmerited favor. To sum up the matter, it is as if Christ had said, Boasting Pharisee, whoever you are, unless you renounce merit on your part, and receive Heaven as an unmerited gift of God, through Jesus Christ, to the lost sinner, you can never enter therein. Just as these little children who have never done good or evil personally, (though federally sinners,) will be admitted to Heaven; for, having no merit to plead, they receive glory as a gift of mercy. That this is the true interpretation, both of the text and context, we think is very clear, as the term or phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" here cannot mean any other than the Kingdom of Glory, and harmonize with the context, and the design of the Saviour.

Besides, the language is not THIS little child, but A little child; meaning any or every little child indefinitely. "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as A little child," etc. This is a doctrine not of modern date, nor of man's invention. It has been advocated in all periods of the Christian dispensation, as appears from the history of the church, and no doubt it never was disputed until the church was corrupted with heresy.

The probability is, that the opposite opinion originated with Papacy, and was afterwards abetted by all of like sentiment; holding either to baptismal regeneration, or good works in order to salvation, or perhaps to both.

My object is, first, to give you a brief history of this doctrine with argumental proof of its truth; secondly, the probable reasons that infants are translated to heaven in infancy. And in the last place, make an application.

First then as to the history of this doctrine.

That infants at death are glorified has always been the faith of those denominations of Christians, known by the appellations, Presbyterians, Dissenters, or Calvinists, in every age, from Apostolic days down to the present, although the contrary has been often asserted by the ignorant and the false.

Thus, for example, we find Vincentius and Victor, in the fourth century opposing the horrid doctrines of infant damnation, introduced by Prelatists, who advocated baptismal regeneration, asserting that in order to salvation, all infants must be baptized. So also John

Wickliff, of England, and John Huss of Bohemia, both in the fourteenth century: also the Lollards, their followers, who separated themselves from the Papacy, and suffered death for the doctrine afterwards called Calvinistic. I say all these of whom the world was not worthy, advocated the salvation of infants who died in infancy, whether baptized or not.

So also we find Zuinglius declaring, that all children whether those of Christian or Heathen parents, that die before actual or known transgression, are saved. See his epistles. And, as Maresius says on the words of the text, "For of such is the Kingdom of God," "If all children are not saved who die in infancy, why are the words of the text so general and indefinite?" And Calvin himself, (though branded by the ignorant, as the inventor and abettor of infant destruction,) in his Institutes of the Christian Religion, book 4th, chapter 16, while he firmly maintains that all infants are involved in the penalty due to Adam's first sin, being our covenant representative, his first act being regarded as the act of all his race, yet maintains that they are by Christ redeemed from the evil consequent upon Adam's sin, and that they are susceptible of regeneration, and consequently of eternal life, all of which was implied in his declaration "suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of God." And from Christ blessing little children, it is obvious that he intended to show that they are saved through Him.

In his commentary on the words of our Lord concerning children, "for of such is the Kingdom of God," without any limitation of meaning, or hesitation, he declares that God adopts infants, and washes them in the blood of his Son—that they are regarded of Christ, as among His redeemed. (See Institutes, book fourth, chap. 16, section 31.)

Such have been the views of all Calvinists, from the days of Calvin, both on the eastern and western continent, the names of whom will always gild the page of ecclesiastical history, a few of whose names it may not be amiss to record. Calvin, Tyndale, Scot, Newton, Gill, Pictet, Whitfield, Watts, Hale, Howe, all of the old world; and Mather and Junkin, eminent old-fashioned Calvinists of the new. But here the caviler may be ready to ask, does not the Westminster Confession of Faith, the standard ot the Presbyterian Church, speak only of elect infants being regenerated, and saved by Christ through the Spirit? (chap. 10, sec. 3.) This question I answer by asking another. Can any infant be saved that is not elected? If they have fallen in Adam, (as undoubtedly "all in him have sinned,") then, if saved, it must be on the ground that God has elected them to salvation, for even if we admit that the doctrine of meritorious good works was true as a ground of salvation, (although the Bible condemns it,) still they could not be saved on that ground, for the infant, before a sense of right and wrong is incapable of accountable moral action. (Rom. 5: 12.) From this reasoning, then, is it not conclusive that infant salvation can be supported only on the ground of their election? The doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty does not militate against infant salvation, for while it attributes to Jehovah, all power and right over his creatures to dispose of them; to impart or withhold His favors as seemeth to him good; may He not give His special favor to infants dying in infancy, in the exercise of this sovereignty, as well as to adults? And is it not more reasonable that his favor would be conferred on them rather than on adults, seeing they have never knowingly and willfully offended against Him as adults have? And would not the praise of his glorious grace, be as much exhibited in the salvation of infants, as in that of adults, if this be the great object of redemption, as undoubtedly it is? (See Eph. 1st chap. 6th verse; also 3d chapter 10th verse.) And is not the infant as capable of regeneration as the adult is? Assuredly it is. For in these works of grace, while under the influence of the Holy Spirit, they are both equally passive. Besides this, we have cases on record where this work has been effected by the spirit before birth; as, for instance, the prophet Jeremiah, also John the Baptist. (See Jer. 1st chap. 5th verse; also Luke, 1st chap. 15th verse.) Now with these instances before us, of men sanctified from the womb for a special work on earth, is it not reasonable to infer that a good and merciful God does sanctify through the Lord Jesus Christ, all infants who die before the period of accountability? and thus qualify them for the glorious employ of the youthful cherubs above.

Thus, afflicted parents, God has from eternity appointed a bound to your little one's days that she could not pass. Reflect, that sovereign, electing grace has, from all eternity, encircled in the arms of unmerited compassion, through Jesus Christ, the babe and suckling, so as, out of their mouth to perfect praise;—then your fears are at once appeased—then your sorrows, bereaved parents, are at once turned into joy.

But, in the second place, we will speak of some of the probable reasons that God calls children home.

And first, it is in mercy to them. Earth at its best estate is vanity; so deceitful and disappointing is even the friendship of bosom friends; so alluring are the temptations that earth and sense present, that here we may be likened to the tempest-tossed mariner, for whom there is no safety, no repose, till he reaches his destined haven. The world is constantly promising in the prospect, great happiness, many comforts; but all at once they vanish or are blasted by an unseen hand. But the infant dead never feels those pangs, never experiences those spirit chilling, heart-crushing sorrows. It peacefully glides from the arms of its earthly to those of its heavenly Father. Suppose the little one who is now gone, had been allowed to reach mature age, become entangled with the gayety and follies of this world, her hopes highly exalted, but through the snares and deceitfulness of sin and of sinners, been deceived, disappointed in her expectations, placed in circumstances destructive of all peace here, and well adapted to ensure her misery hereafter. How very different from her present condition! Oh! what a contrast!! But she has escaped all this!

Rest, on the bosom of thy God; young spirit, rest thee now—
None of the sorrows here portrayed, shall fall upon thy brow!
        The vital cup in part, your lips had quaffed,
        But, with it sickened, you repelled the draught—
        Opposed; then turning from the blaze of day,
        You gently breathed your infant soul away.
Oh, mourn not for the dead, in youth who pass away,
Ere peace and joy and bliss have fled, and sin has brought decay.
Better in youth to die, life being fair and bright,
Than when the soul has lost its truth, in age and sorrow's night.
Then shed not the tear of grief upon the sable bier,
Her wearied spirit finds a rest, in a more blissful sphere.

But again, children are called away out of mercy and love to parents. We have too many idols in this world. If God loves us, he must take them out of our way, that we may be led to worship God, and not idols. We are too much disposed to love the creature more than the Creator. Now, to wean us from earth, and set our affections on things above, to have the world painted in its true colors before our eyes, and be brought, like Job, to loathe it, exclaiming, "I would not live always," is a very important desideratum—a point highly desirable to gain, so as we may be turned from the ways of sin and death, into those of holiness and life.

Think not of your child as dead, but think of it as living;—not as a flower withered, to bloom no more; but as one transplanted by Jehovah's hand to bloom in richer colors, and sweeter shades than those of earth. Bear in mind God has done this, who does all things best.

With patient mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does nor suffers to be done
But thou would'st do thyself, if thou could'st see
The end of all He does, as well as He.

May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, make this dispensation the means of a present and eternal blessing to your souls, through Jesus Christ His Son. AMEN.

PIETY IN CHILDHOOD.

REV. ROBERT WYE BETTS.

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF E. T. D., AGED 13 YEARS, SON OF THE REV. S. A. DAVIES,
KILLED AT THE NEW CROSS RAILWAY STATION, ENGLAND.

"*Because in him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel.*"—1 KINGS xiv : 13.
"*First the blade.*"—MARK iv : 28.

ALTHOUGH the dealings of God with the children of men, and the course and dispensations of Divine Providence are, to a great extent, enveloped in mystery and in gloom, occasional gleams of light break through the darkness—gleams of celestial light whereby the dark enshrouding shadow-casting clouds are dispersed—gleams of celestial light whereby we are able to see that the whole is ordered in infinite wisdom and love. That God "doeth all things well," and overrules whatever occurs to us as individuals, families, or nations, for the best, are truths which are frequently, forcibly, and fully affirmed in His Holy Word. But when events that are of a peculiarly distressing and afflictive character take place, our faith is apt to waver. We cling to the general idea; but in relation to the particular circumstance that presses so heavily, and makes the individual heart bleed, we are at a loss to perceive how *that* can be comprehended in any beneficent arrangement, and are prone to think that *that* might have been spared. The trial of faith is undoubtedly on this point, when the keenest sensibilities of our nature are touched; when the dearest objects of our affection are smitten; when the most treasured blessings of our heart are violently wrested from us. Yet, even in such circumstances, faith is not altogether without its relief and its rescue; for sometimes, in addition to the strong and general assurance of His word, our Heavenly Father lifts a portion of the veil from the dark dispensations of His Providence; gives us a glimpse of the reason why He permitted the sorrow, the woe, the bereavement to come; enables us to hear His voice above the roar of the surging waves and the rush of the tempestuous wind, as the Disciples heard the voice of Jesus when their hearts were failing them for fear upon the storm-tossed lake of Galilee. "It is I. Be not afraid."

Death. The death of children is one of the gloomiest, darkest, and, in the world's opinion, one of the most mysterious and unnatural dispensations of Divine Providence. Philosophy is startled at the idea of a little one cut down just as the buds and blossoms of its life are becoming developed. And infidelity, emboldened by such an event, ventures on the assertion that there is no Providence but the chapter of accidents, and no other God in the world but chance.

A little deeper attention to the matter, a closer and more prayerful investigation of the Book of God, will, perhaps, lead to the throwing of more light upon this subject than it is generally supposed to have. Let whatever will betide, I have no hesitation in affirming, not only on the ground of my Scriptural beliefs, but on the ground also of the coincident testimony of experience and observation, the stern logic of facts, and the world's past history, that the "Judge of all the earth" must do right. If "Light is sown for the righteous," it is the condition of the sowing that the light be buried beneath the soil, its elements, its germs, its seed-form, be laid in darkness and in death. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."

These are general principles—confessedly difficult at times of individual application, and not always to be perceived or understood in relation to the particular event which is at this or that particular moment of our history our particular trial. But, then the Bible does not shut us up to general principles. It gives us a number of instances of their particular application, in the Biographies and Histories embalmed in its inspired record. The Biographies of the Bible are not mere biographies written with no higher aim than that of making us acquainted with the men of the past. The Histories of the Bible are not mere histories narrated for no other purpose than that of describing the onward progress of events, until the arrival of the "fulness of time," and the advent of the promised Messiah. They are biographies and histories rich with illustrations of the principles by which God's procedure is governed; fruitful with lessons of heavenly wisdom, in relation to the reasons of many of his dealings with the children of men. They are a mine of spiritual wealth, from which the earnest and devout workman may procure gems of inestimable worth—a firmament of spiritual stars, from which illuminating beams stream down on many things which we deem dark, mysterious, inexplicable. Interpreted by the histories and biographies of the Bible, the woes, the sorrows, the bereavements of life, are not so dark, mysterious, inexplicable, as we had supposed them to be.

Very sad, mournful, distressing, is the Providence which has furnished me with a special topic of discourse this evening. The youngest son of our dear friend, the Rev. S. A. Davies, a beautiful child of thirteen years of age—beautiful not only for the bright intelligence of his countenance, but beautiful for his spirit—beautiful for his early piety, some ten days ago fell from the platform of the New Cross Railway Station, and was instantly crushed to death beneath the wheels of the train for which he was waiting, in company with his brother, to go to the Crystal Palace.

We ask, why was one so young, so full of promise, so gentle, and so good—such a treasure at home, and such a pattern at school, so suddenly snatched away—so early called? Indeed, I cannot tell *all* the reasons for his premature death, any more than I can tell *all* the reasons why so many of the beautiful buds and blossoms of the early spring time are permitted to be nipped by the frost and perish, any more than I can tell *all* the reasons why such men as Josiah, the pious King of Israel, and Prince Albert, the noble husband of our beloved Queen, should be cut down in the very prime and flower of life, just when, according to our poor judgments, they could least be spared; and at the time when their influence for good had reached its power and its zenith. But I do not think it is totally inexplicable, or that we must leave it altogether shrouded in distressing mystery. There is a narrative in Scripture which sheds light upon it. We may interpret it by the death of the youthful Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, and the reason assigned for his premature decease. "*Because* in him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel."

Abijah was taken from the evil to come. Woes and judgments hung over the house of Jeroboam. But, before their thunderbolts fell, God put forth His hand and took this pious youth to a place of safety. "Death came to him as a reward, a blessing, and a deliverance." God spared him the sorrow of witnessing his father's unhappy end. Delivered him from the evils by which his father's wicked conduct would have surrounded him, on his ascension to the throne, by shortening his earthly existence. God loved him, and therefore so early called him home.

Of course the only parallel circumstance between the early death of Abijah and the early death of that little youth whose untimely end we now deplore is the fact of their early piety. But the reason given for Abijah's early death—"*Because* in him was found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel," sheds like a star its bright and beautiful and peaceful light upon what would else be in the case of Edward Thomas Davies a Providence dark as midnight. God loved him, and therefore so early called him home.

Alas! How often we are mistaken in our interpretation of God's providential dealings. We are prone to think He is acting harshly, when, in fact, He is acting most tenderly, kindly, and wisely. We see only parts of His ways. But were we in a position to understand the whole—were the reason always disclosed to us as it is in relation to Abijah's premature decease—there would not be a moment's hesitation about our cordial acquiescence in all His movements, or of our acceptance of the most afflictive depensations of His Providence as freighted with mercy and laden with the highest good. The heavenly husbandman gathers for the heavenly garner the fruit that is earliest ripe. He takes his best beloved away from the evil to come. Upon the tomb-stone of this little one God has himself written the epitaph, "*Because* in him was found some good thing toward the Lord of Israel."

It will be seasonable to embrace the opportunity given by the premature death of this dear boy—whom I believe to have been, in the true, full sense of the phrase, "a child of God and an inheriter of the kingdom of heaven"—to make a few observations upon Piety in Childhood.

What are the characteristics and features of piety in childhood? what is the form in which we are to look for it? what the symptoms, the features, by which we may recognize its existence?

"First the blade."

I. Can piety exist in Childhood? Most certainly it can. There is nothing in the dispensation of mercy—nothing in the general attributes of religion, that limits piety to any particular age.

The Atonement is full and sufficient for the sins of the whole world, without limitation of country, age, or condition; so that, on the ground of the Atonement, is the fact of Atonement, whosoever cometh to God, be he young or old, child or adult, "shall in no wise be cast out."

The Holy Spirit, who is the great agent in the effectual working of the Christian Dispensation, is boundless in compassion, infinite in grace, alive with tenderness, so that the smoking flax can bear his breath and not be quenched—the bruised reed receive his influence and not be broken—the child's heart receive his grace and not be crushed with its "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The Seed of the Kingdom of Heaven is like the seed of the mustard-tree—small, the smallest, of all seeds—suitable, therefore, for implantation in the soul of the youngest child. There is nothing in itself, nothing in its own nature, to prevent its being sown with the very earliest dawn of reason and receptivity.

The Gospel is the instrumentality by which souls are saved. The Gospel possesses such an inherent power of adaptation, that it is "strong meat for men" and "milk for babes"—an ocean in which the leviathan can play, and a softly-flowing brook at which the timid lamb may drink—a river whose waters in some parts rise no higher than the ankles, but in others so deep that no plum-line can sound its awful depths and fathomless mysteries.

According to the arrangements of human law and social life, there is a minority during which the child or youth is incapable of performing certain functions, and incapable of taking upon himself certain responsibilities. Though he may be the heir, yet, until he has attained his majority, he is "under tutors and governors"—cannot administer his own affairs, manage his own estate, or be legally liable for any debts he may contract. But in religion the only minority is that which exists before reason and conscience are at all developed. The spiritual faculties of the child are equal in number to the spiritual faculties of the adult; they only lack their manly vigor. Instead of being the worse, they are, in some respects, the better for this. For their manly vigor is oftentimes associated with a guilty experience; and the conscience, in early life, so tender and shrinking from what is wrong, so wise to what is good, and so simple concerning evil, has often times, in later years, had a grievous moral injury done it, by a course of willful and persistent sin.

The yet incomplete development, therefore, of the faculties, is no hindrance to personal religion; because it is to the affections of the heart that piety makes its appeal. And when favored with religious advantages, when nurtured in the admonition and fear of the Lord, the early childhood years of life are the most hopeful, the most favorable years for the implantation of the seeds of grace, and for the direction of mind, ere it is immersed in the thousand cares of the world, to the pursuit and the possession of the "one thing needful."

Children piously taught and trained in the fear of the Lord have, I believe, religious impressions much earlier than parents and teachers in general seem to look for them, or think they can exist. I have no hesitation in saying, that the work of grace has often commenced, and made considerable progress, when, to our poor imperfect sight and blindness of spiritual perception, there does not appear to be anything more than the outworkings of the natural temperament.

There is, indeed, amongst children, that great impediment to religion—constitutional depravity—the natural corruption of the human heart. But this belongs to human nature in every stage of its being, and is not, cannot be, so strong in early life as it is subsequently, when years of sinfulness have added to its force, and actual transgression has piled it up a higher mountain of separation.

In childhood, the soil of the heart is not so pre-occupied, so extensively pre-occupied, as it is in maturer years. The ill weeds of evil, instead of being full-grown, exist only in their incipient and germ forms.

To childhood, the gate of heaven is not so strait as it becomes in after years. A child can easier pass through it than a man.

If you want to have plain and positive proof that piety can exist in childhood, you have only to search the annals of the Church, in order to discover, from the beginning until now, a continuous line of the brightest examples of early piety. God, by His Holy Spirit, frequently begins to work very early in the mind—children of very tender years are frequently the subjects of His saving grace. Boys and girls are not too young to serve the Lord, or love the Saviour. To many young immortals, like Samuel, Josiah, and Timothy, God has revealed the things of His kingdom, while He has hidden them from the wise and prudent. There are lambs in the Saviour's fold ; and though the Church often hesitates and fears to receive them into its fellowship, the Redeemer receives them, folds them in His arms, and carries them in His bosom. Nearly three years ago there was a little child, the infant daughter of one of the members of this church, who died ; she was not quite five years old. A little while before her spirit left its little suffering mortal frame-work, it seemed as though the Holy Spirit imparted to her the fact that she was about to die. Calling her father to her side she said, "Father, I'm going to be dead ;" and as he, with tearful eyes and heart full of grief, looked on, her little voice was again heard, "Father, open the door, and let Jesus in." Then after giving directions respecting the disposal of her books and toys, the vision of glory appeared to break upon her sight, even as heaven opened before the eyes of the martyred Stephen, she said, "Father, I can see Jesus." A few moments afterwards she closed her eyes and died, her spirit taking its place before the throne of God in heaven, around which "thousands of children stand—children whose sins are all forgiven—a holy, happy band—singing Glory, glory, glory!" Piety can exist in Childhood. And, surely, this little one who said, "Father, I'm going to be dead;" "Open the door and let Jesus in;" "I can see Jesus," was one of the lambs of the Saviour's fold. These are His blessed encouraging words, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me."

The "blade" is as much His production, as "the full corn in the ear." In fact, His compassionate regard is as much, perhaps more, shown to the former than to the latter; for while He sends His sun to ripen the ear, He protects the tender blade from the nipping, biting, killing frost, by covering it with a carpet of snow.

Piety can exist in Childhood. "Suffer," said the Saviour, when His disciples were endeavoring to send the little ones away, and, with rude rebuffs, bidding the mothers not trouble the Master, "the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And when the disciples were disputing about who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, He took a little child and set him in the midst, and, after telling them that he would be greatest who nearest approximated to the guileless spirit, meekness, and docility of that little child, He warned them, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones who believe in Me, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, who is in heaven." It is "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" that God "perfects praise." One of his blessed promises, relating to Gospel times, is, "I will pour My spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring;" a promise which is necessarily vague, which is stript of the beauty and grandeur of its meaning, if piety cannot exist in childhood.

II. **What are the characteristics of Piety in Childhood?** What is the form in which we are to look for it? What the symptoms, the features, by which we may recognize its existence?

"First, the blade."

Now, in looking for the features and characteristics of piety in childhood, you must, of course, have an eye to the moral fitness and order of things. You would never think of looking for the "full corn in the ear," in the early spring time; for the fruit of the apple tree, while the apple tree is clothed with its beautiful blossoms; for the sagacity and ability of manhood, in a boy at school. So, in your search for the lineaments of youthful piety, you must not expect to find theological knowledge, mature experience, keen doctrinal preceptions, a full systematic creed, or anything of that sort. These things are the aftergrowth. It would be most unnatural were they to exist. As unnatural as it would be to find the "ear" of corn, formed and developed, when the "blade" is just shooting its tiny spire through the earth's crust. Religion is a life. Piety is a growth; its beginning is small. In its early stages, in the youthful mind, it is mainly a thing of feeling, affection. The heart is touched by the sweet and tragic story of the Cross. The mind is moved by the impulse of devotion; simple, confiding trust in God is awakened, and the religion comes out not in the form and phraseology of theologic schools; not in the lines and furrows of old age, but in the spirit of a little loving life, which loves Jesus because He left His throne in glory to die for sinners, and to re-open the closed gate of the kingdom of heaven; in the spirit of a little loving life, which shrinks from evil, falsehood, deceit, and cruelty, for reasons which it cannot fully define, or decipher to itself; in the spirit of a little loving life, which bends the knee in such beautiful simplicity and earnestness of prayer, that angels stop to listen to its confiding uttterances.

What are the natural characteristics of Childhood? I mean the characteristics which distinguish a child in relation to his parents. Are they not such as these? Dependence, Faith, Obedience, Docility, Love. Now, transfer these characteristics from their earthly to their heavenly sphere; transfer them in heightened form and power, from the human to the Heavenly Father, and you have at once, in their incipient form, the true features of youthful piety. Piety in childhood manifests itself in an unbounded confidence in the Heavenly Father's love and power. In the main, in a positive remembrance of, and obedience to, the Heavenly Father's precepts, but occasionally a wayward and strange forgetfulness of them. In the simple receptivity (unclouded by any dark doubts or difficulties) with which it hears and receives the Heavenly Father's words. In the frank and artless way in which its affections flew out and upward to the great God who made heaven and earth, and to the Saviour who died that we might be washed and forgiven. There is perfect naturalness, perfect simplicity, in the form of childhood's piety; unsuspicious, devout, anxious to please, vivid in its recognitions and beliefs; not yet realizing the strange and sorrowful vicissitudes of the Christian life, "Full of spiritual simplicity, and artless love, and frank confidence, and enthusiastic hope, and fervent gratitude, and uncalculating self-denial," it unfolds itself just as you might expect a life infused by the Holy Spirit to unfold; not in the technicology of doctrinal distinctions; not in the primness of Pharisaic form; not in agonies of spiritual distress, such as the wild olive tree suffers, when it is cut for the purpose of having a graft from the tree of life inserted into it; but in the gentle, beautiful manner of the "blade," which rises imperceptibly from the earth's dark soil, and then as beautifully, and as gradually, progresses toward maturity, producing, in natural order, "first, the blade, then the ear, and afterward the full corn in the ear."

It has been my privilege during my ministerial life to receive into the fellowship of the Church a large number of young Christians. I am sure I am correct in saying that by far the larger number of those who have been thus admitted into communion in early life have been the children of pious parents of many prayers—who have received a godly and pious training. Their almost invariable testimony has been that their religion has been a growth—not resulting from any sudden impulse, but coming out as a life which the Holy Spirit has imparted, shooting up like the "blade" of wheat, almost invisibly in its beginnings, but showing itself to be a genuine plant of grace by its structure and by its growth; while in relation to very many of whom I speak I have no sort of doubt but that for many years before they came to me, though perhaps parents and friends knew it not, they were safely enfolded within the precincts of the Saviour's kingdom. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." "First the blade."

Of Piety in Childhood, in its "blade" form, the dear boy (who has so suddenly, and under such painfully distressing circumstances, been taken from us) was a striking illustration.

Beyond the "blade" form the piety of little E. T. D. was not suffered to have any development in this world. Its development—full maturity—however, has been reached earlier than it could possibly have been in this world. By a process which nature knows nothing of, but which is common in the realms of grace, that little child, bearing on earth the incipient "image of the heavenly," has now taken on its perfect likeness. "The blade," brought to perfection in the instant of its death transition, is now safely deposited in the heavenly garner.

Parents and Teachers,—Watch for the springing of the "blade" of piety in the hearts of the children committed to your charge. Do not overlook it. Take care lest you trample upon it. At its first appearance it will be very tender and very small. And when you discover it, foster it, nurture it with kindly influences. Water it with the tears of prayer and thankful joy. Pray for the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon it with his fruit producing beams. Don't talk to your children about religion as a thing to be possessed in the future, and say that you hope that some day they will love the Lord Jesus Christ. It may be that the good seed of the kingdom has already taken root—that the love of the Lord Jesus Christ is already begotten. By such remarks about a future piety you may stop the growth of the piety that already exists. God sometimes begins His work very early. Then recognize piety in its first development, and the love of God in its most incipient forms.

Children and Young People! Is the "blade" of piety springing up in your hearts? Think what a barren and desolate heart yours must be if it has not the "blade" of piety growing in it, and what a wretched, awful thing it would be for you to have your life prematurely cut short as that dear little fellow's was of whom I have been speaking. Instead of being gathered into the heavenly garner, you would have been cast out. Instead of there being "hope in your death," your friends and relatives would have been deprived of the strong and sweet consolation which the friends of Edward Thomas Davies have, notwithstanding his untimely end. It is a sad thing to be without piety toward God, for piety toward God is the first and foremost duty of life. All the ways of the world, though they seem so sunny and pleasant, are "vanity and vexation of spirit." They lead down to the chambers of death. Only the paths of religion are pleasantness and peace. If there is not "first the blade," there can never be "the full corn in the ear." There will never be a season again so favorable as the present for you to receive into your hearts the good seed of the kingdom, for as you grow older "the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things, will choke the word, and render it unfruitful." "Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth." Give your hearts to him at once. From this time cry unto him, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth." And then, whatever evil days may come—whether an early tomb or protracted years be your lot—all will be well. For if, on the one hand, you come to an early grave, you will the sooner reach the mansions of everlasting joy; or if, on the other, you are permitted to attain a good old age in this world, your life will be a walk with God under the guidance and fear of His love; and when Death, the Great Reaper, shall at length come, it will be to gather you, as a shock of corn fully ripe, into the Heavenly Garner. Come, and, kneeling before your Heavenly Father's footstool, "join yourself to Him in a perpetual covenant that shall never be forgotten."

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THE Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

YOUTH.

SUNSET AT NOON.

REV. W. RODWELL.

Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.—JER. 15: 9.

WHATEVER may be the literal meaning of these words they suggest a departure in mid-life. Wherever we go, over land or sea, death's ravages are seen, and at whatever season of the year or hour of the day we visit the abodes of men death has preceded us. It has its types in fading flower, in withering grass, in falling leaf and setting sun.

The sun going down at noon is very suggestive of the unexpectedness of death in the meridian of life, and yet

I. **The sun goes down by the appointment of God.** "He maketh night and day," and ruleth the heavens. Joshua and Hezekiah alone have interfered with the sun's course during a period of nearly 6,000 years. To God belong the issues of even death. He never visits without the Divine appointment.

II. **The sun goes down for the benefit of the human**

race, that man may retire and rest and recruit his wasted powers, that other portions of the human family may obtain light and heat, and that man's fund of knowledge may be increased. For darkness shows us worlds by night we never saw by day.

So death works for the world's good, restrains wickedness, solemnises thoughtless ones, through tears and bereavements shadows earth, attracts to heaven and reveals wondrous things to the dead.

III. **The sun often goes down too soon for us.** Work unfinished, Joshua, Hezekiah, David, "Spare me," Voltaire, Elizabeth. In spite of life's trials and sorrow, we cling to it; even Moses desired to live longer that he might enjoy more of the beauties, but his sun went down on this side of Jordan.

IV. **The sun has his natural time for setting.** This setting is expected and prepared for by man: to set before would be startling, perplexing, phenomenal. So with human life. Every one expects the accustomed length of days—three score or four score—to be cut off before or in mid-life seems unnatural, abnormal and mysterious.

V. **The sun goes down to rise again.** In a brief interval he appears again, climbing the heavens in majesty and strength. So with the departed dead. Those in Christ will appear again in golden splendor. Those out of Christ amid the lurid flames of the lost. A time will come when this orb of day will go down, never more to rise, but the godly shall live on, "unhurt," where the "sun shall no more go down."

VI. **Let us be cheered by this light of revelation.** God is the Father of Lights, does all things well, and whether the sun of our loved ones depart in the morning, at mid-day, or in the evening, it will have a glorious rising in that perfect day, in which there shall be no night.

THE SLEEPING DAMSEL.

REV. F. WAGSTAFF.

The damsel is not dead but sleepeth.—MARK v: 39.

DEATH never inquires about age or goodness before he touches with his icy finger. This girl was twelve years of age. She was probably a good, dutiful girl, who obeyed her parents, rejoiced in their company, and basked in their smile; she was doubtless also of an affectionate, obliging disposition, for while we know that her father loved and sought on her behalf the Saviour's saving power, other hearts were attracted towards her and many people came to weep over her at her death. Learn

I. **That youth and amiability do not shield from sickness and death.** However few the years, amiable the disposition, attractive the person, engaging the manners, the worm of sin is gnawing the vitals and death is approaching with his dart.

II. **How valuable are godly parents to their children.** Parental affection should prompt at all times to deep interest in the salvation of children, but when danger threatens, sickness pales, and weakness shows the precursory dissolution, there should be no hesitancy or delay in seeking the aid and presence of Jesus. This child's father sought Jesus. He was his only hope. How great his faith, even when she was dead. "Only lay thy hand upon her and she shall live." Matt. ix: 18.

III. **The comforting word with which Jesus clothes the idea of death.** "Sleep." He ever sought to impress the people that death is not the end, but only the suspension of activity. Sleep is rest for future activity. Death is rest, and that only of the body, as in sleep, that in the resurrection, soul and body may enter upon renewed activities. It is in this higher blessed sense that Jesus has used the word. "Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep, etc."

IV. **Observe Jesus the resurrection.** His heart is moved by the father's and mother's grief—tender and loving Himself—the elder brother saw with pity in his eye the little sister in the embrace of death—and having omnipotence at his command He used these sweet winning, powerful words, "Damsel," or, as Dean Sanley translates the original, "My lamb, my sweet little lamb, I say unto thee, arise." How precious the friendship of Jesus, how ready to aid in distress, how tender in his sympathies, how omnipotent in his power.

V. **Note how death quails before the touch and words of Jesus.** "He took her by the hand," and said.

How valuable *that* hand-help, and those words of life and power. How often that maiden must have thought of the time when she came to life again and found her hand held by one so kind and strong. Would she not afterward—knowing that she was raised to life—say, "For me to live is Christ."

VI. **Learn the fatality of sin.** The importance of faith, the value of pious relatives—the readiness, tenderness and power of Jesus—the sweet name he gives to death. *Give* Him *your hand now,* and he will *take you by the hand* at the resurrection and present you to all blessed and loving ones.

THERE comes the thought of glory,
  To which our friends are gone;
The far surpassing glory,
  Beyond what earth has known.
Estate of light and gladness,
  Where tears are wiped away;
The joy in blessed fullness
  Of everlasting day.

ONE NOTE IN A BURIAL HYMN.

REV. CHARLES JERDAN.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Ps. 90: 9.

THIS is one of the oldest, noblest, richest of the Psalms. Its grand theme is to contrast God and man. Its tone is pensive, sad, like a funeral dirge. It is in fact the burial hymn of the whole generation of unbelievers, who left their bones in the wilderness. Yet it lays hold of the power and mercy of the God of Jeshurun and represents Jehovah as the everlasting home of men. It has a variety of *similes* expressive of the frailty and brevity of human life, one of which is our text. Consider then

I. OUR LIVES AS A TALE:

1. **Because of their romantic interest.** This interest attaches to our life, because of the greatness of our nature. A human life is a divine thing, because man was made in the image of God. The meanest person has wonderful faculties and "the power of an endless life." The history of the humblest human life is a story of wonders. What a tragedy is the career of every unconverted man, as his noble humanity sinks down, down, ever down into the blackness of darkness. It is "Vanity Fair" in real life. What a story of light and love and glory unutterable is the biography of the believer, the tale of the "Pilgrim's Progress," "The path of the just, &c."

2. **Because of its brevity.** Every story, however thrilling, soon comes to an end. So with human biography. Moses in this Psalm, Jacob. The hours sometimes in a life may seem to pass slowly, but when all gone, they only seem as the told tale ; delusive, disap-

pointing, despicable. But Faith looks upon every man's life story with far other eyes. It sees the thread of the narrative which seems cut by the shears of death taken up on the other side and projected through eternity. It is a serial tale—"To be continued in our next," running on in the eternal world upon the same lines and evolving the same plot and plan as those which we have already composed during the present life.

3. **Because of the oblivion in store for them.** However captivating the story, it is soon forgotten. So we shall not only die, but die out, fade from the memory of others. What does the big busy world care about the life story of those who lie under the coverlet of green? "The living know that they must die, &c." We write our names on water, but the Christian man rejoices that his record is on high, and his name engraven on the breast-plate of the Redeemer.

II. **The tellers of the tale.** Every romance has an author. God our maker may be truly said to be the author and publisher of the story of our life. We draw our being out of His. God has a definite life plan for every human being, and we ought to co-operate with Him in the unfolding of it from day to day. But we must not forget that each one of us is in a special sense the teller of his own life story. Every one of us knows that he is freely and responsibly engaged in determining his own destiny. If we are not co-operating with God, we have a prospectus of our own. God's would lead "to glory, honor, immortality," ours is "earthly, sensual, devilish." What are the contents of the pages we have been writing? Is this their epitome? "To me to live is Christ."

III. **The listeners to the tale.** A tale "told" is for the benefit of some attentive auditory. Who are listening to the story of our lives?

1. *We ourselves are listening to it.* Our memory is listening and "pigeon-holing," treasuring. This book may be opened at the judgment.

2. *Our relatives and neighbors are listening to it.* They are reading and carefully pondering. "None of us liveth to himself." Wondrously influential is every chapter and verse of this tale as it is told. "Do not sin against the child." You are your "brother's keeper."

3. *God is listening to it.* He has an open eye and an attentive ear. "He shall bring every work into judgment," shall read out our life tale before the universe. It may run thus, "I was an hungered, &c., came unto me," or it may run thus, "I was an hungered, &c., visited me not." "Oh that we were wise, &c."

Let us so live that our tale, when it *is* "told," shall be written in heaven and not in hell.

LIFE FOR THE DEAD.

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

Young man, I say unto thee, arise.—Luke 7: 14.

It was a summer day in a lovely region. The Saviour and his disciples were entering a little hamlet, when cries fell on their ears, and a funeral possession met their gaze. On the bier lay a young man, the only son of a widow. It was a distressing scene, touched the heart of Jesus, who touched the bier, and said, "young man, etc."

I. **Death is the great destroyer of earthly happiness.** It throws a pall over every landscape, darkens every window, dims every eye. It had done all this and more for this widow. Her husband was gone, all her plans frustrated, etc., and now her only son is on the bier. There was no one to protect, support, comfort her.

Death is the great damper to all. The desire of the eyes taken away, and a pensiveness brooding over everything left, a fearful foreboding in the heart continually solicitous about some darling object and all a lifetime "subject to bondage."

II. **Jesus is the destroyer of death.** The bier-bearers stand still at his touch, the disembodied spirit heard the voice, and the re-animated widow's son arose. He who is the "resurrection and the life" had spoken; at his omnipotent behest, the spirit came again, and a transported mother and an awe-struck multitude announced the miracle complete.

No spirit that has passed away is extinct. It will in due time hear this same voice, and recognize its old companion and re-enter its mortal shrine.

Jesus is effecting the resurrection of dead souls every day. Souls blind to all beauty—deaf to all holy sounds, wrapped in the grave-clothes of sins. He arrests these sometimes by a startling providence on their way to the gulf of souls. Or by *word* He does it: "arise." The soul is quickened, etc. He who believes in Jesus will never die. Faith in Him lightens the gloom of the funeral day, and inspires with a hope of meeting in the same Father's house.

III. **Jesus by a graceful generosity consummated the deed of mercy.** He might have said, "Follow me." "He delivered, etc." Pity first prompted and now generosity consummates. The young man's gratitude was to be exhibited by dutiful obedience to his mother. Show piety at home. Be a paragon of filial piety. "How can I show my love to my Saviour?" Love your parents. Give them your confidence, society, your sympathy, and God your heart.

THE AMUSIVE WASTE OF LIFE.

WM. M. PAXTON, D.D.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Ps. 90: 9.

THE times and incidents of each year as it closes, fast recede from view, as if borne upon an ebbing tide never to return. And these years are *ours.* It is a sad and solemn thing to part with anything that is ours. In what sense are they "ours?" We have no proprietorship in them, nor authority over them. Yet they are linked to us by a personal responsibility and indissoluble relation.

1. **They are ours to enjoy.** Enjoyment is the appropriation by which a thing becomes truly our own. Without this there can be no real possession, and God made the years to be the measure of our joy. Each day and year is a new gift of heaven to enjoy. Better lose a jewel than a joy.

2. **They are ours to employ.** Ours for the best and most valuable uses. They are our seed time to be employed. They are a mine in which there is a mass of precious treasure. They are our working day, in which God says, "Go work, my son, etc."

3. **They are ours to account for.** Time is a precious treasure given us in trust, as stewards, and a year gone, is a year gone to the judgment seat. So is every day, hour, moment. How do we spend these years? The text tells us. The words imply a censure.

II. **The comparison.** Dwell for a few moments on it.

1. "As a tale," as a false, unreal, fictitious thing, and not a sober history. The allusion is to the *tales,* etc., told by traveling minstrels from house to house.

Such to vast multitudes is life, a vain, unreal, fictitious delusion, a succession of wanton hopes and bitter disappointments. Even Solomon found it thus. He mistook the proper use and design of the good things of life. Life is deceitful only as we use it deceitfully. Properly understood and virtuously fulfilled it is a scene of sublime reality, a school for exercise and evolution of immortal powers. "Life is earnest, etc."

2. **We spend our years amusively**, as if listening to a tale that is told. A tale is usually a momentary trifling amusement. It is followed with no good or permanent results. The story and the emotions excited soon pass and are forgotten. Thus pass many of the years of a large portion of the human race. They waste and consume their years as one who listens to a tale that is told. They are mere butterflies. Absorbed by mere trifles. To such the successive stages of life bring no solemn reflections.

How different is this manner of employing the life from that to which it was destined by our Creator! By Him it was intended to be to each one of us a day of probation and of grace, a season in which we were to renounce our sins, accept of the mercy offered us through a Redeemer and secure a title to a happy immortality.

Have we spent our years thus?

3. **We spend our years swiftly**, as a tale that is told.

This confronts us with a serious solemn fact. Hours fly like words, weeks like sentences, months like chapters, and life a tale quickly told. "We die daily," says the Apostle, die as fast as time flies.

> "Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
> And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb."

4. **How short our past life appears in review.** "An old man can live over all his life again at one sad sitting."

Jacob said, "Few and evil have been, etc." He could only remember as it were the leading events, the other parts were as one great undotted blank.

III. **Another comparison.** Years past, like a tale that is told, are useful only for *their moral.* The past yields food only for solemn reflection.

1. *Each year has been a year of prolonged life.*
2. *Each year a year of great spiritual opportunity and privilege.*
3. *Each year a year of domestic and social enjoyment.*

The moral differs according to the position and circumstances of each individual. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," for one; "Son, give me thy heart," for another.

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D.

When the Lord saw her, He had compassion and He said unto her, weep not.—LUKE vii: 13.

THESE words were uttered by the Saviour when he met a funeral procession at the gate of the village of Nain. A poor widow had lost her only son. It was a picture of the deepest human grief. His eye read her story, fathomed her anguished heart, had compassion on her, and with a voice which must have trembled with a strange tenderness, said unto her, "weep not."

These two words were all he said. They were presently interpreted *to* the widow of Nain, by the miracle which gave her back her son. They have been since interpreted *for* us by the resurrection of the Lord himself and by all the light which has been cast on death, and on the state beyond it, and on the day of general rising, and on eternal life; this leads us into the whole of that large consolation, which Christ's Gospel brings to every Christian who sits and mourns beside his dead. We must not misunderstand this dissuasive from weeping, nor misread these words of Jesus, nor repeat them in another sense than his.

I. **It is not Christ's way to comfort by making light of grief and death.** Death is not in his eyes a gentle or a slight thing. He made us for life. He gave us love that we might be happy in living. He meant us to live and love and rejoice in love and life, and when death comes to us through sin, to rend the companionships of love, Christ, who made us and who is one of us, knows what that means. It is in no cold tone of pitiful contempt, with no touch of impatience or upbraiding, that He says to any one, "weep not."

II. **Christ does not think it an ungodly thing to weep.** It is not wrong to sorrow. Tears are no sin. "Jesus wept." That is not piety which thinks it pays God a service of dutiful submission when it chokes its sobs and veils the bursting heart beneath a smooth, dry face. Jesus assuages the spring of grief within, but does not chide the overflow of tears.

III. **Jesus did not mean to fully assuage our grief here and now.** He gives us as much comfort on earth as will make tolerable the losses of earth and keeps more comfort for the life to come. When Jesus bade that widow dry her tears it was in anticipation of the deed he was about to do. Words are very impotent without deeds. Till the lost is given back, the heart cannot quite cease to mourn. It is written of another place than earth, that there "God shall wipe away all tears," and there only; and the reason is, that only there God will restore to us our lost and mourned. The chastened and purified sorrow of a bereaved Christian is sorrow still, but it has more of heaven in it, than many things which men call joys.

What then is the comfort which even now the Gospel of our Saviour mingles with the mourning of his people?

IV. **The Gospel has entirely changed the character of death to the departed.** The death of an unforgiven one is the knell of hope. If it is thus my friend has died, how shall I be comforted? But the Christian's is a stingless death. Death to such a one is an angel of peace. He comes to loose the prison-bands of clay and set them free to go home to their Father's house. Theirs is the gain, ours is the loss, yet not all, for we must not forget that Christ's gospel has a power of transmuting present bereavement into gain. Bereavement is often turned for those who live into a blessing. God did two kindnesses at one stroke when He bereft you of your beloved; one kindness to him; another kindness to you. To him, the perfecting of character and bestowal of bliss; to you, ripening of character and preparation for bliss.

By such sweet solaces of sorrow as these, Christ leads us forward to the hope of a yet future and still grander consolation, when we shall be reunited in a holy place and forever. It was a prediction of this which Jesus gave that day at Nain by the resurrection of the dead son and his reunion to his mother. The resurrection of Christ Himself is that which guarantees the ultimate unpeopling of every tomb, including that "vast and wandering grave," the sea. His risen body presents the type of every reconstructed Christian body. His glorified life is the source and pledge of their life in glory. For this recall from death by the archangel's voice to Christ's own deathless and transfigured immortality, as for the deepest, grandest and last of our consolations, Christ bids us hope. Now we are sad and weary for we dwell apart; but Jesus has compassion on us as he had upon the widow, and he tenderly encourages us to be patient, and to wait, because with such hopes as these He leads us, greatly longing, forward to a day, when He shall give back our lost beloved to our eternal embrace, and us also to theirs, the glorified to the glorified, to be for ever one. Then He shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and say, otherwise and more effectually than He did at Nain, "Weep not."

THE MOURNER'S BEST NEWS.

REV. WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John xi: 25.

THESE are grand words, though they have often fallen upon hearts bruised and pained, and when the thoughts are more occupied with the cypress than the laurel. But the mystery of life which God has arranged to come out of the mystery of death, is at once the holiest revelation of his glory and the fullest evangel of his love. The text is found in a narrative inimitable for its tenderness. Full of lessons of heavenly wisdom, kindness, compassion, divine simplicity. There is very much in it for interesting and beautiful contemplation, but our text is its central announcement, and our Saviour designed to have it impressed as a Gospel, not for that family only, but for the mourners of all time.

I. **Think of the authority with which these words are spoken.** "I am;" not, "I will be." Surely no creature could speak thus. He speaks as a king would speak, whose royalty was doubted. The words assume a supreme and essential power over life and death. His was the original gift of life—his the right to dissolve its organization, and the right to confer it again, and therefore, He, and He only could be the opener of the world of graves. Man's power is wondrous. But to confer life is explicitly affirmed in the scriptures as the exclusive prerogative of Godhead. The mystery and the marvel cease when God is introduced—"that *God* should raise the dead." The words of our text are the Redeemer's assumption of divinity. In that benignant weeper over His friend's sepulcher we behold the omnipotent and eternal God. These words also affirm that through Him—the Christ—resurrection came to man. Christ to man is the resurrection—its source, spring, author, finisher in a sense in which no other can be. The stone *has* been rolled away from the door of His sepulcher, "Christ is risen, and has become the first fruits of them that slept." Christ then has a right to speak with authority.

Nor must we exclude from our thoughts the idea of a spiritual resurrection—the soul bursting from the tomb of its corruption and blooming into newness of life. Though all men inherit immortality, the future of the wicked is never dignified by the name of life. "Everlasting contempt,"—"Everlasting destruction." "They shall not see life, because the wrath of God abideth upon them." This is a corpse world—dead in trespasses and sins. The sinner breathes in visible life, thinks in intellectual life, feels in emotional life, but he is destitute of spiritual life. But the Christian's life is in Christ. From the tomb of his corruption he rises by Christ into a moral resurrection, and becomes, by faith in Christ, "dead unto sin, but alive unto God." He is quickened, He was formerly dead. He has passed from death unto life. This is the deeper meaning which the term in the text embodies. Oh, the glorious fullness of a completed resurrection, which at once ransoms the body from the grave and the soul from the foul sepulcher of sin! Do you wonder that like Paul at Athens we should preach to you "Jesus and the resurrection?"

Dwell on this comforting thought, tempted, sorrowing believer, for it speaks of encouragement and assurance. Art thou mourning for friend, companion, child? Oh, let Jesus stand by thee, and as thou listenest to his inspiring words, be comforted, and thy frame shall feel the pulses of a glad hope as when nature stirs in the first blush of spring. If they and thou are alike in Jesus, then hast thou not looked the last upon thy friends. There shall not be a vesture of death about either thee or them. Ye shall rise in the faultlessness of thy new character—the Lamb's unspotted bride. Let us realize the double consolation—comfort for the mourners who are crushed beneath some pressing sorrow, comfort for mourners who wrestle with some giant sin, and in our distress, and in our feebleness, let us hear the voice again, as once, by the charnel cave of Lazarus, it ran electric, like a line of light, to make the blood flow freely in the veins of the living and then leaped into the sepulcher to relax even the very grip of death itself. "I am the resurrection and the life."

II. **Dwell for a little upon the word "life"**—that word that is always music—that word, next to the word "God in Christ" has in it the deepest meaning in the world. We have anticipated this somewhat. But let us cross the flood where that life specially is, whose path the Saviour is to show, the mansions which He has gone to prepare. Jesus is called, "The true God and eternal life." What is this eternal life, which is held before the believer's eye, and chartered as his privilege?

This life is conscious; death cannot for one moment paralyze the soul. Paul said it was "far better to depart." He knew the moment he was released from mortality he should be with Christ. There is not a moment's interval of slumber for the soul—we do not cease to be. We only change the conditions of our being. There is no human soul, which from the day of Adam until now has ever dwelt in clay, that is not *alive to-day!* It is a conscious world into which we are passing.

Again, Heaven is not a solitude. It is a peopled city —where there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor, where one does not pass another in the street without greeting, where no one is envious of another's superior minstrelsy or of another's more brilliant crown. They are not only with the Saviour, but with the "General Assembly," and with "the spirits of the just made perfect;" all affections are pure, all enjoy conscious recognition, all abide in perpetual reunion, in a home without a discord, without an illness, without a grave.

Take comfort, then; those from whom you have parted or from whom you shall have soon to separate, shall be your companions again, recognized as of old, and loved with a purer love.

The resurrection and the life—what heart is not thrilled with the preciousness of the promise—who does not feel more grateful to the Redeemer, who brings him life? Enjoyed recompense, recovered friends—there for ever and Jesus with us there!

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DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
  We will not weep for thee;
One thought will check the starting tear,
  It is—that thou art free.
And thus shall Faith's consoling power
  The tears of love restrain:
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour,
  Could wish thee here again?

THE BELIEVER, IN LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

REV. JOSEPH HASLEGRAVE, ENGLAND.

On occasion of the Death of two Young Ladies, Teachers in the Sunday School.

' *He shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.*"—Isaiah lvii : 2.

MAN dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

Beneath the green sod, on which we lightly tread and drop the tear, lies mingling with its kindred dust, the form with which we were once familiar, and whose presence may have called forth many a deep and happy emotion; but where is the invisible spirit that once energized, animated, lived in it? The soul, where is it? That it has not ceased existence, its own throbbings after immortality, its own hopes or fears of future being, its own inherent consciousness that dissolution has no power over it, may well be taken as proof, while the revelation of God has left the matter beyond all doubt, and has assured us, that when the body returns to the dust as it was, the soul returns to God who gave it, to be disposed of as most fitting, either to enjoy Him, or to be banished from Him for ever.

What a thought, as we walk the cemeteries and think of the dead and buried of past generations, and, musing among the tombs, the inscription meets our eye, recording the mortal remains sleeping beneath; yet in that very word "mortal" beckoning to man's immortal part with the question, "Where is it?" The mother that gave me birth, the father that protected and provided for my helpless youth, the brother, the sister, the husband, the wife, the friend, the companion—"where?" "Your fathers, where are they?" The grave answers, "Their mortal remains are with me, but I have no more in my keeping." The Bible answers, "Their immortal spirits are living unto God."

And as the tear of hopeful sorrow drops upon the precious dust, the prayer heaves within, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Not a few such, thank God, we have known, who have thus fallen "asleep in Jesus." And eminently has it been thus with the two much loved and departed ones, whose faith and conversation we would summon to your remembrance on this mournful occasion; mournful only to the Church below, because of its bereavement, but joyful to the Church above, because of its addition to its numbers; for truly and emphatically may it be said of both, as the narrative of their last hours will prove—they have "entered into peace," or sweetly glided away in peace; they are now "resting in their beds, each one walking in her uprightness."

Whatever be the lasting impressions made on survivors, the departed righteous have "entered into peace." In respect to their bodies, they are resting in their peaceful dormitories; in respect to their souls, each is walking before God in its uprightness.

Commentators have understood this latter, as descriptive of their life or walk with God while on earth; determining alike the circumstances of their leaving it, and the consequences. Theirs was a life before God of uprightness; at its close, therefore, as a happy consequence, it is a departing in peace; the soul at once entering into the fullness thereof, in the land of everlasting uprightness; and the body slumbering in its bed, after its day of toil, till the bright morning of the resurrection.

But this will not shut out the interpretation we are more inclined to give, but will rather so harmonize with it as to add to it additional power. Taking them together, the words of the text will lead us to contemplate the child of God—

I. **In the strength and vigor of life.** Nominal religion and vital religion are as different in their ways as they will be in their end. Self is the idol of one; God is the object of the other. Morality is all, therefore, which the one commends; sanctification is the express will of the other. A secret distaste to spiritual things marks the one; a growing relish and love to them distinguishes the other. And this is in keeping with their true character. Self-satisfaction, a false peace, a groundless hope, is all which the better sort of the worldly ever can attain to; a satisfaction in God, a "peace which passeth all understanding," a hope which shall never "make ashamed," is the portion of the other. For the kingdom of God, into which they have found admission, is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It is righteousness, whether imputed or inwrought; and both there must be, to qualify for the high privilege of a walk with God. The person must be justified; and this only can be through the righteousness of Christ by faith; and the character must be sanctified by faith, of the operation of God. And thus it is, that every pardoned sinner becomes a changed and holy character. "Accepted in the Beloved," he walks before God in uprightness. And this has ever been the way the fathers trod from the beginning. Thus Enoch walked with God—Noah walked with God—Abraham walked before God. They had their heaven on earth, till earth received its own, and their happy spirits mounted up to "walk with Christ in white, for they were worthy."

Such a walk as this, is not undertaken at the bidding of conscience, to satisfy its scruples or to allay its fears. It springs from a renewed heart; from the deep and pure gushings of love within; from reconciliation and peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And from the moment that God's love visits the soul, calling forth love to Him in return, this holy, heavenly, happy walk commences. A thing of free choice, for the affections are drawn to it; of liberty of service, for the heart is enlarged; of pure delight, for it is heaven begun, and will be heaven consummated. To defer it, would be to defer the soul's happiness; and therefore, in the bloom of youth, in the vigor of health, in the prospects of life, let others ask, "Who will show us any good?"—the heaven-born child replies, in the deep and fervent breathings of his soul, "As for me, Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me: I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."

It certainly was thus with both our departed friends, removed at so early an age, the one but twenty-three, and the other but twenty-five; and yet for years before, both, through grace, had made their happy choice for eternity, and in the service of that Lord, into whose joy they have now fully entered, had spent their brief, but happy life. *Assuredly* we have reason to mourn the loss our Sabbath School has sustained, in the removal of both, while from their very graves they seem to utter a voice to many a young and pious disciple, and affectionately to plead in behalf of their bereaved charge—"Work while it is day; the night cometh wherein no one can work."

We have not alluded to these things, with any intention to eulogize the dead; could they speak, it would be to bid us rather throw the mantle over the imperfection of their best doings, or the things they have left undone, than to utter a word of praise; but we do it for the comfort and the instruction of the living. We do it for the glory of the grace of God, which shone so beautifully in them; we do it as an illustration of the principle of faith leading its happy possessor to rise above the world, and

> "Give to God each moment, as it flies;"

consecrating the energies of the soul and the faculties of the body to His service, which is perfect, happy freedom.

II. **We hasten now to comtemplate the child of God at the close of such a life as this.**

A close there must come to the life of every man, fixed and determined; every day and every hour is drawing it nearer. Unpreparedness or unfitness for it cannot put it off. It is certain to all, it may be at the very door to some, and each is hastening unto it by filling up the measure of his iniquities, or growing in meetness for "the inheritance of the saints in light." Over the end of the ungodly we pass in silence, and we bid you "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." It may be sudden; but to such, sudden death is sudden glory. It may be marked by much bodily suffering, which may lay prostrate the entire faculties of the mind, and totally incapacitate for any spiritual exercises; but that affects not the condition of the soul, over which it has no power, nor touches that peace, which it never can take away. "He has walked with God;" we ask no more to assure us about his death. His heart and his flesh fail; weakness destroys the one, and wanderings distract the other, but God is the strength of his heart and will be his portion forever.

There is no preparation work then to commence. In the language of one of our friends, which she spake to me a short time before her death, "All is finished." "I cannot"—she said, alluding to the difficulty she had in speaking; but added, "It matters not; I have nothing to do; my soul I have given to Jesus; He has it, He will keep it to that day."

We do not mean to assert, that in the sufferings which precede dissolution, the children of God may not be much tried and often severely harassed. Before the crown of everlasting triumph is put upon their heads, sharp and severe may be the last onset, through which, doubtless, they will come off more than conquerors, and remember it only to enhance the repose of victory.

Greater strength and richer glory may surround the dying bed of some, we doubt not; and that too, to mark God's own approval of a diligent cultivation of grace. For, as grace and glory differ not but in degree, it follows, that the more of grace, the more abundant will be our entrance into the everlasting kingdom. And thus it is that the righteous shall "go in peace."

Our departed friends have left an evidence of this, the fullest we could desire. The one whose continuance at home enabled me to visit her, said to me, in the certain prospect of death, "Never so happy as now. I have no concern, except that I feel for my dear father; and God can be to him 'better than sons or daughters.'" And a little before her death, in reply to the affectionate inquiry, "If Jesus should be preparing you for His kingdom in glory, I hope you feel happy in the prospect, and that you can leave all and go to Him,"—"Oh! yes," she said, "that I can; what a delightful thought, to be in heaven! to have done with all the transitory things of time and sense, and to be in heaven!"

III. We must sum up the immediate consequences of death as it affects body and soul. The text in the interpretation to which we have alluded, seems to us to refer to both. "They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."

We have already said, that death is only the separation of body and soul, a view in which the Scriptures constantly put it before us. Not that the consequences are precisely the same to both. Death, in emancipating the spirit, dissolves the earthly house of its tabernacle. The body is overborne by its power and sinks to corruption ; but the soul is untouched, in its energies and in its life. "To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord." But yet, such is the wondrous purpose of love towards the body itself, such the event that awaits it, that although doomed to see corruption, in view of its coming triumph, death is more properly termed a sleep, and the grave, a bed. In darkness indeed it is made, but that only contributes to its peaceful slumber. Not more sweet the rest of night to the wearied traveler, or the laborer who has borne the burden and heat of the day, than the rest of the grave to the care-worn pilgrim —to the body burdened with its infirmities and oppressed with its sicknesses ; and what the disciples said to Christ, mistaking his meaning, of the death of Lazarus, is true of every saint who departs this life in the faith and fear of Jesus, "Lord if he sleep he shall do well." No cares shall press, and no sin shall grieve. The bustle and the noise of the world may go on as heretofore, and he lie quite forgotten, but they shall not reach to disturb his rest, nor shall aught awake him till the last trumpet announces the approach of the great Conqueror, who will once again leave the glories of the upper world, to accomplish the redemption of the body, and swell the song of triumph and of praise, as He answers the prayer of saints on earth and in heaven, "How long, O Lord, how long ?"—'It is finished, the number of Mine elect is accomplished ; I go that I may awake each out of sleep.' Then will that which was "sown in corruption, be raised in incorruption ; that which was sown in weakness, be raised in power ; that which was sown in dishonor, be raised in glory, that which was sown a natural body, be raised a spiritual body." Thus it is, that the dying believer, in commending his soul to God, can leave the body with full assurance of a re-union : "My flesh shall rest in hope."

This as to the body. The soul, at the very instant, enters into its rest—a rest not of inactive quiescency, but such as befits its powers. And long before the first gushings of affection have subsided of weeping relatives, and the door closes upon the forsaken and motionless form, the happy spirit, borne upon angels' wings hath traveled its celestial road, and finds itself with kindred spirits, "each one walking in its uprightness." Think, then, what death does to every believer. It emancipates the spirit ; it transfers it with perfect powers to a perfect world. It destroys every hindrance to its perfect service and its perfect bliss. It completes its walk with God. If the latter clause of the text be understood as descriptive of the saint walking with God on earth in uprightness, it follows not but that it is descriptive of the saint after death walking before God in uprightness. Grace was the region of the one, glory is the region of the other. Oh ! to contemplate them now each one walking before Him in her uprightness—each like the angels, in activity, in service, in glory ; each enjoying a Sabbath which will never end, associated with a congregation where nothing defiles, in strains immortal joining in the music of the spheres, seeing not through a glass darkly, but face to face, bearing the weight of glory and yet not burdened by it, and listening to the great Teacher himself unfolding His own promise—"**What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.**" To awake to thoughts like these, our surprise at their early removal or our sorrow at their early death must alike be moderated. They are not lost, but gone before. Their service is not at an end, but infinitely exalted and perfected. Their sun may have gone down while yet it is day; set prematurely, as we think, beneath our horizon; but it has been only to rise again in the hemisphere of celestial brightness, where not a cloud will ever darken their glory, where their happy spirits will have full scope in their Redeemer's heaven, where the sun will no more go down and the moon never withdraw its shining, but the Lord will be their everlasting light, and their God their glory; and the days of their mourning, imperfection and sin ended.

DYING IN THE LORD.

REV. W. D. HORWOOD.

ABERGAVENNY, MONMOUTH, ENGLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS H.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*" REVELATION xiv: 13.

AMONG all the dispensations of God to us there is not one more striking, more impressive, and more affecting than that of death. It comes to us all alike without any distinction, whether we are rich or poor, learned or unlearned, young or old. Such is the great fact of our mortality. And the *manner* of this visitation is oftentimes sudden and unexpected, coming, it may be, like a flash of lightning, swift, yet silent; or like the darkening shadow of a thunder cloud, creeping on darker and darker, and then suddenly bursting into sound, loud and terrific. It is well for us to bear this truth in remembrance, for the decree goes forth to destroy in the midst of man's revels and engagements, whether of sensual pleasure, or of ambition, or of covetousness, or of pride and self-esteem. The decree, too, goes forth in secret to destroy, and this without warning. The earth was doomed to the flood one hundred and twenty years before "the decree brought forth," or men heard of it. The waters of Babylon had been turned, and the conqueror was marching into the city at the very time when Belshazzar was making ready for his feast. "Pride infatuates man, and self-indulgence and luxury work their way unseen, like some smouldering fire which for a while leaves the outward forms of things unaltered. At length the decayed mass cannot hold together, and breaks by its own weight, or on some slight and accidental external violence."

I. Let us consider the BENEDICTION of the text. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth:"

1. A *particular* dead is here named, such as "*die in the Lord.*" And the expression, "in the Lord," implies it may be conceived a close *union* with Christ in the glorious objects or purposes of His mission, in the benignity and grandeur of His life, in the supreme excellency of His character, in the purity and beauty of His example, in the infinite love which led Him to the cross, and in the everlasting results of His mediation. Such an intimate union with Him implies also a reflection of His Image in the soul. The blessedness, therefore, of those "who die in the Lord," consists in their *union* with Him, in their being one with Him, in their security and shelter in Him, and in "their partaking of that glory and happiness which He has provided for them. When their bodies die, when their outward

tabernacle is dissolved, they still being in Christ, have a house not built with hands eternal in the heavens. They pass away to the inheritance prepared for them.

2. Thus we can trace *the blessedness* of those who "die in the Lord" *onward to the resurrection,*—"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead *in Christ* shall rise first." They shall have the pre-eminence. They shall be the first to realize the glorious consummation of Christian faith and hope. In their blessedness, pronounced by the voice from heaven, in the resurrection of the just, they shall ascend from their earthly sepulchres into the clouds above them, "to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall ever be with the Lord." They who "die in the Lord" are blessed by all the grand and eternal issues of the resurrection, embracing all which throws a halo of hopeful brightness over the sleeping dead, and all that makes their resurrection an opened gateway to the Eden where no secret enemy lurks in ambush, where no form of death can enter, where no sigh or sound of grief is heard, and where all tears of the eyes are wiped *away for evermore.*"

II. **The Divine response.** "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

1. In this response we have two reasons assigned for the benediction. The first is *rest;* "They rest from their labors." The rest hereafter of the saints of God, will not be inert, like that of the rock, but it will be the rest of activity without fatigue or wearisomeness. We speak of the calm rest of stars, but they are constantly moving round their common centres, constantly working out the grand designs of the Creator. And so with those who "rest from their labors"—from their earthly

labors, from the toil of bodily exertion as well as of mental, from the labor attendant on earthly sufferings, on missions of Christian benevolence, on the struggles of adversity, and on the trials of temptation—in their heavenly rest they still are active, still carrying out the grand purposes of their being, but in their rest there is the quiet beauty of repose, the stillness of a lovely image reflected on a mirror.

2. And the second reason is, "*their* works do *follow* them." The rewards and consequences of their good deeds and labors attend them in the eternal world. Thus, by our conduct here, we can make the present affect our future for good, and so lay the foundation for happiness millions of ages to come.

It were presumptuous perhaps, in me to speak at much length of the character of her who has just departed from us, so well known among you, and throughout this town, and the whole of the county. Yet I well know of your high esteem for her, and it may be soothing to hear a beloved person spoken of, even though the speaker fail of doing such a person justice. We are all more or less witnesses of her character, of those excellent qualities which have endeared her to her friends, and made her name respected. And now while we offer some humble tribute of affection to her memory, we are reminded by the church, in which we offer it, and the adjoining building, of that kindliness of heart, and of that true benevolence which can never be forgotten. But when the stone walls of these buildings shall crumble away and mingle with the dust; when the proudest and noblest monuments of man's wealth and genius and munificence shall be no more; the brightest memorial of our dear departed friend will still be found in the hearts of those she has benefited, for her works will *follow* her.

We are all of us without exception hastening to the last scene of all things earthly. Ere long the closing shadows of our day of life will gather around us more and more darkly, and then the night of death will close in upon us. But in that night may we behold the glorious light of the city, in which there is "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof:"—then may we realize in our souls the blessed meaning of the words—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

THE FADED FLOWER.

REV. JAMES HUGHES.

TROWBRIDGE, WILTS., ENGLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. W. H. E.

"*The flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it.*"
Isaiah xl: 7.

THERE is something very affecting in the death of young people. To see a young man like our beloved friend, in the morning of life, sicken, droop, and die, is a scene which, regarded in itself, apart from the hopes of the gospel is very saddening. But there is nothing new in this. The language of the Book of Job is, "They die in youth." If this were indeed the first death of a young man, it would affect us most deeply. It would be like seeing the sun about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, sinking down and burying itself beneath the horizon, instead of running his usual course from east to west. Or to keep to the figure of the text, as if the flower when brusting forth, gradually unfolding its hidden beauties, and ere as yet it had reached its full proportions, checked in its expansion, were suddenly to droop and perish. But, alas! the premature fading of the flower is so often seen in the gardens of mortals, and men, "in fulfilling their course," are so frequently arrested by the hand of death, and plunged into the darkness of the grave before the noon of life, that we fail to feel the deep and sad impression which such events are fitted to produce. It is once more brought home to us in the removal of one whom many of us knew, and whom to know, was also to respect and love. The word of God has made everything around us vocal with instruction; stamped its lessons of inspired wisdom on the page of nature, and rendered the whole world around and above us auxiliary to its purpose of sacred instruction. The flower of the field is oft the subject of beautiful and affecting allusion in the word of God, as well an example of God's care, as also a type of frail and perishable humanity. The passages in which man is compared to a flower are many and striking—"He cometh forth *like a flower*, and is cut down." "*As a flower* of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." The same interesting figure is involved in the passage out of the midst of which we have selected our text, as well as in its parallel in 1 Peter i. 24, "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." These are a sample of those affecting passages in which the Spirit of God has rendered the perishing grass and the frail flower the emblems of our perishable and mortal nature. How strongly must we be reminded of such descriptions of humanity when called to mourn the loss of a young man in the prime of life. To see the frame, when it is usual for it to acquire additional strength and hardihood, shrinking away under the touch of disease, until the declining process results in death. At once the thought of the fading flower presents itself to our minds, and we seem to hear a voice which says to us, Cry—"The flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it," we notice—

I. **That the flower is beautiful.** Flowers are made as if to ornament the world. There is no man, however blunt his senses, who does not at once perceive the beauty of a flower. Some flowers are much more beautiful than others. But every kind, especially of cultivated flowers is beautiful. And is there not in man, regarded as the creature of God, something that is beautiful? "The human face Divine." There is something in the bodily formation of man that renders him more attractive than any other creature in the world. His superiority among all other creatures of God below the skies, entitles him to be called "the flower" of this lower creation. Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember that man was made to be "the temple of the Holy Ghost." How great must have been the beauty of "man primeval" when God had just made him. His soul and body pure and spotless His external form corresponding to the inward excellence. The earthen vessel as yet unmarred, fit casket of a pure and holy spirit. "The earthly house of this tabernacle," stamped with such external beauty as befitted the spiritual opulence of its immortal resident. His face radiant with the image of God; the God of light and love, in whose likeness he was made. Truly, he could have been only "a *little* lower than the angels" when God set him over the works of his hands. What majesty and grace there must have been in the whole bearing and movements of the new creature. The last and best made of the whole of this lower creation, God's chief workmanship, the perfection of his creatures here below. Surely the human flower beamed with beauty when its Great Creator had newly formed and planted it in Eden. But, alas, the blight of sin has brought a dimness over the splendor, and much of the original beauty is lost. Nevertheless, there is something still in man to remind us of the primeval dignity and loveliness. And it is evident that man alone of all other creatures in the world is intended to be "the shrine of Deity," "the habitation of God through the Spirit." There is something in the structure of man which seems to say plainly, "You were intended to be the temple of God!" Alas! Satan has usurped the seat of God ; sin reigns in the dwelling place of holiness, and as the fruit of this, much of the beauty is gone. We see bad and vile passions oft depicted in the "form and fashion" of the countenance. Anger and hatred put in their lineaments, vile lust paints some of the features, a sour selfishness reflects itself, and sometimes a dark despondency overshadows the face of man. The dominion of unholy feeling, and the practice of sensual habits embrute and demonize the human face, so that "the show of their countenance doth witness against them." But when the soul comes fully under the dominion of God's sanctifying grace, much of the original beauty is retrieved, and an habitual course of devotion and piety is oft seen to give to "the outer man" a heavenly stamp, the mark of the Lamb in the forehead. Moses brought down with him from his long communion with God on Sinai a face that shone with glory. And the council as they looked stedfastly on Stephen "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel"—a face in which beamed forth angelic sweetness and dignity, the result perhaps of a special baptism of heavenly fire which at that moment came upon him, Nor can we think of the change through which Saul of Tarsus passed during the three days of his spiritual birth, without supposing that it left its record on the face of the Cilician Israelite. It is not too much to think that the fiery gleam of his dark eye and the *hauteur* of the young persecutor's countenance were among the "old things," all of which "passed away." And that when he became numbered with the "elect of God, holy and beloved, and put on bowels of mercies, kindness and long-suffering," there came up also over his noble countenance a softened expression.

None who will be able to recall the form of our beloved young friend, but will remember that there was in him much that was lovely to the eye. There was a "goodliness" in the flower, a "grace" in "the fashion of it." That the love of Christ had much to do with this I have no doubt. He was early converted to God, and being in possession of deep and sincere piety, the inward life of God gave beauty to the flower which has, alas, now faded away before our eyes. If he had contracted and pursued evil habits, like many other young men, the beauty of the flower would have been marred. We should not have seen that habitual *cheerfulness* which reigned around and lighted up the features of our young friend, for it sprang from the peace of God. We should have missed that well known *openness and benevolence* of expression; for it was produced by the "truth and grace" which were in him. We should have looked in vain for that purity which beamed forth in him, for that was the result of sanctifying love. The beauty of this faded flower was the "beauty of holiness." But if the flower was beautiful here, how much more so now? If our vision could follow him into that crowd of beauteous forms which encircle the throne of God, and distinguish him there, surely we should find, that his change has greatly heightened his loveliness. It is impossible for us to understand the mighty effect produced upon the spirit by the vision of God our Saviour in his glorified form. The contemplation of Jesus through a glass darkly, is transforming; how much more, when with unveiled vision we gaze on "the king in his beauty!"

Our brother has passed away from us; gone from the holy into the holiest; has "departed to be with Christ;" and how much more like Christ is he now become? "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is!" But are the saints with Christ as soon as the breath passes away from their nostrils?

It is not necessary that we should be prepared to solve all the mysteries of such a subject. It is far more important and appropriate to us to inquire whether the Scriptures teach the existence of the soul in the separate state.

1. **Look at the representation** which our Lord gives of the matter in the case of the rich man and Lazarus. "The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. *What* was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom? The soul, undoubtedly, and not the body. So again in the opposite case—"The rich man also died, and was *buried;* and in hell lifted up his eyes being in torments." The body found a resting-place in some ornamented sepulchre, but the soul was cast into the abyss of woe, the deep grave of those who are separated to endless death. Here it is evident that the soul lived, and was conscious of joy in the one case, and of torment in the other, immediately after death. We draw this inference from this portion of our Lord's teaching irrespective of any interpretation evidently adopted for the sake of theory.

2. **Again, our Lord's reply** to the prayer of the penitent thief on the cross agrees with the foregoing view.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, *To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*" "To day," ere thy crucified body is taken down from the cross, soon as the mortal struggle is over, "thou shalt be with me, (whom in thy last hour thou hast confessed before men,) in paradise," I shall be there, to receive thee. "Paradise" is thought of by some under the notion of heaven's *ante-chamber*. But if there be any accuracy in this view, it is an *ante-chamber* not because the site or locality is somewhere short of the Divine presence; but rather on the ground of the incomplete and *expectant* condition of the saints between their departure and the sound of the "trump of God." "*Waiting*," (as in an ante-chamber,) "for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body," until which event the glory and the bliss of "the heirs of God" will not be full.

3. **With this agrees Apostolic Teaching.** "Therefore," says St. Paul, "we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord—(for we walk by faith and not by sight)—we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." If the apostle's view is correct, the sanctified soul dwelling in the body is absent from the Lord. But ceasing to dwell in the body it is at once placed in the presence of our Lord; and hence elsewhere he expresses "A desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." To depart and to be with Christ being inseparable, the one leading at once and invariably to the other.

From the foregoing considerations we joyfully infer that holy souls enter at once into a conscious and happy existence upon the dissolution of the frame And is it not in accordance with this truth, we read of "the *spirits* of just men made perfect," spirits as yet without the body. Whatever difficulty therefore may appear to us in conceiving a spirit's existence apart from a material vehicle; it is clearly revealed to us that souls, whether holy or unholy, cease not to exist between death and the resurrection morn. Let us therefore feel assured that our young brother, who has lately left us, is now in the enjoyment of a conscious and blissful existence. That which formed the seat of intelligence and holiness in him still endures. It was not the wasted frame which he left behind him that thought and felt, adored and worshipped, trusted and loved Christ, but something spiritual, and that something was the living and loving soul which still lives, and shall live forever. And if we divested of the fleshy veil could but "see him as he is," we should find the spirit of this just young man made perfect, beautiful, and radiant, reflecting the image of the Son of God. And as it respects its old frail companion which it has left behind, the "vile body," it also shall rest in hope, and although it shall "see corruption" yet "this corruptible shall put on incorruption." O what a glorious change shall pass upon the dissolved frame when glorious and beautiful, like the present form of Him who loved us, it shall rise from its quiet resting-place. For "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first."

> "And every form, and every face,
> Be heavenly and divine."

And henceforth the flower shall have more even than its primeval beauty and splendor.

II. **But though beautiful "the flower" is frail.** And this is one of the chief reasons why it stands as the emblem of feeble man. The withering grass, the fragile flower the frailest of all the vegetable productions of the earth are the pictures of our perishable nature. It is not the tree of expansive girt, which bears up under the repeated strokes of the ax, not the sturdy oak which braves the rude storms of centuries, but the flower, slender and easily injured, which trembles even in the breeze, is prostrated by the storm, and may be crushed by the foot of the heedless passenger. Various are the means by which the life of the flower may be destroyed; sometimes it is cut down and withereth;" at other times it is nipped by the cold blast and perishes; or it is seen to decay, and to reach its destruction by a gradual process, because a worm at the root is extracting its life. The flower is easily injured, a very slight thing may prove fatal to its existence; such also is man; what trivial causes have often operated to the destruction of health and life. What innumerable means may remove man from the face of the earth.

While all are frail, some are peculiarly so; it is their lot to inherit a feeble and delicate frame, predisposed to disease. This most likely was the case with our lamented friend. He was a lovely, but frail flower; and the dreaded consumption, by the permission of God, fixed its fangs in the frail frame, and though assailed by medical skill and effort, never relinquished its hold until "the precious life" was destroyed, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. For wherein is he to be accounted for."

III. **The flower is short lived.** All flowers are not of equal duration; some perish speedily, but none of them last long; they come forth, and for a season they please us with their gay appearance; but by and by we see signs of decay. The flower is fading, and soon the place thereof knows it no more. Thus it is with human beings. Some perish in the very bud of their existence, they scarcely peep forth above the soil ere they are swept away; others live to develope their physical and mental properties more fully, and like the full blown flower are cut down in their prime; and some (though their number is comparatively small), live through the usual stages of human life, until a gradual decay of nature brings them to the dust of death. Yet man, at best, like the flower of the field is short lived.

Jacob considered his days few whether in retrospect or prospect as he stood a bending figure on the brink of the unending days of eternity. The words of the Psalmist are so humbling, that the lofty looks of man are at once brought down in their presence, and the pride of the heart perishes under their influence—"Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee." Before thee, who "art from everlasting to everlasting." It is in comparison with eternity, with infinite duration, that our life on earth shrinks away into an almost inappreciable point. O, what is life, our brief life on earth, in comparison with everlasting existence? How short a period must it appear when looked back upon from the eternal world. How small must "the span of life" appear to our brother now, compared with that unending eternity on which he has entered. Well might the apostle regard it as of momentary duration. For truly it is no more in contrast with eternity; it is the lightning flash, we are born, we live, we die, and how quickly do these important facts follow each other in our history. And yet how vastly important is this brief period; inasmuch, as during it alone can we acquire a meetness for eternal glory. Our conduct in time determines our condition for eternity. During our life's short day we acquire a character which will cleave to us forever, and will form to us a source of endless bliss or woe.

IV. **There is fragrance in flowers,** and much more in some than in others. The scent is also sweet in some, in others it is sickly and offensive. Let this remind us of that moral influence which all men exert more or less upon others. We carry with us in all our movements in human society an influence which, like the fragrance of the flower, always surrounds us. This is less in some than in others. Station, talents, wealth, and force of character may give to some greater influence than others either for good or evil. Yet all alike have a measure of influence ; every human flower scents to some extent the social atmosphere. In some the influence is sweet, reviving, and hallowing ; in others it is poisonous and soul-destroying ; some carry God with them, and they diffuse a divine influence whithersoever they go ; others, alas ! carry Satan with them and in them, and by their foul and foolish talk, and "their pernicious ways," they corrupt and destroy. Our influence while under the power of "the carnal mind" is for evil, we live to alienate men from God. Until possessed of decisive piety, we gather not to Christ, but scatter abroad, keep souls away from the refuge and the rest of guilty man. But when the flower becomes well baptized and penetrated with the dews of the Spirit—when the breath of the Lord passes through and purifies it, then its poisonous properties are destroyed, and it ceases to send forth its deadly exhalations. Then "if we live we live unto the Lord, and if we die, we die unto the Lord, living or dying we are the Lord's."

It was the happiness of our young friend to have been "born of God" at an early period of life, and this blessed change prepared him to exert a good influence upon those with whom he was associated. When "Christ" became "formed in him," the flower sent forth a gracious fragrance. It was felt by the young men with whom he was associated in business, several of whom he had a share in leading to salvation while he lived in the establishment from which he retired to die.

The fragrance of a flower ofttimes increases in dying. And so it is with the Christian ; as he approaches his end while the hand of death is upon him, he exerts a more powerful influence than through life—"Go into the chamber where the good man meets his fate," and it seems filled with heavenly fragrance. Very obtuse indeed must his sensibilities be who does not deeply feel the influence which the dying Christian diffuses around his death-bed. It is at once perceived and felt by those who are spiritual. A solemn, unearthly influence which awes and melts the heart. It was oft felt by those who visited our young brother during his late affliction—

"His final hour brought glory to his God."

V. **The fading of the flower is inevitable.** Perish it must. Place it in the most favorable position and yet you cannot preserve it ; seek for it a nook where it shall be sheltered from "the wind's unkindly blast," as well as from "the sun's directer ray," and yet "the momentary glories will waste, the short lived beauties will die away ;" cover it with glass, train and shelter it in the conservatory, and yet you cannot long conserve its frail life. The flower after all your care will perish. How strictly applicable to man whose death is no less certain than the fading of the flower. Attend to health with the most scrupulous care, surround yourselves with all the guards against disease and accident which human device and ingenuity may call into existence. And yet, after all, beyond the boundary which God has assigned to us, we cannot pass—"For is there not an appointed time for man upon the earth seeing his days are determined, and the number of his months are with God! He hath set him his bounds that he cannot pass." The Great Author of our being has fixed at least the *maximum* of our stay on earth. Beyond this we cannot go; though, alas! we may come short even of this. Hence we read that "the wicked shall not live out half his days." The death of the flower is so certain, that you can name a period when you know it shall have occurred; you cannot, it is true, name the precise moment when the last particle of life shall have left the flower; but it would be an easy matter for you to name a time when you know it must be dead, and when "the place thereof shall know it no more." Even so, the period of our departure is to us unknown, nothing can be more uncertain. The time and the circumstances under which we shall breathe our last are wisely concealed from us; yet it would be easy to name a time when not one of us shall be left on earth. The days of our years, are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone. So that each may say with Job in his affliction—"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

Lastly, "The flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." The meaning is "the wind of the Lord;" the same word in Hebrew as in some other languages, having the signification of wind and of spirit. Bishop Lowth renders the words "the wind of Jehovah bloweth upon it." The allusion is doubtless to the hot winds which prevail in the east, blasting and consuming every green thing over which they pass. The Psalmist evidently alludes to this hot wind—(Psalm ciii. 15, 16.) "As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

The flower fades and perishes when a wind under the control and direction of God passeth over it. And thus would we connect the providence of God with the removal of our young brother, whose wasting some of us have watched during the few last months. If "a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our Father," how much less can a Christian, a child of God, be smitten down by the hand of death without his cognizance and permission? "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and the death which is thus "precious" in his sight can be no chance work. Hence Job—"I know that *thou* wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living;" thou who hast the keys of death and of Hades. It was the hand of a Friend, his Almighty and Everlasting Friend, that led our brother down to his quiet resting place in the dust. The consuming disease by which the frame was wasted, was only the wind of the Lord destroying the life of the flower. "He shall blow upon them, and they shall wither."

When we see a young man sicken and die, as the result of a cold, over-exertion, or hereditary tendency, we are in danger of so interpreting the whole as to exclude the immediate and special providence of God. But we should remember that God veils himself behind secondary causes; for "the trial of our faith," for the exercise of which there could be no room, if he worked manifestly in the sight of our eyes. And if "we walk by faith, and not by sight," we shall recognize the interference of an allwise God in the removal of this amiable and useful young man, from whose ashes we are endeavoring to extract lessons that shall fit us to pass with a triumphant courage like his, "through the valley of the shadow of death." O no, lovely youth, it was not chance that removed thee, it was thy Master's voice that said unto thee, "It is enough; come up hither!"

IMMORTAL LIFE.

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"*Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.*"—2 TIMOTHY i: 10.

IMMORTALITY naturally and essentially belongs to God alone, and that is said by the apostle, in his first epistle to Timothy, referring to the Eternal One—"who only hath immortality, &c." And in another part of the same epistle, we find him celebrating Jehovah as the immortal—"unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." God is naturally and essentially immortal, but immortality does not naturally and essentially belong to any creature.

By "Life and Immortality," in the language of the text, we simply understand immortal life, or existence incapable of decay. Adam was not, in the sense of our text, possessed of immortal life—of existence incapable of decay; but the Gospel has brought to light this glorious fact, that there is an existence in another state, for creatures such as we are, incapable of decay.

It is an existence without sin; for in sin is involved and included all the elements of destruction, and nothing can remove the elements of destruction, but the removal of sin. The state of existence, to which we are destined as believers in Christ, is a state of existence without sin; when all that is intended by depravity, and pollution, and corruption, and transgression, shall be completely done away, therefore is it that we rejoice in singing—

> "There shall we see His face,
> And never, never sin ;
> There from the rivers of His grace,
> Drink endless pleasures in."

It is a state of existence without sickness.

And as a matter of course, there will be no pain.

And that fear, which is such a source of torment, will be done away. Frequently a little matter agitates, and prevents enjoyment for years together! But in that state of existence, which is "brought to light by the Gospel," there will be no cause for fear ; there will be nothing that will cause the spirit to tremble, or the spirit to shrink.

It is a state of existence, in the possession of all that can ennoble, gratify, and delight. Nothing can be devised, which can be conferred upon the mind or body of man, that will not be conferred upon the minds and bodies of the Lord's people, in a brighter and better state.

"**Life with Holiness.**" Holiness is the principal perfection of God's nature, so holiness will be the principal characteristic of the Lord's people, in a better state. We shall be then in the possession of a holy nature, surrounded by a holy element, in company with holy society, occupied in holy employments.

"**Life,**" **with knowledge**; for immortal life stands virtually in connection with spiritual knowledge. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Here we hear of Him, and think of Him, and speak of Him, but there we shall know Him in another and a superior manner to that in which we know Him at present.

It will be life, with peace in perfection, and life in the possession of joy; and all the future will be the anticipation of perfect satisfaction.

It is life with God—we shall be "for ever with the Lord"—life in the presence, life in the possession, and life in the enjoyment of God. It is said, that "our lives are hid with Christ in God, and that when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory."

It is life of the most perfect kind, in the highest degree. The highest kind of life will, in all the experience of the Lord's holy ones, be wrought up to the highest degree of perfection, and, in that state, it will be spent to reflect His honor, to perpetuate the glory of His grace, and for the honor of His glorious perfections, for ever.

In other words, it is life in employment, and in enjoyment. "They shall serve Him day and night in His temple." God himself shall dwell among them, and shall be their God, and "the Lamb which is in midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

II. **We notice the revelation**: "Life and immortality are *brought to light;*" intimating that immortal life was obscure before.

The heathen had some idea of a state of immortal existence for the soul, but not for the body; although according to the Gospel, immortality is intended for the body equally with the soul. Hence we have those sublime passages in the fifteenth of the first epistle to the Corinthians, where the apostle, speaking of the body, says, in the forty-second verse—"It is sown in corruption, &c." And again, in the fifty-second verse he says, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed, &c." But even under the old economy, though the resurrection was known, immortal life was not clearly revealed, as it is under the present dispensation, by the everlasting Gospel. There were, as in the sixteenth Psalm, several faint intimations of a glorious and happy state of existence beyond the present; but the subject was never presented in so clear a light, as it was by Jesus Christ. He "brought life and immortality to light."

He "brought to light," **the purpose of God**, which was to be wrought out through all the opposition of sin and Satan, and of man under their influence, that He would have a people possess an immortal existence incapable of decay—a life of the highest kind, in the most perfect degree and immortality to light."

He not only "brought to light" the purpose, **but the promise.** John the sixth chapter and the fortieth verse —"This is the will of Him that sent Me, &c." The will of God is this; that everlasting life should be the possession and inheritance of every one that believed on Jesus Christ, and placed implicit confidence on Him for salvation; and he is to be "raised up again at the last day."

He not only "brought to light" the promise, but He **was himself the example.** You know He yielded to the death upon the cross. When He had finished the work, He shouted—"It is finished;" "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." He then dropped His sacred head upon His bosom, and "gave up the ghost." He was taken down by Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped in linen with spices, and laid in the sepulchre. There He lay for three days; but on the third morning

He arose, and showed our feet the way. He came forth in the possession of immortal life, with an immortal body and an immortal soul. There was an immortal Person—there was the head and representative of His Church, the substitute and surety of His family, stepping from a prison house, liberating from Divine justice, presenting Himself to His witnesses, and showing them what immortal life meant, and that it was to be attained by passing through the dreary prison-house of death. And that after He had been with them forty days, and had instructed them in the things pertaining to His kingdom, He led them to Olivet, and there pronounced His parting benediction, and there ascended, in the presence of them all, and was received with a welcome to the right hand of the Father, where "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

He exhibited eternal life, as a blessing promised to the Church. This is the promise which He hath promised—eternal life, which includes everything else. Therefore, if God has promised us heaven, He has promised us all which is necessary to take us to heaven. "This," says the apostle John, with emphasis—"this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."

He not only exhibited it to us as a blessing promised, **but as a prize to be gained**; for there is nothing in the Gospel to sanction indolence. Freely given, promised of mere grace, yet it is to be obtained as a prize; and therefore we find the apostle thus exhort Timothy, in the preceding epistle: "But thou, O man of God, flee these things," (alluding to certain evils,) "and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, &c." "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

The parallel. The apostle drawing the parallel between the two heads, or public representatives, in the fifth chapter of his epistle to the Romans, says at the twentieth verse—" Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound : that, &c." Grace is upon a throne, grace sways a sceptre, and the design of the government of grace is, to put us in possession of eternal life.

It was " brought to light," as the **great object of hope**, upon which the eye of hope is to be fixed, from time to time. And what made primitive Christians so cheerful, and dauntless, and bold, and courageous, was this : they " were living " (says St. Paul) " in hope of eternal life, which God who cannot lie, promised before the world began." Mercy is represented as crowning with eternal life the beloved family ; and therefore the apostle Jude says,—" But ye, behold, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

To bring "life and immortality to light," and to put us in possession of it, was the great end of His mission ; and therefore, speaking figuratively, in the tenth chapter of John and the tenth verse, He says—" The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." 'I am come to put them in possession of immortal life, in absolute perfection.' So we find him speaking of his authority and power, in the seventeenth of John and the second verse —" As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him." He has, therefore, "brought life and immortality," or immortal life, "to light."

III. **The means, by which this blessing is "brought to light," is "the Gospel."** In one view of it, the Gospel is a kind of telescope, without which it is impossible to look so far into the distance, as to see immortal life. There it is in the distance, but our faculties are so weakened by sin, and the mists of ignorance have so gathered between us and it, that it is necessary there should be something to bring the mind's eye into contact with it. The Gospel is that something. It brings the subject near, just in the same way as a telescope seems to bring the distant object near ; so that we can look at it, gaze upon it, examine it, admire it, and enjoy it. "The grace of God hath appeared." Bursting forth, like the sun from behind a cloud, it shone upon the subject of immortal life ; and we can now perceive it, and perceive it to be attainable by us, so that we may press on towards it, and anticipate a complete enjoyment of it. He "hath brought life and immortality to light, by the Gospel."

The Gospel brings "life and immortality to light," because it shows us how we may get rid of sin, the cause of death. Man may get rid of the guilt of sin, by the precious, perfect, infinite atonement of Jesus Christ ; he may get rid of the pollution of sin, by the application of the truth, and the indwelling and work of the Holy Spirit in the heart. It tells him how sin may be pardoned, how pardoned sin may be subdued, how subdued sin may be eradicated, and how the person, over whom it once reigned, may be released from the dominion of it for ever.

The Gospel not only tells how we may get rid of sin, the cause of death, but how we may obtain justification, the title to life. It presents Jesus to us, as the glorified Saviour, and says—"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin: and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses."

It informs us how *we may surmount every obstacle* that would keep us from the possession and enjoyment of it. It brings to our help the power of God, the wisdom of God, and the Spirit of God; in other words, it presents to us the Saviour, in all His fulness, and tells us how to every believer in Him He "is made wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

The Gospel informs us, that although at present death looks on us, and is all around us, yet we may be raised into another atmosphere, the very opposite to the present; and therefore it is said, in Romans v. 17—"For if by one man's offense death reigned by one; much more &c."—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

So it is to be immortal life, and everything immortal around us. The crown we wear, the robes with which we are decked, the palms we wave, the tree on which we feed, and the river from which we drink, are all immortal. He "hath brought life and immortality to light," for he hath brought immortal life to light, "by the Gospel."

We have thus very hastily run over our subject, having presented but a mere outline, for your meditation. There is in it a depth, a grandeur, a glory, which we confess we cannot reach, much less set before you in a brief discourse, like the present. Our young friend knows more of it than we do; for though her body slumbers in yonder grave-yard, where we recently placed it, her immortal spirit shines before the eternal throne, and knows something of what immortality pervading, clothing, and filling the immortal mind of man is.

I have a brief account of the departed to read to you upon the present occasion, communicated partly by herself, and partly by those who knew her best.

"Our young friend, whose death has brought us to gether was the only child of godly parents. She was from early childhood of a dutiful, and affectionate disposition."

"She was naturally very quiet and reserved in her manners. She was the subject of serious impressions, when quite young; but it was chiefly by the school at Amersham, through her teacher's affectionate addresses to her, and fervent prayers with her, that she was led to see her real condition, as a sinner, in the sight of God, and to flee to the Lord Jesus Christ for refuge. The things of God had engaged much of her attention, through the last few years, and as she fully expected to reside in London, she proposed herself to the church of Christ in this place, and was publicly united to Christ, in baptism, on the twenty-second of February last. Early in September, she was taken seriously ill, and felt persuaded that it would be unto death; but she felt no fear, she experienced no alarm, for she knew Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.' She had familiarized herself with death by meditation upon it, and by the frequent approach of it to her friends. While sensible she was exceedingly happy in her mind, rejoicing that she had fixed her hope on Jesus, and on Him alone. Spiritual hymns had for some time engaged her attention, in an unusual manner; and after returning from the means of grace the last time, she felt extraordinarily filled with joy and peace, which led her to talk very seriously to the servant, to read the Word of God to her, and then, (which she had never done before,) to pray with her. She had never been known to pray with any one, until that evening. In private she had constantly poured out her soul to God, but her youth, and her diffidence had kept her back from praying with any one else before. To her mother she said—'I am not sorry that I made an open profession when I did, but I feel thankful that I showed to the world that I am on the Lord's side.'"

My young friends, these things speak to *you*. It was said of our departed friend, of whom I have been speaking, that she ventured her soul on Christ; and if *you* do not, you are eternally undone. There is no one that can bear you up on a dying bed, when death has begun his work, but the Lord Jesus; for "there is salvation in none other;" "there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby you must be saved."

It was said again, that on her dying pillow, our departed friend said—"I am glad I professed Christ when I did—that I told the world on whose side I was." Are there any of our young friends present, who are believers, but have never confessed it? Are there any, who do love Christ, but have never professed Him? We have known those, who have regretted that they have neglected it in health, when lying upon a bed of sickness. Our young friend did not neglect it. We say, therefore, to you, undecided ones, *decide*, and let your decision be *now;* and we say to you all—"Be ye also ready." Live for eternity, and not for time; "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Immortal life is "brought to light." But will you possess it? will you enter into it? are you seeking "glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life?"

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"I MAY sometimes tremble on the rock, but, blessed be the Lord, the rock never trembles under me."

THE CHRISTIAN'S DESIRE.

REV. FRANCIS ELLABY, B.A.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ——, AGED 22 SEVEN DIALS, LONDON.

"*Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.*"—PSALM xxxix: 4.

THERE is an embarrassing uncertainty attending all human affairs. It is as true in man's experience, as it is in the record of Scripture, "We know not what a day may bring forth." *To-day* all may be joy; *to-morrow* some sad event occurs, and overwhelms the whole with sorrow:—*to-day* all is gay and exhilarating as summer; *to-morrow,* all is dull and depressing as winter: a man may have much treasure laid up in a store; but by a sudden reverse, he may be deprived of the whole, and impoverished, and ruined: *to-day,* his children surround his board, and he is happy with the partner of his joys and sorrows, in the enjoyment of domestic bliss; *to-morrow,* sad truth! brings evil tidings, he is either childless or widowed. That which a man has least reason to expect, too often comes; or with Job, he may have to say, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of, is come unto me." Powerty in place of affluence—enmity for friendship—sorrow for gladness—pain for ease—sickness for health, or death for life! Transitions these to which all are liable; circumstances with which many are but too well acquainted, and one of which, at least, will, sooner or later, be the portion of all. "It is appointed unto all men, once to die." "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth are not his days also like the days of an hireling?

And if these things be true, shall we not do well if we adopt the words of the text, for personal and constant meditation? "LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I know how frail I am."

I. **The text**, contains:

1. A desire to be instructed of the LORD, in order that he might obtain a sure knowledge of a peaceful end. "LORD, make me *to know mine end.*"

2. A desire to have impressed upon the mind an abiding sense of the shortness of life. To keep the man from folly, from the vain gratification of the senses, from a wasteful expenditure, from the misimprovement of time, and especially, from an untimely end. "LORD, make me to know mine end, and *the measure of my days*, what it is." This knowledge seems to have been granted, so far as it could be profitably or safely possessed. Ver. 5. "Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and my age is as nothing before thee; verily, every man in his best state, is altogether vanity."

3. A desire to know the worst of himself. "That I may know *how frail I am.*" My mortality, the frail tenure of my existence:—my depravity, the depth of iniquity concealed within, and working my ruin:—my weakness, that I may be convinced of the folly of trusting in an arm of flesh, and my deep need of a SAVIOUR in whom to trust, omnipotent and willing to save.

But Scripture is best interpreted by Scripture; and I would refer you to Psal. xc. 12. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"—Wisdom, to guide us through the dreary paths of life:—wisdom, the word of truth profitable to direct:—wisdom, the MESSIAH, "the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS;" our IMMANUEL, our loving friend "made unto us *wisdom*," &c. For it is *thus* that in accordance with, and not in opposition to rejoicing in hope of the glory of GOD," every Christian may say, "LORD, make me to know *my* end, and the measure of *my* days, what it is; that *I* may know how frail I am."

II. **Let me exemplify the practical excellence of the text, by noticing the experience and conduct of our departed friend.** The practical excellence of the principles in the text was exemplified.

1. *By her cherishing a conviction that her end was near.* She new the weakness of her frame; she remembered that she was but dust. She felt the power of that word of God, and therefore believed in it—"Your life is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In the morning, we grow up as the grass, and appear flourishing, but in the evening, nay, before the mid-day of life, we are many of us cut down, and, like it, dried up and withered. It is not remarkable, therefore, that she should say on leaving town, with feelings better to be imagined than described, "I shall not again return; I shall never see you more." She was not one of the many who make this earth the place of their joy, and desire no higher happiness; but one of the thoughtful and devout few, who are not averse to the contemplation of death, nor unwilling to cherish the conviction that their end is near.

2. *By her anxiety to be prepared for a happy end.* With her, religion was not a mere form: it was not attended to from the prevalence of custom, or as a means of gaining reputation, nor was it, in her estimation, of secondary import. She regarded it as the one thing needful,"—as the first and "principal thing;" and she entered into it with all her might, convinced that there was no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither she was hastening. "Private devotion she never neglected. In family and social prayer she readily and fervently joined. The House of God was the place of her joy. The Lord's day she hailed with

sacred delight, and listened to his word with prayerful attention." She desired to yield obedience to the SAVIOUR'S command, "Do this in remembrance of me;" to approach his table in the spirit of a true disciple. And to her, it was a holy feast, an antepast of heaven.

3. *By her firm reliance on the merits of the* REDEEMER. She was convinced of her frailty, and felt deeply her need of the divine aid to lead her to the SAVIOUR; and her deep need also of the application of his merits—his blood to cleanse—his righteousness to justify. Happy for her, she "knew who she had believed, and was fully persuaded that he was able to keep that she had committed to HIM against the great day," and could wholly depend upon him. When, therefore, her medical attendant inquired if she was building her hope of salvation on any righteousness of her own, she answered, "None but CHRIST!"

When she perceived the attentions which her friends were so forward to pay her, the love of CHRIST so sweetly constrained her, and enabled her to appreciate such work, that she said, "Even Job in all his affliction, had not attention such as this!" And when they lamented her extreme sufferings, which they had no power to avert, she said, "Nothing to what my sins deserve." This was a striking proof of her humility. And then, forgetting all for CHRIST she added, "CHRIST is precious! CHRIST is precious!"

There was nothing of indifference, but a cleaving to HIM by faith, who is mighty and able to save; an earnest supplication in reliance on HIS merits, and a joy in HIM as superlatively precious! CHRIST was

"Her theme, her inspiration, and her crown;
Her light in darkness, and her life in death!"

4. *By her resignation, willingness, and desire to depart.* In making this statement, however, we do not mean to disguise that she was the subject of many fears, that the enemy of souls thrust sore at her, and that she had hours of darkness and heaviness during her painful affliction. On the contrary, we are happy to make them known, because from them we gain confidence that all is well. Had there been no conflicts, no exertion of the powers of darkness, there might have been no work of the SPIRIT; but since there were the former, and she triumphed over them, we doubt not that her triumph was the effect of the latter, and we have reason to give glory to HIM, who by his SPIRIT made her more than conqueror. As a proof of this, she said at one period, "My fears are all gone; I have built my hope on CHRIST, and can leave all to him."

Patience and resignation shone conspicuously in all her words and in her whole deportment; and these wrought so effectually to her peace and comfort of mind, that through a night of uncommon suffering, she had such sweet composure, that she was able to be much in prayer, and was often heard to say, "*Heavenly* FATHER, *take me home!*"

Her pious medical friend said, "To depart and to be with CHRIST is far better." She answered, "That is what I want; I long to be gone."

"And her last words were, "Come, LORD JESUS, LORD JESUS!"

And now, desiring above all things that divine grace may work effectually in all your hearts, and constrain you to follow her as she followed CHRIST, we exhort you,

1. *To adopt the sentiments of the text for practical and holy purposes.* As individuals say—"LORD, make *me* to know *mine* end," &c.

2. *Not to cause a gloomy apprehension of death, but to inspire a cheerful hope that death will be gain.*

And in this expectation, and in the hope that we shall be for ever with the Lord, we exhort, we entreat, we enjoin you to "comfort one another with these words."

And, *finally,* we exhort you all *to meditate on the work of* Christ. This afforded comfort to our departed friend. His work as a Redeemer, Mediator, and Intercessor—his power to deliver—his willingness to save, afforded her comfort, and peace, and assurance in death.

Believe in him—trust in him—love him—serve him. Then, living, you will live unto the Lord, and dying, you shall be for ever his.

PIETY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

REV. A. E. LORD.

IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, HERSHAM, NEAR ESHER, ENGLAND.

ON THE DECEASE OF A YOUTHFUL MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

"*Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"—Phillippians i : 23.

THESE words meet our notice, in the vicinity of one of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings. The circumstances in which the apostle was placed when he wrote them, were peculiar. He had been arrested in his seraphic course of service, by the strong arm of law, and had become in consequence an inmate of the prison-house at Rome.

To many of the churches which he had planted, this providence seemed distressing and mysterious. They fainted at his tribulation. His faith, however, did not fail him, for he knew that whether he was destined for life or for death, "Christ would be magnified in him;" "for to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He confesses that he felt himself under the pressure of two opposite principles. There was a desire to live, and yet a desire to depart, and which to choose he knew not: "I am in a strait betwixt two." Life, in his estimation, was a valuable thing; and, inasmuch as it presented opportunities to promote the glory of the Saviour in the redemption of man, it was to him exceedingly desirable; yet still, he could not resist the conviction, that "to depart was far better." because his departure would give him immediate introduction to the society of Christ, the supreme object of his heart's love. "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

I. **The apostle's view of death first claims our attention.** He calls it a "*departure.*" In like manner he speaks of it in his letter to Timothy. "The time of my *departure* is at hand." Thus also good old Simeon regarded it, when he said, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant *depart* in peace."

The original word contains a nautical figure, and refers to a ship riding at anchor, the wind in the meantime threatening to loose it from its moorings, and to drive it out to sea. The apostle desired to weigh anchor, to be unbound, and to set sail for the haven of eternal rest.

And *first,* we may regard the apostle as referring to the departure of his spirit from the *body*—"*I* have a desire to depart." In the previous verse he says, "*I* live *in* the flesh." The distinction he makes, between himself and his body, is very remarkable, and conveys to our mind a sublime and beautiful truth. The "I" in which the apostle recognizes his real self, he does not confound with his *flesh*—"I live *in* the flesh." The soul is the gem, the body is the casket; and though both are essential to humanity, yet they are distinct. Properly speaking, the mind is the man—the "I," the real self. To a thoughtful mind it is pleasing to observe how beautifully this great philosophical truth is recognized by the sacred writers.

"*In* my flesh shall *I* see God." The patriarch does not confound the mortal with the immortal—the *adjunct* of humanity with its *essence.* "*We*," says the apostle Paul, "are *in* this tabernacle." To confound the body with our real self is much the same as if a man should confound a tent with the occupant. "*I* am *in* this tabernacle," says the apostle Peter. "My body is not myself, it is my residence—a residence not built of marble and founded on a rock, but a tent, which rocking in every breeze, is destined to come down at the fiat of Almighty God."

Viewing then the soul in this close connection with the body, as "living *in* the flesh," the apostle regarded death as a "departure" of the soul from its residence—as a loosing of his spirit from the anchor in which mortality had held it for so many years. And who can wonder that a mind, ripened under the influences of the Holy Spirit, should be "willing to be absent from the body, that it may be present with the Lord?" In these frail tabernacles how many sins have been committed—how man sorrows endured! The "flesh" has contracted much defilement, and "the spirit" has wailed under many burdens. "We that are in this tabernacle do groan being burdened." How many times has the body been pressed under sickness! How numerous have been its exposures to death, and how agonizing have been its pains! What griefs have been experienced from burning fevers, paralyzed limbs, inward tumors, dyspepsia, consumption, and a thousand other things! What showers of tears have fallen from the eyes *even* of redeemed humanity! The home of the body is far from a happy one; and therefore we cannot wonder that when the soul has a prospect of "a mansion, eternal in the heavens," it should cherish "the desire to depart."

It is important, however to remark, that the aspiration is that of renewed humanity only. The mind unchanged has no desire to depart. Its requires His wisdem, His power, and His grace, to bring the soul to this temper and to this frame

Secondly. We regard the apostle as referring to his departure from the *present world.* "I have a desire to depart."

Viewed as the workmanship of God, this world unquestionably presented many attractions to the apostle's mind. His fine eye, and cultivated taste, would regard creation as a sublime poem; and many a passage which portrayed the eternal power and Godhead, would be read by him with exquisite delight. It is admitted too that this world has many sublime reminiscences. It is a wonderful world! Here Christ lived, labored, and died for the redemption of humanity. Here apostles fought the great battle of life, and made their way to the martyr's crown. Here too *we* received those impressions of the world to come which first drew our affections from the things of earth. And, all these reminiscences give a charm to the present world which may well make us willing to live. Yet still, a noble, spiritual mind will give the preference to *departure.*

In *this* world there are many drawbacks upon a Christian's happiness. Even in the *physical world,* it is not true, that "every prospect pleases." When nature blooms in paradisaic beauty, the poet's conception enlists our concurrence as to its accuracy. But there are times when mist and blight assail the scenery of earth—times when storms and tempests spread terrible devastation upon the prospects which have pleased our eye—times when darkness covers the earth and jeopardizes our safety. But heaven will be a perfect paradise. Not a vestige of the curse will remain. "And there shall be no night there." In *that* world every prospect pleases, and not even man is vile, for there humanity is transformed into the image of the Son of God. "The spirits of the just are made *perfect*." Comparing, then, the physical attractions of this world with those of heaven, we need not wonder that the Christian cherishes "a desire to depart."

Our *social* circles too present many drawbacks to perfect bliss. Sorrows present themselves in a thousand forms. Afflictions crowd upon our path. Death enters our windows. Loved ones are prostrated by the blow of God's hand. Emaciated forms arouse our tenderest sympathies, and their cries pierce our hearts. But in heaven cries of agony will be unheard. Pain will have no place: sorrow will be unknown—"and there shall be no more death." And who that has lost a friend in this world after much solicitude and anxious watching, does not anticipate that period when his heart will no more be pierced by the wail of sorrow? when his eyes will no more witness the triumph of the "king of terrors?" and when his feet will no more tread the graveyard, or stand beside the yawning tomb?

No captain would wish to remain at anchor upon the shores of a plague-smitten country, so the Christian need not wish unduly to prolong his stay in the midst of sorrow, affliction, and death. "Having a desire to depart."

Our *service,* moreover, does not ensure unmingled delight in this world. It is a great blessedness to serve the Lord Christ in the battle of life. Our calling is a noble calling—"God hath called us unto glory." We become soldiers of Jesus Christ, that we may "fight the good fight of faith;" that on the side of the Son of God we may war with the antagonistic forces of evil which prevail in the world. It is a noble service! We love the Captain of our salvation. We love the cause we have espoused. We are conscious of its justice, of its excellence, and of its ultimate triumph: yet we are also conscious of much imperfection. Sin mars our works—weakens our hands, and retards our progress. Often do we cry with the apostle—"O wretched one that I am, who shall deliver me!" "We cannot do the things that we would." We cannot serve our Lord as we ought. "Evil is present with us" even in doing good; and therefore while we may be willing to "abide in the flesh," if such be the will of God, we may, and ought to cherish the "desire to depart," to leave the scene of conflict, and "enter into rest."

II. **The apostle's estimate of future bliss claims our attention.** "To be with Christ." And here observe—

First, the apostle did not regard *departure* as the *annihilation* of his humanity. The thought of annihilation would have smitten him through with terror. Philosophy and revelation alike forbid the wretched idea. What man would covet the annihilation of his existence except the guilty and depraved? It is possible to conceive of a mind reduced to wish such an ultimatum, but it must be a mind that has not a ray of hope sweeping across its horizon, that does not reflect upon eternity and its realities—not a mind elevated to true virtue by the Gospel of Christ. Such a mind would shudder could it believe, 'When I depart I shall be no more.' Annihilation is the dream of infidelity in its lowest and basest form.

Secondly, you observe the apostle did not regard departure as the *extinguishing* of his spirit till the morn of resurrection. Does not the language of the text imply, with all the force of certainty, that when the Christian departs he is at once with Christ? Is not the transition immediate? And is not the desire expressed upon the assured conviction that departure would usher him into the presence of Christ and into personal communion with Him. Had the apostle the least idea of a suspension of his mental faculties while his body remained under the dominion of death? On what ground, if this were the case, could he say, "To die is gain?" Wherein would be the gain, to leave the joy of labor for Christ and sink into utter unconsciousness for centuries? How could a departure under such circumstances be "far better" than living for Christ in the flesh? Unless we admit the immediate blessedness of departed spirits, Paul's departure would have been not gain, but *loss*, GREAT LOSS. The soul sleepeth not; it is an ever living, wakeful entity. It needeth not sleep. It existeth even when absent from the body. "Absent from the body, it is present with the Lord." "Ye are come," says the apostle, "to the SPIRITS of the just made perfect." Observe the language, "SPIRITS" "made perfect;" but if *spirits sleep*, and are not made perfect till the body rise from the dust of death, with what propriety could the apostle say, We ARE come to them?

There will unquestionably be a perfection of humanity as a whole at the resurrection, but in the mean time the *spirit* is already perfect.

Paul's desire, then, for departure was that he might "be with Christ." "The love of Christ constrained" his desire for an interview. He was well pleased to *labor* for Him on earth, but he preferred *dwelling* with Him in heaven. The life of faith was pleasant, but a sight of Christ would be "far better."

Thirdly, it is relevant to inquire, in what place Paul expected to meet the Saviour?

WHERE IS THE REDEEMER? The Scriptures distinctly and repeatedly assure us that the "heavens have received Him till the restitution of all things"—that "He has entered heaven for us," and carries on His intercourse in that world in the PRESENCE OF GOD. And if so, will it not follow that to be *with Him* is to be *in heaven?* "*Where* I am," says the Saviour, "there shall My servant be also;" and when His Word tells me that "He is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God," the conclusion is inevitable that His departed saints are there also.

The apostle's desire, was to reach the perfection of his nature and the perfection of his bliss. And this he could reach only in the glorious presence of his Redeemer.

Love is strong and impels its possessor to seek the society of its object. There it reposes, for we "rest in our love."

The apostle's hopes had for many years centered on "Jesus Christ and Him *crucified;*" and now he wished to be with Jesus Christ *glorified*—not as a spectator of His glory only, but as a partaker. The bliss of heaven will fill both the eye and the heart. "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may BEHOLD My glory." We shall SEE Him as He is; not in the unsubdued splendors of Deity, but with those splendors softened by a beautiful humanity—with the majesty of Godhead blended with the sympathy of a refined manhood. Thus the apostle longed to see Him and to be with Him; and to achieve this he was desirous to depart, conscious that as soon as his spirit was unloosed from the trammels of the body, it would find a place among the spirits made perfect, and in that perfection enjoy Him for ever.

When we think of all the bliss consequent upon departure, we can understand why the apostle should say, "To die is gain," and to "depart is far better." It is far better, because he who thus leaves this world becomes free from every sin, every perplexity and every doubt; free from every temptation and sorrow—from every kind of evil, physicial and moral. And seeing it is so, why should a Christian be afraid to depart? Let no Christian clothe death with needless terror, but let him learn his privilege to regard it as a "sleep in Jesus," as an exodus, as a weighing anchor, as a "departure to be with Christ."

Death has its bright side as well as its dark one. It may deface mortal beauty, wither human strength, tarnish human glory, and terrify the guilty—but it is no enemy to the Christian. It can deface no moral beauty, wither no spiritual strength, despoil of no true wealth, disturb no true repose. Why then should a Christian be afraid to die? Why should he fear to depart to his home? Why should he tremble to hear his Lord turn the key which opens the door of a perfect and of an endless life? Why should he dread to walk down into the valley? Is there a shadow there? and is there not light? Without light shadows cannot exist. Is there a shadow there? and is it not the shadow of the opposite Mount—Mount Zion—up which the spirit will travel as soon as it is emancipated? Fear not, then, O Christian, to cherish the "desire to depart and to be with Christ." It is far better than your present mode of existence, and your present enjoyments.

Here you "groan being burdened!" Here you are oppressed with imperfections in *yourselves*, in the *world*, and in the *church*. "Far better!" There is no comparison between calm and rest, between conflict and peace, between chains and freedom, between night and day.

This sublime aspiration of the apostle—this temper and posture of the soul, becomes every Christian. If we have been "renewed in the spirit of our minds"—if "Christ has been formed within us the hope of glory" —then *we* shall covet the perfection to which we are destined, and of which we are capable. The creature in every department of creation tends to perfection. Everything seeks to develope itself and struggles with every difficulty that opposes its advancement; and surely "the new creature" cannot but aspire to glory, and honor, and perfection, in the presence of Christ.

This subject, thus brought before us, teaches us that the great design of the Gospel is to produce in all who receive it a willingness and readiness to die. To unrenewed humanity death is the king of terrors. Apart from the cross of Christ, he must ever appear as an enemy to the reflective mind. I am not unaware that many who disbelieve the Gospel have counted death as the friend of man, and some have invited his approach before the time by the poisoned cup or by the polished steel. But in every case of this kind the victims had become weary of life. Calamities and crosses, pains and sorrows had so pressed upon them, that life became irksome, and with cowardice they ran away from life's ills, unable to bear the discipline of earthly care.

In the apostle's case nothing of this kind induced the "desire to depart." He was not disgusted with life; he did not wish to be unclothed; he did not wish to die to get rid of trouble; he did not wish to die because he hated the world. He had a higher motive. It was that he MIGHT "BE WITH CHRIST." We do not say, that he was insensible to the evils incident to the present state, or that he was enamoured of earth's sorrows. By no means. But the grand motive of his aspirations was to be with Christ. Love panted to reach its Parent, and to look Him in the face for ever. And this is the true test of Christian principle. If the desire to die arise from disgust with earthly sorrows, earthly associates, or earthly things, depend upon it the mind is not fit for the departure. It is like an instrument in an untuned condition, and would by no means add to the harmony of the heavenly world. The true proof of *meetness* is love to the person of Christ, and a desire to have HIS WELCOME, HIS SOCIETY, and HIS SMILE.

What, then, are the desires of your minds? Are you of the same temper as the apostle?—willing to live, if you may live to Christ, but desirous "to depart, and to be with Christ," when He shall intimate His will? Despise not your life: it is a noble endowment, and is given for a noble purpose. Squander it not away, but live to Christ, to promote in every possible way the welfare of humanity. If you live for *Christ*, you will live for *man*—you cannot do otherwise. "The love of Christ constrains" to a sublime philanthropy. It aims to crush selfishness: it finds the neighbor whom to love in universal man. This is true Christianity, and anything short of it is a caricature, a counterfeit thing. In using life thus nobly, let the balance of your desires ever be in favor of departure; so that, when the last hour of life shall come, death may not be like tearing up a tree by its roots, but like the loosing of a ship from its anchor, to ride gallantly into the port of glory and into the haven of eternal rest.

It gives me pleasure to say that the departed commended herself to the esteem of all who knew her as a modest and retiring Christian. As a *servant* she was faithful and honest in every trust. For eight years she was under our roof, and time only enhanced the esteem in which she was held. We have sorrowed for her loss, but not as those without hope. We are thankful that we have not been obliged to leave her to the tender mercies of an unsympathizing world. Her desire was to be with Christ, and that desire we fondly hope is fully and for ever realized. Her death speaks to every fellow-member of this church, and it urges all to "work while it is called to day, for the night cometh when no man can work." With us she will commune no more; with us on earth she will worship no more. But let us anticipate the time of re-union at the banquet of love in heaven. Let *our* anxiety be to live to Christ, cherishing at the same time a "desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Finally, her death speaks to the YOUNG.

What an impressive lesson does it read upon the vanity of human life! Here was a young woman called to bear the yoke of affliction in her youth, and to die in her twenty-fourth year. "Her sun went down while it was yet noon." And how know you that your end is not near? Oh! "set not your affections on things on the earth;" follow not the vanities, and fashions, and pleasures of this world. Let your life be consecrated to Christ from henceforth, and remember that the departed has assured you that you will never regret it. REGRET IT! No! The soul that is joined to its Saviour, can never regret its union, for by that union it rises to the elevation of salvation and of heaven for ever.

Some of you knew and esteemed the departed. O come and join yourselves to the Lord and Saviour. For this she prayed, and let none despise the prayer of a humble disciple. I cannot but hope, that as her own serious impressions were ripened into decision for Christ under a funeral sermon, so some of you may from this time be led to seek the Lord, and give yourselves to Him. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you all is, that YOU MAY BE SAVED."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

REV. R. GIBSON, ENGLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. C. H., AGED 32.

> "*For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.*"—2 TIMOTHY iv: 6–8.

THE solemn event which we are assembled this evening to improve, though truly mournful and painfully distressing, and even overwhelming to the minds of some, is in itself mingled with the blooming hope of immortality and eternal life. We cannot, however, but regard it amongst the dark, mysterious, impenetrable dispensations of an infinitely wise and kind Providence. When we see the aged sinner with his hoary head, emaciated frame, and broken down constitution, whose life has been one of distinguished transgression, spared year after year in his rebellion, and on his right hand and on his left the young, the healthful, the virtuous, the good, are swept away by the relentless hand of mortality, and those hopes that have swelled the bosoms of pious parents, that have promised to revive the church and to bless the world, have been blighted and withered in the bud; when we see this, are we not disposed to exclaim, "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Thus it has been in the present instance, and thus it has been in a thousand others; but be it ours to "stand still and know that He is God," and that "He doeth all things well," "though His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known. Clouds and darkness are round about Him, justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne." In the midst of such perplexing scenes, resignation to the will of God is most desirable, and perhaps the highest and noblest attainment to which the Christian can arrive, on this side the grave. It is said of one, that while yet wave after wave brake with greater violence on his devoted head, "in all this he sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." "I was dumb," said the psalmist, "because Thou didst it;" and another calmly replied, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." Oh! for something of that meek submission, which characterized the blessed Redeemer, when approaching the bitterest agonies that could wring His sinless heart; "Nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done."

St. Paul was at this time a prisoner in Rome, for the truth, he had so much loved, and so faithfully proclaimed. He was hourly anticipating a martyr's death, for the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. While thus standing on the verge of both worlds, in calmly reviewing the past, he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Then casting his reflections forward into futurity, more sublime and enrapturing visions broke on his triumphant spirit.

This too was something of the experience of our departed friend. In reviewing the past, he could rejoice; and, in the anticipation of the future, he could triumph. This is not the gloomy language of skepticism, but of a martyr and a Christian, awaiting his dimissal from a world of sorrow, to the realms of endless bliss. This dispels the gloom from the grave; this cheers and illumines the pathway to the tomb; this wipes away the bitter tear of the anxious mourner, that lingers behind; this bereaves the last enemy of his sting; this sustains the soul amid "the wreck of nature," and opens to the departing spirit a survey of the cloudless mansions of joy, to which it is about to take its everlasting flight. And no wonder if amid such scenes he should long for "the wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest."

We shall make some brief remarks on each sentiment of this interesting passage.

May the Lord command His abundant blessings; may He fill this place with His glory; and may he bind up every wound, and comfort every sorrowful spirit, for His name's sake!

"I am now ready to be offered." This is the sweet experience of the man of God. There are in his mind no fearful forebodings, no anxious pangs, no tremulous apprehensions, rising to wrap the soul in the mists of obscurity, while thus treading the margin of the grave. How many express an ardent desire for that world of peace and rest awaiting the believer, but how seldom do they properly consider the essential, the indispensable preparation for such a state! If there be one thing in the universe of God more pleasing to the mind than all others, it is to see the Christian completely prepared for heaven. There he stands, when life wears to a close, and the twilight shadows of the evening are flinging themselves around him, with his lamp trimmed, and being brilliantly wrapped in a robe without a stain, waiting only for the fiery chariot and the convoy of angels, to conduct his happy spirit to Abraham's bosom.

We cannot be surprised at the ancient Christians "not accepting deliverance." Like this noble champion for the truth, their labors were ended, the wilderness traversed, the journey of life at a close, upon the borders of the promised land, waiting to enter in. And while the gates are thus opening and the soul rising to God and to heaven, to mingle with its kindred spirits, and as the discordant sounds of earth die away on the ear, the melting strains of heavenly music break upon it; and as the eye becomes dim to all earthly scenes, and as they fade away, it opens upon the celestial visions of eternal day. What can be more distressing, than at such a crisis to be thrown back upon the bleak shores of an unfriendly world!

Our beloved friend, when once nearly gone, but recovering again from a most painful attack, said, "all this is a disappointment." But it was only for a little; angels were preparing his crown, and hastening to meet him; yet a little, and he soared away to join in the song, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory for ever."

My brethren, are you ready to pass to that dying chamber, or at once to that "rest that remaineth for the people of God?" Is you lamp trimmed and burning? Have you on "the wedding garment," or is it the tattered robe of your own self-righteousness, you stand in to-night?

"The time of my departure is at hand." Few lessons in the pages of Divine revelation are taught with greater emphasis, or more solemnity, than the brevity of human life. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is like the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" plucked by the ruthless hand, it fades in an hour, dies in a day. If, then, his days are few and full of trouble; if only like a span, a vapor, or a rapid stream, that passes; if like that arrow, he be passing over the narrow sea of life, into the fathomless depths of eternity; if "in the midst of life we are in death;" if that eye that sparkles with life, may be closed in death in one hour; if that countenance, glowing with youth healthfulness, may be pale in death this night; if the throbbing of each breast may be the last, if the beating of each pulse may terminate your short career, if the next breath may be the last for ever—how it becomes you to apply this sentiment to your conscience, "the time of my departure is at hand!" This is not a thing that may or may not be; it is now; even now, at hand; all the harbingers of mortality have entered your bosom, and the work of destruction is already begun. Oh! that the Spirit of God might write this fact on all your hearts, "the time of my departure is at hand!"

But blessed departure, and no matter how near, when cheered by the sunshine of God's presence. Then it will only be "the valley of the shadow of death:" the shadow of the serpent will not sting, the shadow of the sword will not injure; the rod will defend, and the staff of His promises will sustain, and no evil shall be feared, because God is there.

But what a scene must this departure be, when uncheered by a ray of Gospel hope!—a night, alas! full of darkness, despair, and horror—a night destined to terminate in the "blackness of darkness" for ever. If there be anything that should awaken in the heart the most pungent grief, it is the thought of such an end as this.

But the Christian's is not so. His is one of a very different character: from a prison to a palace; from the dreary wilderness to a cloudless paradise, blooming with all the fruits of immortal bliss Oh! happy departure from that bed of suffering and of anguish, to be pillowed on the bosom of the Redeemer; from those heart-rending sighs, to mingle with the melodies of heaven! Oh! "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

"**I have fought a good fight.**" Some have thought, could they once but realize a changed heart, all the work would then be finished; but how vastly different the lesson acquired since that period! You know full well now, that instead of being completed, it was only commencing; that, now, every untrodden step in the Divine life is disputed by the adversary of your soul. Indeed, they know but little of Christian experience, who know not that it is one incessant, one continual warfare. Till the close of life, enemies innumerable, difficulties untold, beset his path, meet and assail him at every turning. The world, with its menacing frowns, or its alluring, deceptive fascination. How many its illusive dreams of pleasure, riches, honors, or bliss! But, alas, its glories wither in an hour, and the paradise becomes a wilderness—its promises betray, its hopes deceive; and in pursuit of the phantom, the soul has been perilled, if not lost. Nothing short of a "faith that overcomes the world," will suffice.

And even when the world is vanquished, the conflict has not subsided; there is an ever wakeful, ever restless adversary, "seeking whom he may devour." There is too, the uprising of a host of foes within; nor are these the weakest, or the least to be feared. How much remains yet to be done! how many the enemies to be ejected from the soul! The surface that appeared placid and clear, is troubled; the waters are fouled, and the impurity of the fountain is evident; and we have to learn, that there must be much yet of the crucifying of the flesh, and of the mortifying of the deeds of the body.

And immediately combined with these, is the "last enemy," even "death." But, thank God, that which would have stung to the bosom's core, with more than scorpion's sting, is hailed as an angel of light, emptying the cup of death of all its poisoned, malignant elements, and filling it with the water of the fountain of life. "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through the Lord Jesus Christ." "O death! I will be thy plagues; O grave! I will be thy destruction." He will "swallow up death in victory;" He will "wipe away tears from off all faces;" for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

But the apostle has designated this "a good fight;" and this it is in effect. Here faith may be seen rising and soaring away beyond the regions of doubtful unbelief, mercy rejoicing over justice, holiness triumphing over sin; the darkness of error dispelled by the light of truth. Unlike all other conflicts, no sound of the war-whoop, no flourishing of trumpets, clashing of arms, or din of war, no "garments dyed in blood;" no dying groans break upon the ear, no bleeding wounds open to the eye; no widow's wail is heard above the dead, the tear-drop bedews no orphan's cheek. It is the peaceful triumph of virtue over vice; love over enmity; benevolence over avarice; life over death; heaven over hell. It is the soul towering away above all that is earthly, "fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life."

"**I have finished my course.**" This the apostle had finished indeed with unutterable joy; every period of it had been lit up with a halo of unrivaled glory. His had been a martyr's course, a martyr's work: ay, and a martyr's crown glittered in the dim distance. What is the course of the hero of unnumbered battles, when put in contrast with the glorious achievements of the Christian man? The one comes to destroy men's lives, the other to save them; the one diffuses blessing all around, the other deals out destruction; the one goes down to his grave amid the maledictions of the lonely and the destitute, whilst yet his horizon is overcast with infamy; the other goes down without a cloud to dim the glory, and his sun rises with yet more glowing splendor, amid the assemblies of the just, to go down no more.

The course of imagined pleasure, how short, how unsatisfactory, and how bitter! This course will soon terminate; but shall it end like an unhappy Altamont's? When the clock struck, he exclaimed with vehemence, "O time, time! it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled for ever! My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife. And is there another hell? O Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God, hell itself would be a refuge, if it hide me from Thy frown."

Contrast for one moment the Christian's closing hours with this. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth, that I desire besides Thee; my heart and my flesh faileth, but the Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Thus, amid the joy of triumph and shouts of victory, he finishes his course, whilst the angelic hosts welcome him to the shores of immortality and eternal life, with the thrilling music of heaven.

"I have kept the faith." This doubtless refers to the glorious doctrines of the Gospel of Christ, the universal character of man's fall, justification, sanctification, holiness, the general resurrection, the final glory that should be awarded for the righteous, and the fearful destination awaiting the ungodly. But he dwelt emphatically on the atonement of Christ. All the pathos, all the eloquence, all the zeal, all the fervor, of which he was possessed, was reserved and expended alone upon the glories of the cross; of that he would never be ashamed; in nothing would he glory save the cross; living and dying, it was his choicest, his only theme.

But connected with this was the principle of "faith; which purifies the heart, and works by love." This is the life of God in the soul; and this is the life of the soul. It is to the soul what the animal life is to the body. It is not merely a cold, heartless, tacit confession; it is a living principle, developing itself in "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." It is the keen eagle eye, that ever gazes on the Almighty, and never loses sight of Him; it is the pinion, that through mountains of difficulties, wings its flight to the throne; and this the hand with which he lays hold on eternal life. Keep it as you would your property, your friend, your life; keep it, and it will keep you; tremble, lest you should ever make shipwreck of it; lest you should, having begun in the spirit, end in the flesh; contend for it, maintain it, strive for it, till "faith is swallowed up in sight," and prayer in endless praise.

SECONDLY. We notice briefly the pleasing prospect of the future, that opened to the mind of the apostle.

"**Crown of righteousness.**" This was no idle reverie, no wild enthusiasm, no imaginary wandering of a diseased mind. He could see the diadem of glory glittering through the clouds; a crown purchased by a righteous Redeemer given freely. The course was finished, the battle was fought, the victory was won, and now the wreath, the laurel, and the green palm of glory is his; now it is his to tread the streets of the New Jerusalem,

> "And not a wave of trouble rolls
> Across his peaceful breast."

This is not only "a crown of righteousness," but a "a crown of life,"—a life of the most exquisite felicity, a life of the most unutterable pleasure: a soul drinking copiously of the fountain of life, sitting beneath the shadow of the tree of life, plucking of its immortal fruits, where "there is fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore." Life, where there is no death —life, where the anxious pangshall never heave the breast, where the briny tear shall never bedew the cheek, but shall live for ever "before the throne of God and of the Lamb, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them; and they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

But, again, this crown shall be "a crown of glory" —bright with glory, all glory, unmixed glory, without a stain, without a tarnish. The stars of heaven shall fade away before it, and the sun shall be enveloped in gloom, when it appears. It is such glory as mortal eye has never gazed on; such glory as the human eye can never conceive of; such glory as the ear of man has never heard of. It is an exceeding weight of glory. Then, my brethren,

> "Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view;
> That crown of bright glory is waiting for you."

Unlike all human glory, and unlike all other crowns, this is "a crown that fadeth not away." Crowns and captors and princes meet and mingle in the dust; all earthly glory is destined to pass, like a sunbeam in a wintry day; the worm is at the gourd, the moth is at the garment, the canker is gathering on the diadem; the glory of every clime and country shall die away; the waves of oblivion shall roll over it, and it shall fade as a leaf; the earth, too, like an atom in the sunbeam, shall glide away; but the Christian's crown of glory shall never fade; nor shall the lapse of years, nor the rolling ages of eternity, dim the brightness of its luster.

"The Lord the righteous Judge shall give it me." Who can fail to admire the freeness of the gift, the unmerited character of the gift—the gift of love, the gift of mercy, the gift of God? "At that day:" whether he was looking through the vista of ages to the hour of righteous retribution, or to the moment of his dismissal from this vale of tears, is of no vital moment; this we do know, the crown was sure, and "to die was gain."

"And not to me only." Not for the few, but the multitude, "a multitude which no man could number," men of every nation, and country, and clime and color. There is a crown for every overcoming Christian, that loves, that longs, that waits for His appearing. And what an appearing it will be! Not as a Babe in Bethlehem, not as "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but amid the overwhelming and august splendors of the judgment morning, attended with unnumbered myriads of the angelic hosts, to crown His people with glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, and "to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that have not obeyed His Gospel."

It appears that our friend's first religious impressions were awakened under the ministry of the Rev. T. Binney, from that text, "Behold, how He loved him."

From that period, he continued to attend the preaching of the Word; became a decided character; gave himself to God, and then to the church. His was a decision of the right character; never did he once swerve afterwards from the path of rectitude; his motto was "Onward to the goal."

Of his usefulness, his benevolence, devotedness, activity, and zeal, I feel myself inadequate to speak. Four months' painful affliction he endured with the most devout and exemplary patience. When he found the hand of death was evidently upon him, he called each member of the family around his bed, and bid them a most affectionate farewell. And that farewell echoes in my ear yet; for I too heard it. He then charged them all to meet him in heaven. How that injunction thrilled through each soul! Solemn would it have been at any time, but now it was raised to an overwhelming climax. It falls on my ear, with an unspeakable distinctness, as I walk along the streets—"Meet me in heaven." The dying pillow, from whence it came; the pathos with which it fell from his lips; and the fact of its being almost the last breath, brings it home to the soul with deathless sensibility. Then he called for that sweet hymn—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside."

"Yes," said he, "He is my shield, He is my deliverer."

Being asked if he had any wish to be gratified, he replied, "I die in peace with all men."

He dwelt much on that delightful hymn before he quite finished his course—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;"

He calmly fell asleep in Jesus, in the thirty-second year of his age; and while his friends were mourning below, he was rejoicing before the throne.

It but remains for me to urge all here to follow in his footsteps. That eye that has wept for you, will weep no more; that tongue that was eloquent in prayer, is silent in the tomb; that heart which glowed with such holy emotion for your salvation, is cold in death; it will beat no more for you. What then, beloved?—Arise, and weep for yourselves; arise, and pray for yourselves; arise, and address yourselves to the journey. It is not long; the sunbeams are waning, the day is all but gone; the night shades are falling thick and fast around you. Arise, and "seek the Lord while He may be found, and call upon Him while He is near." It may be the last time the voice of mercy shall break upon your ear; the last time He shall woo you to the wounds of a bleeding Jesus; the last time the Spirit shall strive; the last moment God may wait your cry. Come, come now. God help you all to come! Amen.

THE FUNERAL AT THE GATE OF NAIN.

REV. W. D. HORWOOD.

ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, PONTYPOOL.

"*Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.*"—LUKE vii: 12.

THE city of Nain, whither our Lord was journeying, and at the gate of which this great miracle was wrought, is not mentioned elsewhere in Scripture. It lay upon the southern border of Galilee, in the neighborhood of Endor, about two miles south from Mount Tabor, and at the foot of Mount Hermon. At present it is but a poor and deserted village, consisting only of a few houses, yet from the ruins scattered round, it must have been formerly of considerable extent, though now no monument of antiquity is to be found there. That our Lord should meet the funeral at the gate of the city, may be considered nothing more than a natural circumstance, to be explained by the fact that the Jews did not suffer the interring of the dead in towns, but had their burial places without the walls. Probably there was very much in the circumstances of the sad procession, to excite a feeling of sympathy and pity even among those who were not generally touched with a lively feeling for human sorrows ; and it was this, no doubt, which had brought "much people" together to accompany the bier. Indeed, it would be hard to make the picture of desolation more complete, than that described by the evangelist--"There was a dead man carried out the *only* son of his mother, and she was a *widow*." And such was the bitterness of the mourning for an only son, that it had passed into a proverb : thus, in Jeremiah, 6: 26, "Make thee mourning as for an only son, most bitter lamentation ;" and in Zachariah, 12: 10, "They shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son ;" and again, Amos 8: 10, "I will make it as the mourning of an only son."

I. In treating upon our subject, the first thing that arrests our attention is a dead body, a *corpse*, being carried in its shroud, not in a closed-up coffin, upon the shoulders of men to its grave. This now, as then, as respects the corpse, is no unusual circumstance. As the body is passing us we look, it may be, vacantly upon the procession ; it is no strange sight to us. We turn aside from it, as a matter of course, to our daily avocations. And if we are led to think about the matter at all, our thoughts pass from ourselves to the deceased. We ascribe the death of such to natural causes. We say, so and so died of an internal complaint, of old age, of a fever, of consumption, or of some other disorder; and then we move along as though the destroyer was far away from ourselves. It may be we go a little further into the subject, especially when the loved and the dear are taken away from our own hearts and homes, and pause a moment in our career of pleasure and traffic, to wonder at the stroke, to bend in sorrow beneath it, and to ask the question, the individual question, 'What would be *my* fate, *my* destiny hereafter, if I should soon die too?' But this is only a momentary pause; a rapidly passing wonder; a slight and shallow impression. Things, we say, must and will take their own natural courses. We cannot alter them, why then should they trouble us? "Let us eat and drink," say some. 'Soul, thou hast laid up much store for the future; take thine ease,' says another. And thus, amid our engagements and procrastinations, worldly hopes and expectations, passions and tendencies of heart, death tolls out its summons from the church-tower and the grave opens and closes upon its victim.

1. But is there nothing more connected with the death of the body, than its mere passing away into the dust—than the blank it makes in our hearts and homes? *Why* was the young man, in the text, snatched from his mother? *Why* is this dark visitant of man allowed to cast his shadow upon our hearths, to fill our souls with mourning, and to crowd our cemeteries with monuments of woe? Why? To *teach us the dreadful nature of sin!* Sin, in its first entrance into our common parents—in its transmission from generation to generation—in its actual commission. And, we ask you, must there not be something very awful and dreadful in the nature of sin itself, when its "wages is death"—death physical, death spiritual; death as it stops and freezes up the current of

our blood, and death as it hardens the heart and banishes the soul from God, from Christ, from heaven! Regard it, not simply in its different aspects, neither only in its miserable results, nor merely in its final destiny, but as a *principle* waging war against the majesty and holiness of Deity, and against our best interests, our noblest and highest faculties, our peace and happiness on earth, and our hopes of glory in the world to come. It is God's bitterest enemy. It is man's curse and destroyer. We are too apt to pass it over with indifference. We give to sin a narrow and a temporal limitation, both as to its character and its consequences. We have so many excuses for it, so many apologies. We say it does no harm, if *we* deem it simple and natural. We think God is too merciful to punish us for little negligences or trifling acts of disobedience; we think that a lie or an oath may pass our lips unheeded, unheard, and be forgotten. We think a violated Sabbath, or an unread Bible, or an unoccupied pew in the time of Divine service, is of no consequence—a matter easily to be overlooked and forgiven. We draw our distinctions between omissions of good and commissions of evil; and we readily, most readily, come to any plausible conclusions, which suit our own notions about what is right and about what is wrong, irrespectively of the Scriptures. But think of sin as it *is* in the sight of God: a principle of *disobedience,* showing itself in a firm habitual forgetfulness of God. And in order that you may form a right conception of His anger against it, look upon the corpse—the corpse of the young—in its passage to corruption; and as your eye rests upon the bleeding heart behind the bier, let your imagination carry you further into Hades, where God's anger follows sin still in the bitter outcry of a Dives, and in the fire which is never extinguished, and in the worm which never dies.

2. It is said, the "dead man was carried out." How humiliating to our human nature! What a mockery at pride! What a blow to the proud vauntings of ambition! What a lesson on the folly of pampering that which ere long will be the food of worms! Carried out! a mass of clay, yielding to the inroads of a loathsome rottenness—helpless, without strength, without life! A *young* man too; an only son. The vigor of his days are cut off. His eye no longer looks upon the fond and weeping mother dear, bending over him,—no longer upon the beautiful things of earth, nor upon the shining stars, and sun, and moon. His ear also is deaf to the voice of affection, to the sound of music or the roar of thunder. All is still and dumb now upon that death-couch of his. Carried out! as you and I shall be when our time comes. But the soul, was that carried out too? We have no authority for saying it was in the body; for if that had been the case it would not have been dead. When the body dies the soul quits its tabernacle; it passes into its eternity; it lives on when the house that sheltered it is crumbled into ashes. The soul, then, is invaluable. What will a man give in exchange for it? How ought we to watch over it—to pray to God our Saviour for its pardon, its deliverance, its sanctification, and for its everlasting safety and glorification! It must be admitted, that no sacrifice is too dear, nor any effort is too strong, for the reward to be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and for the avoidance of the punishment to be carried by fiends into the terrors of the lost.

II. This young man, we are told, had a *mother*, and that mother was a *widow*. She had followed one beloved to his tomb, and she was now following another. The bonds of her heart had loosened their hold upon one dear object, but in their loosening they clung to her child. While *he* lived, there was still a link between her and her home; but when this link was broken her home and her spirit were made desolate. Who does not feel for this widow and childless mother?

But all this affliction was sent to her in mercy, to teach her, and us also, the *uncertain* hold we all have of earthly comforts. These comforts may fix themselves so deeply, so fixedly, and so endearingly within our hearts, as to become *idols* there. They may be ever imaged in our memories, entwined about our brightest hopes, centered in our warmest affections, swallowing up the greatest portion of our thoughts, united to our most anxious cares, and forming the mightiest motive of our daily exertions. God is jealous of these idols; and He sweeps them down. He wrings from the soul of one, "O Absalom, my son, my son!" and from another, "Let the day perish wherein I was born . . . . . For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me"—(Job iii: 3, 25). He takes the infant from the mother's bosom, in order that her spirit may travel after it to the realms of angels; He smites the gourd which has promised to flourish and to shelter, that we may set our affections upon things heavenly, and not upon things earthly.

Happy shall we be, my brethren, if the end of the affliction is answered in our own salvation; if the aching and bleeding heart turns to its Redeemer, and leans and builds upon Him as the Rock of Ages, the unchangeable and everlasting foundation of all those who trust in His mercy, and who give the whole of their hearts to God. and who fly to Him as the never-failing refuge of His people. Even now, beloved, does He say to us, "He that loveth father or mother, sister or brother, husband or wife, son or daughter, more than Me, is not worthy of Me:" still does He say to us individually—"Give Me thy heart." And if our hearts be given to Him, He will so bless them, that we shall say with Asaph—"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and what is there upon earth I desire beside Thee?"

THE DEATH OF THE BELIEVER IN JESUS.

REV. JAMES HENRY GWITHER, ENGLAND.

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF YARDLEY, ENGLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZABETH H.

"*Them also which sleep in Jesus.*"—1 Thess. iv: 14.

WE are indebted to Divine revelation for all the certain knowledge we possess of a future state. It is true that a light of nature afforded strong indications of this fact, which philosophy set down as evidences, and the desire of a future existence implanted in the human mind magnified into proofs; but all was dark, confused, and absurd speculation, until the Gospel-day dawned upon the world, and the shadows of doubt and uncertainty fled away. Hence "life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel:" and what philosophy could not do, in that it was weak and imperfect, Christianity has done in so satisfactory and comprehensive a manner, that we may say with the apostle, "Thanks be to God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Now a vista is opened through the dark valley of death, and the eye of faith may descry the glory which waits to be revealed. The place of the Great King rises before our enlightened vision, and seems to extend its gates spread wide for our reception. The gloom of death is illuminated, its solitude cheered, its bitterness destroyed, by the light, comforts, promises and hopes of the Gospel; and the dying Christian is encouraged to descend with confidence into the cold streams of Jordan, and to commit himself to the waves, whilst the Star of Promise, shining upon the dark waters, guides him homewards. Death then, hath nothing formidable to thee, O Christian! In the tomb of Jesus Christ are dissipated all the terrors which the tomb of nature presents. In the tomb of nature, O sinner! thou beholdest thy frailty, thy subjection to the curse and bondage of corruption; in the tomb of Jesus Christ thou beholdest thy strength and deliverance. In the tomb of nature the punishment of sin stares thee in the face; in the tomb of Jesus thou findest the expiation of it. From the tomb of nature thou hearest the dreadful sentence pronounced against every child of Adam—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" but from the tomb of Jesus Christ issue those accents of consolation—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," John xi. 25. In the tomb of nature thou hearest this universal, this irrevocable doom written, "It is appointed unto man once to die;" but in the tomb of Jesus Christ thy tongue is loosed into this triumphant song of praise, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And, not only are these views of death and these prospects of future glory to the sincere believer animating and encouraging, when taken in connection with his own dissolution, but they are especially so when he has to mourn the loss of beloved Christian relatives and friends. Taken from our arms! Whither are they conveyed? They have arrived at home; they are not lost—oh! no—they have reached their Father's house—they are infinitely better and happier than when with us. The separation we are called to endure, be assured, is only temporary. A time of re-union will come; we shall see their faces and hear their voices again in the flesh. Oh! how cheering a consolation! how suitable and how sure!

"Brethren, I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep.

I. **The description here given us of the death of true believers.** "Them that sleep in Jesus."

1. "*They sleep.*" Under the dispensation of the Gospel the term *sleep* is frequently made use of in the Scriptures to signify death. In the case of the ruler's daughter, our blessed Lord was applied to, to exert His power in the restoration of the damsel from the dead. "My daughter," said the distressed, broken-hearted parent, "is even now dead, but come and lay Thine hand upon her and she shall live." Accordingly, "as soon as Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and people making a noise, He said unto them, Give place, for the maid is not dead, but *sleepeth.*" On another occasion, when desirous to inform His disciples of a message which had been sent unto Him by the weeping and disconsolate sisters of Bethany, relative to to their brother's death, Jesus mildly says, "Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*, but I go that I may awake him out of *sleep.*" Concerning the dying martyr Stephen also, it is recorded, amidst infuriated persecutors, blood-thirsty enemies, and showers of stones, "he kneeled down and prayed, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge; and when he had said this he fell *asleep.*" David by the apostle Paul, is also honorably mentioned as "after having served his generation according to the will of God, fallen *on sleep;*" and in a word, the term is constantly by the apostles referred to those who die in the Lord.

The term is peculiarly applicable in this point of view. It is expressive of the *ease* and *readiness* with which a Christian dies. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." He is "justified by faith, and has peace with God." The sprinkling of the blood of Christ has purged his conscience, and destroyed the sting of death, which is sin. His hope is cast upon the Rock of Ages—his soul is committed into the hands of One who is able to keep it—his sins are all forgiven—his heart sanctified by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit—his title clear to the heavenly inheritance—and thus, as easily and readily as a weary and way-worn traveler retires to rest, so does the Christian enter into rest and sleep in Jesus. And this rest is pure, undisturbed, and everlasting. "They shall rest from their labors." Then their praying days will be all over. Never more can it be said to them, "Be patient in tribulation," or "Fight the good fight of faith." "Without *were* fightings, and within *were* fears." But they are for ever ended. Darkness no longer struggles with light, or faith with unbelief. "The flesh" no longer "lusteth against the spirit, nor the spirit against the flesh."

Ye glorified saints, you can tell us what this blessed rest, this sleeping in Jesus is. You have traversed the wilderness, where you wandered in a solitary way—where you found no continuing city—where hungry and thirsty your "soul fainted within you;" but you have left the desert—you have passed the Jordan—you are come to your rest—and your pilgrim feet have terminated their earthly labors. Your week days, your worldly days, are now over, and you have begun Sabbath. Here you loved the Sabbath, but here the Sabbath was soon gone. You sometimes passed silent Sabbaths, and had to mourn the loss of sanctuary ordinances. You always spent imperfect ones; you could not do the things which you would; and you grew weary in the service of God, though not of it. But now your strength is renewed—you are "for ever with the Lord"—you "serve Him day and night in His temple"—you have the "keeping of Sabbath which remains for the people of God."

But sleep, as applied to the death of a believer, does not only intimate the *peace with which he departs hence and the rest he is eternally to enjoy*, but it may express also the *expectation and hope* he has of *a future resurrection.* We lie down to rest in sleep, expecting (if the Lord will) again to arise refreshed and strengthened for the duties of another day. We commit ourselves to slumber, relying on the guardian care of "Him who never slumbereth or sleepeth" to protect and defend us, and also enable us to wake with renewed vigor. And such hope has every believer. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them who slept." Death and the grave have no longer power to retain one single body in their dominion. So, then, the believer only *sleeps ;* he lays his head upon the lap of earth ; the tomb is the resting place, the couch on which the weary body shall repose until the dawn of the resurrection morning. Then shall the slumbering dead arise, "the trumpets shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." How truly refreshing—with what immortal bloom shall the glorified bodies of the saints appear washed ! "This corruptible will put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality." Every form then shall appear perfected in the image of Christ—not an eye but shall sparkle with delight—not a brow on which shall not be placed a wreath of victory—not a countenance that shall not be radiant with the Redeemer's glory—not a soul or body that shall not be swallowed up of bliss.

Believers only sleep ; let a few more years roll over their tombs—let a few more revolutions shake the world

—and then shall be seen "the sign of the Son of man in heaven," coming to gather together His saints, unite their glorified souls to their spiritual and incorruptible bodies, that so both may "ever be with the Lord." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

2. The second description afforded of the death of believers is, they sleep "*In Jesus.*" To such who have attentively examined the character and profession of a true Christian, it must have been evident that with them Jesus "is all and in all." To them He is every thing. *He is their life;* and the "life they now live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved them and gave Himself for them." Nor is He less the preserver and security, than "the Author and Giver" of their spiritual life; "because I live," saith He, "ye shall live also." "Your life," saith Paul, "is hid with Christ in God." He is *their strength;* "they can do all things only through Christ who strengtheneth them," and are alone "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." In a word, He "is of God made unto them wisdom and righteousness, santification and redemption." Are they *justified* from the guilt and condemnation of sin? it is by Jesus. "There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." Are they *sanctified*, body, soul, and spirit? it is "by the Spirit of the Lord Jesus." Are they *accepted* of God? it is only through the Beloved. Are they *reconciled* to God? "He is their peace, who hath made both one, and broken down the middle wall of separation." Are they *heirs of God*, adopted into His family, made partakers of the Divine nature, and expectants of the Divine glory? they are only "children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Thus all they are, all they hope to be is through Him; all they have in possession, all they anticipate in re-union, all of grace here,

all of glory hereafter, is of Him, from Him, by Him. And what effect has this sentiment upon their Christian deportment and experience? It weans them from earth; "Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures" of the world. It is the spring of their obedience; for they "are not their own, and live not unto themselves, but to Him who died for them and rose again." It is their support in weakness, their hope in darkness, their joy in sorrow, their comfort in affliction, their triumph in death. So then, Christ is "the Alpha and Omega," "the First and the Last," "their Chief Corner Stone," "all their salvation, and all their desire." And such being the case through life, it has its influence *in death.* Jesus appears truly precious *to the bereaved and afflicted, to the tempted and persecuted believer.* His word is *always* a cordial—His grace *always* sufficient—His smile *always* inspiring bliss unspeakable—His consolations *always* abundant; but never so truly so as in the hour of death. *Life* is departing; but he clings with a more endearing grasp to Jesus. *Time* is fading; but the clouds and mists which obscure all temporal things are clearing away from the face of Jesus, that he may see Him more perfectly.

Friends, kind and affectionate, are weeping around his dying bed, and waiting for his departing blessing—each lingering behind the other, to catch the dying gaze, or hear the last sigh, and he feels desolate and alone, as one after another vanishes from his vision. But Jesus departs not—Jesus forsakes him not; He is the strength of his guilty flesh and heart, and lifts up his head when bowed in death; the presence of Jesus is all he requires, and the promises of Jesus all he desires. But behold! the last struggle is come—he pants for breath—now blesses his family—now he utters his last prayer—now his fluttering heart is still—his eyes have for ever closed

—his head plainly sinks upon the pillow. Hark! he breathes not—all is over, and *he sleeps in Jesus.* Disturb not his slumbers! he sleeps! peace reigns in his heart, and a smile beams upon the pallid cheek. He sleeps! composed to slumber, he awaits the sounding of the archangel's trump, to awaken his body to life.

Thus you have been led to view the twofold description of the death of a Christian. I might easily enlarge, but I forbear; enough I trust has been said, to lead you all to adopt the language of one of old, and say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Beloved brethren, I have very faintly and imperfectly sketched the picture of the Christian's death; but I would lead you to seek to become such yourselves, that you may for yourselves experience what peace they have who *sleep in Jesus.* But I must *apply the remarks already made to the case of our dear departed friend and sister in the Lord.* Without hesitation would we say, it is our hope, yea, our firm belief, that she *sleeps in Jesus.* Early in life, her mind became the subject of serious religious impressions, and she was always remarked for being blessed with a peculiarly tender conscience. By the reading of God's Word, and regular attendance upon the means of grace, her religious feelings expanded, and her convictions of sin became very strong, and the consciousness of her depravity preyed much upon her mind, and for some years greatly cast her down in spirit. She was at last enabled to look to Jesus, and by simple faith to commit the keeping of her soul into His hands, relying entirely upon His blood and righteousness for pardon and acceptance with God.

Hers was not a dead, or an unproductive faith. No; she evinced the power of godliness, by attendance upon its forms. Her diligent labors in the Sunday school connected with this church, her self-denial in acts of piety and charity to the poor, her desire for, and labor in, promoting the cause of her Lord and Master, in collecting for the Church Missionary and other kindred societies, her visits to the house of "the widow and fatherless in their affliction," and her constant, upright, consistent profession of piety in her family—all these things, my dear hearers, speak louder than any words of mine, in proof of the sincerity of our departed sister's religion.

WHAT WILL YE DO IN THE END?

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"*What will* YE *do in the end?*"—JEREMIAH V : 31.

IN consistency with the very general custom, I am about to-night, as we are at the commencement of the year, to address myself to young persons, making particular reference to the circumstances, history and death of a young man, at the age of twenty-one.

His end was, *peace.* What will yours be? My text will be a question, which you will find in the fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and the last clause of the last verse :—

1. In the first place, I observe, then *there is* an end, to anticipate.

"All men," as Young says—

> "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

They may not say it; they might reject the thought, if presenting itself very distinctly in their intellect; but they feel it, and act as if it were true. But we know it to be a deception, and we know it to be dangerous.

There is an end. An end to life: to every course of life—every kind of it. Honors cannot be accumulated for ever; nor profits made for ever; nor pleasures enjoyed for ever. Every step is getting nearer to the termination.

And it may be soon: sudden. Where are the young men, after a little while, that from every part of the country, at all times throughout the year, are being drifted hither as by a strong tide setting in from every point round about, and bringing them to our doors, our streets, our warehouses? What is this great metropolis to them—many of them? A great gulf, into which they are drifted—and drifted—and drifted; and many of them appear for a little while and vanish for ever.

Now you know this. You know what changes you young men are continually seeing in the place, in the company, in the servants, the agents, of mercantile establishments: how you miss such and such an individual. You saw him last perhaps at a place of amusement; you saw him last in the midst of pleasures—and perhaps guilty ones. You wonder what is become of him. What is become of him! the young man has gone home *to die.* And from our warehouses, our offices and our streets, our places of business and places of pleasure, one after another is retiring *to die!* Thus the change is continually going on.

"What will ye do in the end?" Then—this would seem to be of great importance at the end.

2. What has been the character of the course?

If "the end" were to be taken absolutely, with the absoluteness of infidelity, the question would have no meaning. "What will ye do in the end?" 'Nothing; for I shall *be* nothing.' 'What shall I do in the end? I shall do just what I did before I was born—when I had not an existence—when I was not; for I shall be that again.' If infidelity be true, that would be the reply.

I know, that some teach what I suppose they may think a very magnificent and beautiful thing—the immortality of man in the sense of the immortality of the species, and its indefinite, perpetual improvement. As if it were any thing *to me*—to my heart with its innate hunger after life, with my affections and capacities and conscious individuality of being—to tell me about the individuals of some future generation that are to exist. To tell me to rejoice in a thing like that !—when I am to be nothing, and there is only to be this sort of abstract immortality of the species.

No. "What will *ye* do in the end ?" It is a matter that is to come home to our own business, character and course, in relation to ourselves. For our moral instincts, general experience, consciousness, the representations of Scripture tell us, that as we approach the end, and when we get there, the character of the course will be (if I may so express it) of more importance than it is now : of more importance at the end than previously—previously where there is merciful discipline, where there is a mixture of circumstances, where there is the opportunity of change, where there are all the appliances of providence and grace.

At "the end," when all these are about to be removed for ever, it will be of the highest possible importance, what *has been* the character of the course, on which they have been impressed. So that looking upon the dead man, it is not so much a question with God, how the man died, as what the man was when he came to die—how he got there—what was the character of the course that brought him to that point.

"3. **What will ye do in the end?**"

It is the part of a thoughtful and wise man, often to meditate on this.

I need not enlarge here. Every man admits it in matters of worldly experience. The student, at his college and in his class, if month after month he neglects his studies and abandons his books, if he gives neither his days nor nights to the hearty and fearless pursuit of those things which are to prepare him for the ultimate examination, and if, when he goes up and presents himself there, he is rejected, it is what he had to anticipate, and what might have been prevented if he had been more in the habit of pressing this question to his heart, and thinking with respect to his pursuits what would be "the end" of the course which he was taking. And to you, my friends,—I need not to many of *you* expatiate on the absurdity of the tradesman, that should *never* take stock : that should go on from year to year, without understanding his position—without inquiring into it : that should go on continually incurring expense, and laying out money, and accepting bills,—doing this, that and the other, and never investigate, and never know precisely where he was. If ruin came, ruin crushing him and trampling him down,—if he were to awake some morning, and find himself utterly ruined, you would not be surprised. He should have asked himself the question, and pressed it again and again upon his heart. Going on thus, whither will it lead ? whither ?

4. **In the last place**, we think that this question should be frequently and earnestly entertained by *young men*. We think, that young men would do well to press this question, in its moral and religious sense and aspect, upon themselves.

It might be thought perhaps, that it is of more importance for those who have gone further on in their course, and nearer to the end. *It is* very important to them ; but let me tell you this,—when men have gone on and on, and got iron-bound in their habits of indifference, impenitence, sin, I for one have very little hope of them. I do not expect much from preaching or praying, or almost any instrumentality that can be brought to bear upon them. And from the men that have got on in life, and have gone on without God, I turn almost in despair. And I turn *to you,* the hope of the world and of the Church,—you young men. I look *to you ;* and I beg you, because you have not thus got on, and got yet under this mighty and dreadful influence of habit, to lay this question to heart at the beginning of your course, that it may have much to do in giving it a character and fixing your ultimate destination.

Yes, my young men, it is important to you to lay this question to heart, because it is so important *how you begin :* as habit always will be either your greatest friend or your greatest adversary. Important, because there are so many circumstances of danger round about you. And therefore I press it upon you, that it should be entertained.

Many of you are living lives somewhat solitary, or shut up continually with associates of your own sex in your warehouses, and thus wanting that *purifying* public opinion, which comes upon the young man, when he has free intercourse in the homes, the virtuous homes of our Christian country. You need to press this matter and this question very much upon you. You need it, because early in life especially you will find yourselves surrounded by individuals, who will be leading you astray,—the scorner, the hardened in vice,—temptations besetting your path at every point ; and you will be almost shamed sometimes into sin, from the want of moral courage for its resistance. And therefore it is important, that you should bring the moral suggestions embodied in this thought to bear upon your understandings, your conscience, and your habits.

You are in danger, because at your age you *cannot* see habitually very far before you, unless really you do make an effort at reflection. It is your temptation—it is one of the peculiar temptations that beset you, to feel with respect to this and that and the other, which are really morally questionable—Why, what harm can there be in that? It is one of your temptations—'I will do this, I will go thus far, but there I stop.' It is one of the circumstances by which you are beset, that you just see a very little way before you, and what you see is attractive or beautiful—or you make it so. Forgetting—not knowing from your want of deeper experience and further observation of life, that when once a young man enters within the vicious circle, his first vicious actions are generally "the beginning of the end." He goes on at it; he goes on as he has begun; he goes onward—onward—step by step, from bad to worse, until he finds himself completely in the grasp and under the power of the adversary.

We want to press the question upon you, because as we have already hinted, "the end" may come *to you*. It may come and surprise you, in the midst of your purposings and procrastination. And with respect to what we call vice, I should like you to remember, that they that become thoroughly and flagrantly vicious, generally begin soon, and die early too. They "do not live out half their days." And they *bring* their "end;" they (as it were) stretch out their hands, and seize it, and embrace it, and bring it nearer and nearer to them; and "in the midst of life" most emphatically "they are in death;" they depart, and they are gone,—"receiving the end" of their deeds, "even the damnation of their souls."

I wish to urge the question of the text on *the* undecided in religion: on all that are distinguished by irreligiousness,—some of whom may be the virtuous and the amiable and the good, socially, as well as the bad and the indifferent. And I should like all such to press the question home upon their hearts to-night before God.

Now by being *religious*, I do not mean that you are to be connected with that part or branch of the Church of Christ that *I* prefer.

But we mean, when we say that you are not yet religious, that there is the consciousness within you that you do not like the Divine service ; that you have not given yourselves thoroughly, in earnest and in heart, to the reception of the Christian faith, to trust in the Christian atonement, to devotedness to Christian habits, to habitual intercourse and fellowship with God, to the cultivation of your religious nature, and to the manifestation of feelings and affections and attributes of character, which distinguish the spiritually devoted to the service of the Most High ; that you are conscious that your heart is being kept back, from some cause or other, and you are not wholly and heartily and earnestly decided for God and for Jesus Christ.

I know why it is, that many of you are kept in this state. Some of you I believe to be of pure habits, with upright and honorable principle in you, addicted to mental and intellectual qualification. You have your pleasures of the intellect ; you understand something of what results from coming under the influence of genius, and bringing your taste and feeling into contact with what is elevating in the results of mind. You are governed, in your habitual intercourse with mankind, by what is right and honorable and pure, despising everything that is mean, disingenuous, contemptible. And *you are satisfied with that*. And you feel perhaps something of repugnance to what you hear, and to what you think too Christianity really does teach, with respect to the way to be saved. Some of you feel internal disgust and contempt for the hypocrisy and the cant, which you sometimes see associated with the profession of religion. You feel disgust and contempt for the low tastes and the vulgarity, and much that is offensive, in some personal specimens of common Christianity. And others of you are conscious, that without thoughts of this sort, there is constantly operating upon you the love of some sin, the power of some habit, some evil thing, in practice and in fact, which is constantly at your side; and though you have your deep stirrings of mind, and your searchings of heart, and your impressions and convictions and resolutions and purposes, there is always, just in connection with these, the tempter at your side, in the form of the evil habit, that keeps you bound to your savory and darling sin. And a thousand other things I might mention, of different forms of thought and feeling, which are operating on young men, and keeping them where they are,—those who are standing here in all their variety of character (morally speaking), good, bad and indifferent, but, from some reason or other, in their irreligiousness, not having in them Divine faith, religious affection, devotedness to Christ.

"What will ye do in the end?" The question is to *you*, my friends: "What will ye do in the end?" You know, the end will come. Now just in two or three words let me refer to the application of the question *to you*.

We will take "the end" to be sickness and death: "what will ye do in the end?"—when, be sure of this, some of you will find out the utter insufficiency of these things as reasons of your neglect, and find them to have been the most superficial of excuses. What! cannot you separate between religion and its adjuncts and its accidents? What! *you*, with your discrimination and your intellect,—*you,* with your intellectual improvement and taste and perspicacity,—could not you distinguish between religion and the weakness or worthlessness of those that might degrade or dishonor it ? and could you pretend to be entangled by a sophistry like that ? Were difficulties to deter you ? Might it not have turned out, that the very existence of these difficulties might have even proved to you an evidence on behalf of religion, and a necessary process of moral discipline, through which you must pass ? and might not the moral test implied in these things, have had a most healthy operation upon your intellect and faith and heart, and have given a strength and firmness to the evidence of religion itself.

Others of you, however (in the language of Scripture) will not "submit yourselves unto the righteousness of God," but like the Jew of old, "being ignorant of God's righteousness" or rejecting God's method of justification, "and going about to establish your own," you "will not submit unto the righteousness of God," *then* perhaps, when you feel yourselves drawing very near to the Divine presence and the Divine eye, you may get such a view of your nature, of the emptiness of mere secular virtue and of the insufficiency of what you have for heaven, that you may see how the redemption of the Gospel, and the mystery of the cross, and the "open fountain," and "the words of life," as exhibited in God's method of mercy, are just the thing which your need and your nature require, and that all through life you have been putting away from you and rejecting the Divine wisdom, the wisdom of God in this evangelical mystery of mercy.

Some of you may perhaps find *then,* that the course of chosen thought and feeling, through which you had been going, in which (so to speak) you had been educating your own nature, has produced a state of mind, which, while it leads you to be alarmed and terrified, may refuse to be softened, and the heart to become again like that of a little child. My brethren, "what will ye do in the end," when you find that then the Gospel and you cannot meet as strangers, that then Jesus Christ and you cannot meet as if you had never met before ?—He having been knocking at your heart for years, and continually refused ; you opening that door, and admitting sin and the world and the devil to come past Him, and taking them to your fellowship and your bosom, and He standing and knocking and asking entrance till He hath departed ; the Spirit having been drawing and attracting, until it hath departed ; the Gospel having been presented to you again and again, until all its aspects, and all the force of argument and persuasion come upon you as familiar things ? "What will you do in the end," when you find, that by going on in a continual course of indecision and rejecting religious faith, you have come only to have the eye of your intellect opened to behold the beauty and the truth of these things, but to have your heart and your conscience hardened and withered within you ? I believe that is possible.

But mark, "the end is not yet ;" after you have got to this, "the end is not yet." You have to appear before God, standing in the full blaze of the light from the eternal throne, with your whole history discovered to you—inscribed upon your nature ; everything written out in full legible characters, and you standing there before the throne of God reading it as in a moment. And then, when there is urged and presented upon you, what your nature was with its capacities, what your position was with its responsibilities and obligations, what your privileges were with your Sabbaths, and services, and friends, and conscience, and all the apparatus of eternal life, and all this enjoyed in vain, and rejected, and put away from you,—"*what will ye do*" in that final "end?" Aye, "can thy heart endure, and thy hand be strong, in the day that *I* shall deal with thee?" "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." "All they that hate Me," (and all hate Me, who will not open their hearts affectionately and earnestly to the reception of My truth and love,)—"all they that hate Me, love death."

Ah! my brethren, if you once fall under the condemnation of God, I have nothing to offer to you in the form of hope; *nothing.* I can find nothing in the Scriptures to favor in the least the idea—not the slightest atom of evidence or indication of it—that the sufferings of the condemned, the sufferings in the next state have anything in them of a nature that is disciplinary or purifying. I cannot find it; and if the Christian redemption be what it is, if Christianity be what this Book most distinctly and definitely declares, what it plainly and clearly articulates—the gift of God's Son as the sacrifice for the guilt of the world, I do not see how it can be possible to conceive, that there can be in the punishment, that must follow the rejection of that great and unspeakable gift, a virtue and a purity, that should, after all, cleanse the soul and bring it to heaven. God knows whether it be right to alleviate, by the least consideration, the agony and the oppression, that come upon the heart in the thought of eternal punishment; God knows whether it be right or proper, to admit the remotest hope of relief from ultimate or absolute destruction; but sure I am of this, that whatever we may *not* know with respect to that possibility, we *do* know that there is no possibility of the restoration of the condemned.

But it is not necessary, dear friends, that any one of you should come to this end, that I have been describing.

Nay, observe, that if Christianity be true, there is the most amazing provision for securing the contrary. The unspeakable gift, the infinite atonement, the open purifying fountain, the preaching of the Gospel, the great and precious promises of Divine influence, the beseeching—the tender, beseeching entreaty of God, the continued urgency of the Word and Spirit in the providence of God for years,—really, brethren, when I think of all these things, the wonder rather seems to me that any should be lost, than that there should be a few that are saved. There is no reluctancy in God in relation to your salvation. No, just the contrary; a forwardness—desire—a paternal yearning that every one of His children should come and repose upon His bosom, and be surrounded and filled with the affluence of His love. There is no necessity for the end I have described being yours.

In the last place, we sometimes, in the providence of God, have beautiful instances and examples of another sort of end; and it becometh us to let our eye rest on them,—to let our ear be open to the Divine voices, that may come to us from the pillow of a dying saint,—to open our hearts to the reception of such lessons. And I have one such now to bring before you to-night.

The young man to whom I refer, was born in the north of Scotland. He was blest with pious parents,—though I observe from some of his papers, that a Scottish Sabbath and Scottish Catechetical Lectures had not left upon his mind an amiable and attractive association with religion; but his heart is full, I observe in speaking of the piety and religious anxiety and love of the parents, from whom he sprang. Of course he commenced his education there. He had a remarkable deliverance from death, when he was about eleven years of age ; he was bathing, and was carried out into the sea, and lost his energy and self-possession in swimming. A youth struck off after him, and was caught by a wave ; and another boy sinking, he of course turned to rescue the one nearest home. By the time he had got to shore, the other was still further gone ; but some sailors in a boat took him up. He was quite insensible, and continued in that state for about five and twenty or thirty minutes, apparently dead ; but at last means were successful for restoring animation, and giving him back to life, that he might see the light of the Sun of righteousness, and spiritually "walk before God in the land of the living."

His education was followed up at Edinburgh, and at Glasgow, where he had a brother attending the University; and in his sixteenth year he came a lad to this great metropolis, to enter into a most respectable wholesale house of business. And now the trial of life, of course, began with him in earnest. He had been under religious circumstances, and in contact with religious persons, and the eye of maternal or fraternal affection had been constantly on his side; and now he was brought here. Here he was not altogether removed from the same sort of restraint and influence, for it was his happiness to have settled in the metropolis a sister and brother-in-law, intelligent and pious, and he felt of course transferred to them something like the guardianship that had been exercised before; still, they could not have their eye always upon him, and he could not be always with them ; and a lad of his age and in his circumstances, one might soon come to find, *would not* be always there either.

He felt the influence (as he has told me, and as I have seen in looking over his papers.)—he felt the influence of these new circumstances, of the associations into which he was thrown, of the comparative freedom which he enjoyed, and of the possibility of having his own way and being to himself his own law. First a part of the Sabbath went, and then sometimes the whole of it; and to a young Scotch lad, with his Sabbath associations and ideas of Sabbath obligation and Sabbath sanctity, to begin to break into fragments the day of God, and to abuse it, and to trample the fragments under foot, and to float away first upon a piece, and then to give the whole to some rural excursion, or to give some pleasure which could not be innocent nor thought to be innocent, was the beginning of the breaking down of some of those fences that were about his virtue and about his heart.

He frequented too, in a little time, public places of amusement. And though he was mercifully saved, and by the grace of God drawn out, thus being kept and preserved from the consequences, to which that step might lead, he was not drawn out without some scars upon the inner man, through the effect that was left upon the state of his imagination and his heart.

What a mysterious—magical, Divine thing, is a mother's love! How it nestles about the heart, and goes with the man, and speaks to him pure words, and is like a guardian angel! This young man could never take any money that came to him from his mother, and spend *that* upon a Sunday excursion or a treat to a theatre. It was a sacred thing to him; it had the impression and the inscription of his mother's image, his mother's purity his mother's piety, and his mother's love And these things that he felt to be questionable, or sinful, were always to be provided for by money that came to him from other hands. Oh! there is the poetry of the heart, the poetry of our home and domestic affections, the poetry of the religion of the hearth and the altar, about that little incident ; and it strikes me as being perfectly beautiful. You that are mothers, think of this ; and you young men, that have mothers far away, with hearts full of anxiety, think of their love, and let the recollection of their love be as your guardian angel, to watch over you and keep you in the way.

I find, in looking over his papers, that in attending worship he very frequently had his own character distinctly placed before him ; that the preacher very often arraigned, convicted, condemned, and he felt the exhibition to be *himself ;* that he took it to his heart, he went home trembling under its impression, he began under it to purpose and to pray—and to sin again, to sin again !

The heart, you see, was not decidedly given up to God, but liable to these impressions and agitations ; and so he was finding excuses, and sometimes tried to satisfy himself with a purpose and a prayer,—and then it was forgotten. Sometimes the idea of destiny occurred to him : God's perfect omniscience—purpose—sovereignty. I dare say, you young men know something about this. 'Well, God knows distinctly and accurately the end, He knows what is to be and what is purposed, what can I do? Whatever I do, that end must be reached ; if I am to be saved, I am,—if I shall be, I shall be.' And so he kept tampering with his moral nature,—tampering with every pure, healthy moral instinct within him ; rising up under the consciousness of responsibility and moral power, and then dozing and stupefying the conscience by this idea of destiny.

I am giving you the outlines of the history of a young man's heart ; and "as face answereth to face, so does the heart of man to man ;" and the history of this heart may, by the blessing of God, have its influence on some of yours.

About this time there was a new Chapel opened in the York Road; and his sister thinking of him, and looking at him as amiable and virtuous, but without decision in religion, put down his name as a teacher for the Sunday School, and told him so. And his heart, he says, revolted within him. For he was beginning to love his sins and his pleasures and his amusements, and those things on which he was thus beginning to enter; he did not want to be religious: and he did not certainly wish to appear more religious than he was. His heart revolted at both these things; and he went that night with his relatives to that place of worship, with his heart thus troubled and disturbed, this enmity rising up against the work to which he was committed, for which he had no taste, and which he did not wish to enter upon, for he did not wish to teach that which he felt that he did not love.

The preacher was a young man, of great seriousness and of great promise. He preached from the text—"And they all began to make excuse;" and I suppose, he took up the different sorts of excuses that men might feel for neglecting God's service. He says, no particular part of the sermon, but the whole generally produced a deep and indescribable impression upon his conscience and heart. All the way home he kept conversing with himself, and casting in his own heart, and asking himself *why* he should wish to be excused: why he should wish to be excused from that service, to which his Father invited him, and which they who had entered it, he well knew, declared to be happiness and freedom. And he prayed for strength; and his heart gave birth, under God, to a resolute purpose, and he determined he would no longer wish to be excused. He went home with that determination, and he acted upon it instantly. He began immediately to read the Scriptures; and taking up the first book upon which he laid his hand (which he considered to be a guidance of God's providence), Mr. James's *Anxious Enquirer,* and he read the introductory observations, giving direction as to the way in which the author wishes it to be read—with earnest prayer and personal application. He began that night, and read on; and that night he bowed his knee to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, pouring into His ear the utterance of a broken heart and a returning and repenting child. Day after day he went on reading this book, and receiving light from it, and understanding his own heart, until he felt that he really, completely, entirely, with perfect sincerity and with perfect honesty of heart and intention, "received the atonement," rested upon it, and felt his heart filled full of love to God—filled full of the thought of the Divine love to him and of his love to God back again—and devoted himself to God's service. And never from that moment, as he told me, did he feel the least desire after any of his sinful amusements, or reluctance to give them up; never from that moment, had he a single doubt or shadow upon his heart, of his enjoyment of the Divine mercy, and his calm repose in his Father's love.

I must pass briefly over other matters. His health declined; and he left business. As his health returned, before entering on another situation, he spent some time with his brother, a minister of a congregational Baptist Church; he spent some time there for his health, and his health was restored. From the influences under which he was thrown, and the feelings naturally springing up in his young heart, he desired to give himself to the ministry. Under a slight change of sentiment, he received baptism by immersion; and he was admitted into Stepney College, and entered upon his studies with great interest and prospect of success. A foundation of early classical attainments had been laid, previously to his entering into business ; he had good talents ; and he was devoted conscientiously to the improvement of the advantages he possessed. A few times he was permitted to preach. His person was prepossessing, his elocution distinct and impressive, his manner grave. The subjects on which his deep seriousness led him to dilate, were always important ; and his observations and appeals to the heart and conscience, very pungent. So that there was about him, in his circumstances and his prospects, every thing to make him the object of deep interest to his friends—a flower of sweet fragrance rising up into mature perfection ; and every thing to himself to make life pleasant and desirable, with the prospect before him of usefulness and honor—the thing for which he had wished to live.

But all was to pass away. His illness returned. After months, in which his recovery was but questionable, though there was hope lying at the bottom of his superficial appearances of disease, at last it was announced to him that he must die. And he returned from Devonshire to die.

He wrote or dictated many letters to his companions, to some that were still in the house of business where he had been, and to others of his aquaintance over the country, every one of them breathing the most perfect approval of the Divine will. No reluctance to die ; the fullness of hope ; Divine satisfaction in his heart, sustained by the power of Divine truth.

But I will read you now (which will be better than my speaking), an account of his last days and hours, which was drawn up at my request and for my use by my friend, his brother-in-law, that it might give a tinge and color to my own thoughts and recollections and phraseology. He often said, he did not understand Christians when they spoke of '*submitting* to the will of God;' the phrase seemed to him to indicate doubt or distrust—at best a sort of yielding to hard necessity. The phrase '*mysterious providence,*' especially when applied to early removals like his own, seemed to him equally objectionable; it seemed to him by no means to express warm affectionate confidence.

"His happy acquiescence in the Divine will evidently sprung from the affectionate views, which he always took of the character of God. He eminently loved God. 'God is love'—was ever on his lips.

"His joy was calm, deep and unruffled. It flowed like a river. During an illness of ten months, it was never disturbed; an impatient word never escaped his lips. His decay was gradual, and as serene as sunset.

"He knew of no morality or spirituality, intended only for a sick bed. Disease found him precisely what he had been in health. Had he been restored by miracle, his habitual state of mind would have been as appropriate to activity and health, as it was to solitude and weakness. The freshness and buoyancy of his spirit never forsook him; his sound and vigorous common sense indicated a healthy mind to the very last.

"During the last two or three weeks, his weakness was very great, and his sufferings were consequently much increased; but love for God and love for every body about him drew the sting out of all. His affection seemed exhaustless. The streams of love deepened and widened as they flowed. He now longed to depart. 'Perfect love' had 'cast out fear:' 'patience' seemed to have had 'her perfect work;' he waited anxiously for the glad summons.

"About half-past eight upon Thursday evening, December 30 (the last day but one of the last year), he began to die. His pain was very great; at times, he said, it was agony; yet inward spiritual joy still triumphed, Again and again was the earnest prayer heard—'Come, Lord Jesus, come *quickly*, come *quickly;*' but as regularly was it followed by the firm proviso—'Yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'

"About half-past ten he was evidently sinking; but he was still able gently to wave his hand, bidding those around him Farewell; and he added with a smile—'Death! where is thy sting? grave! where is thy victory?' After a little time he spoke once more, to beg all about him would be perfectly still: 'Don't speak, don't speak,' he feebly uttered, 'I am enjoying deep and blessed communion with God.' For above half an hour perfect silence was maintained, during which he seemed wrapt in meditation, a smile frequently playing about his face. About the end of that time, his head gradually fell back, his eye brightened, and as if his ear caught the harmonies of the invisible world, he exclaimed, in a calm and loud voice, expressive of admiration—'Beautiful! beautiful!' A few moments more, and then as if the veil had been withdrawn, which hides from mortal eye the radiancy of the upper world, he added—'Glory! glory!' And with these words dying on his lips, he fell back upon his pillow, and his purified and happy spirit took its flight to heaven."

This is a description of FACT. It is A FACT, whether Christianity be true or not. It was THE GOSPEL, that sustained and blessed him. And we ask for any system to come forward—any system of belief or any system of *no* belief—and let us see any thing *like* that in their triumphs and in their results.

"Let *me* die the death of the righteous; and let *my* last end be like his!"

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE COMFORTING ANNOUNCEMENT.

WILLIAM ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"—Rev. xiv : 13.

IT is a solemnizing thought that the number of the departed far exceeds that of the living ;—that, of the children of men many more rest quietly beneath the sod, than restlessly tread upon it. Many among us have more dear ones in the other land than here, and we are hastening to join them. Death reigns, homes are curtained, hearts are saddened and loved ones are missed every day. Our only solace is to be found in the Gospel of the Resurrection. It alone illumines the grave—sustains the dying—and comforts the bereaved.

The text is a significant epitaph ; breathing consolation and inspiring hopes—a *noble requiem,* joyous, triumphant, expectant ;—a *light* from the beyond whose radiance rests on the dark valley, and gilds even the coffin.

Notice 1st. The character defined who die in the Lord—asleep in Jesus, not all the dead are blessed, and some we must mourn in hopeless sorrow.

In the Lord. In Christ, a peculiar expression for a unique relationship—a human soul may sustain three different relations to Christ, of Christ, in Christ, and with Christ, a state of *nature*—of *grace*—and of *glory*. The three successively constitute the biography of all the ransomed above. It implies that a man is a *true Christian.*

1. Faith in the person and work of Christ.
2. Sanctified by the Spirit of Christ.
3. Conformed to the image of Christ.

2d. The blessedness pronounced.

1. *Blessed,* for they still live unto God. They are with Christ.

2. *Blessed,* for they rest from anxious care and ceaseless conflict—from temptation and sin—from the companionship and assaults of evil.

3d. Blessed, for they enter into peace and repose ; into perfect holiness and absolute security ; into the fellowship of the spirits of the just made perfect.

4th. Blessed, for their works follow them—seed sown in tears, will then prove sheaves in joy.

Lessons (*a*) Consolation for the bereaved.
(*b*) Comfort for the dying.
(*c*) Incentive for the living.
(*d*) Warning for the Christless.

Let every tolling bell, every nodding hearse, every open grave, be a warning, an admonition, a message from God to thee. If for us to live is Christ, then to die is gain, and we will be blessed in our death.

AWAITING CORONATION.

WILLIAM SPRAGUE, D.D.

"I am now ready to be offered," etc.—2 Tim. iv: 6, 7, 8.

NOTHING could be more in keeping with the character and circumstances of Paul than this triumphant language.

I. **Paul had nearly reached the connecting point between earth and heaven.** He was "Paul the aged." His martyrdom had been determined on—the time was near. He speaks of his "course" as actually "finished." The next step will be upon the dark boundary. Not to be pitied but congratulated.

II. **Paul's retrospect and his reflections thereon.** "A good fight." It was a good cause—the cause of God—of human happiness—for which the Redeemer died—the noblest cause to which the heart of man or angel ever beat. To this cause he had brought a full measure of zeal and fortitude. He strove with all the vigor and earnestness he could command—enemies had been overcome and all vigilance and courage had to be put in requisition.

"Kept the faith,"—had received the Gospel as a sacred deposit, had guarded it, defended it, kept it faithfully. Amidst all the varying forms of doubt and unbelief he had to encounter he stood firm as a rock in defence of truth. He persevered till he had "finished his course." Wore his armor and used it to the last. Kept the faith to the last and is now girding himself for immortality.

III. **He is looking forward to his reward.** In review conscience bears witness to his fidelity. Now his eye is on the future and its glories rise before him—"a crown," awaiting him—emblem of riches, dignity, authority,—a measure of glory inconceivable, "crown of righteousness"—purchased by the righteousness of the Redeemer—this illustrates its security and value. It is also a public testimony, on the part of God, in honor of his saints. It is bestowed also by a righteous Judge. The reward is unimpeached and unimpeachable.

This crown is "laid up against the day of Christ's appearing." This imports that it is secure to the Christian, as God's covenant faithfulness, and the Mediator's grace and power can make. Other riches may pass away; this is always in safe-keeping, and will be bestowed on "the day of Christ." The full measure of glory will then be awarded. Blessed is the dying Christian who looks behind him and sees the wilderness passed over; who looks before him and is entranced with visions of immortality.

PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY.

J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

Yea, though I pass through the valley, &c.—Ps. xxiii: 4.

THERE is no more familiar verse in scripture than this. No Bible figure has made a more lasting and indelible impression. We do not know what spot suggested to David the world-wide emblem. How many tears has this one verse dried. How many eyes have gazed on this valley, radiant with His presence and companionship. We must soon tread it. Who shall be our guide? Every hour 3000 pilgrims enter it.

I. **The valley.** Death is a gloomy experience, even to the believer. Death, as the wages of sin, even to the Christian, is an enemy. It is a solemn thing. But while the believer, as a child of our common nature, instinctively recoils from death, as a child of God he can say, "I will fear no evil." It is only to him the "shadow" of death. The substance is taken away. The king of terrors is a vanquished enemy. Christ by dying took the sting from death. In prophecy he exclaimed, "I will redeem thee, &c." He has flooded the valley with light. "Abolished death"—the death of the body is of little account.

II. **The Presence.** "THOU." Another element of support in passing through the valley. The curse is removed, and a real companionship enjoyed. Thousands have testified as they entered, to *the felt nearness of* the Saviour. It is a Peniel. Secure His presence in the wilderness and He will be with you in Jordan. "Thou art with me" *now,* and will be then "*Thou,*" "*He that goeth before*" his sheep. He has trodden the valley before them—He went "alone"—sanctified the valley—left in it the print of his steps and now from the throne says, "Fear not! I am He that liveth and was dead!"

III. **The two-fold support.** Eastern shepherds have two staves, one for counting the sheep, the other, with a crook for rescuing, &c., them. These denote *the rod of Faith,* and *the staff of Promises.* Faith smites the typical Jordan in this valley and the believer passes over. The staff enables us to find sure footing and in safety to reach the opposite bank. God's promises ensure safety. These two props comfort David in life and will in death. "They comfort me." They did not fail him. Hear his last words. "He hath made with me, &c." God is still faithful, who has promised.

Ponder your personal interest in this subject. The infant, child, youth, &c.

Connect the valley with heaven to which it leads. It is "a door of hope." Death, and what is after death.

FAITHFULNESS AND ITS REWARD.

CHARLES HODGE, D.D.

Well done good and faithful servant, &c.—MATT. XXV : 21.

I. **The person described.**

1. The word *good* is used in manifold senses, but they all fall under two heads—that is good which is what God designed it to be, having the qualities and attributes which fit it for its appointed sphere, but good. means also suitable, agreeable, useful or beneficent—thus we say a good tree, &c. That is good which does good. In the absolute sense of the word, God only is good—good in Himself, and the source of all good in others. A man is good who is measurably in himself what he ought to be and who does good to others. He has not self for his object, but sacrifices self for the good of his fellow men. Some are good, Godward rather than manward. They are not centres whence good radiates. Such men may be saved, but as by fire.

2. **Faithful.** This is a word of wide import. He is faithful who exercises faith, is worthy of faith, who manifests fidelity in the discharge of duty. Faithful to the doctrines of God's word—sincerely believing them, openly professing and proclaiming them—faithful to principles, ready to declare them, never forsaking them for any consideration of expediency. Faithful to obligations—in the cultivation of talents, employment of time, in the avoidance of all unnecessary expenses, and in the dispensing of charities.

3. **Servant.** This was the favorite designation of the apostles. Paul called himself habitually the servant of Jesus Christ. He desired to be so regarded, and to live in accordance with the relation indicated by the word in

its strongest sense. He was the servant of Christ, because he was his property—the purchase of his blood. The service of Christ comprehended everything—the homage of the understanding, the subjection of the conscience, the devotion of the heart, and the conduct of the life.

II. **The reward.** The souls of believers at their death enter into the joy of the Lord. Presence with the Lord is the believer's heaven.

1. *It is the joy which the Lord Himself possesses.* Christ and His people are one. This union is threefold, a federal union, a vital union and a voluntary conscious union by faith. Christ's death is their death, &c. They reign with Him, are glorified together.

2. *It is the joy of victory.* Victory over death, hell, the grave. It is a victory the glorious consequences of which are to fill immensity and eternity.

3. *It is the joy of perfection.* This is the completion of the work of redemption for his people. The restoration of God's image in them is complete. The perfection of their whole nature—in perfect knowledge, in perfect holiness, a perfection in reconciliation and communion with God. The soul is filled with his fullness. It is filled with God. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, &c."

II. **It is a joy of dominion.** Christ has been given a name which is above every name. He is exalted above all principalities, &c. Of His dominion there is neither limit nor end. In this dominion His people share, and in the joy of this sovereignty. What this means we do not fully know. But it includes more than tongue can tell or heart conceive,—glory, honor, immortality. It implies the constant beneficent and beatifying exercise of all our powers in the promotion of the highest glory of our Redeemer and the highest good of His Kingdom.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan.—Joshua iii: 17.

WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware by boat; Xerxes, the Hellespont by an extemporized bridge: and the Israelites the Red Sea by its being divided, in which division the Egyptians were drowned. This crossing differs from all others, and was without the loss of life. The waters piled themselves up in a heap at the touch of the priest's feet. Learn:

I. **Obstacles touched vanish.** Obstacles that may be tremendous in the distance, depart when we advance upon and touch them with courage. As in life, so at its close. Many are now afraid of the *Jordan of death.* But when you come to it, when your time has come to cross it, it will disappear. Christ your Priest with bruised feet will go ahead of you. His feet touching the waters will cause them to roll away, and you will go through dry shod.

II. **The completeness of everything that God does.** The Jordan when it stopped flowing did not flood its banks. It did not leave mud and slime in its bed—it is dry. God gives us everything complete, a complete universe, a complete Bible, a complete Saviour, a complete Jordanic passage.

III. **Between us and everything bright, beautiful and useful,** *there is a river of difficulty that we must cross.* The grapes of Eschol and the goodly land were beyond Jordan—these things are always on the other side. We must cross to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. We must struggle for what is valuable. Stewart, Vanderbilt, Franklin, Walter Scott, Mansfield, all found it so. Every convert to Jesus finds it so, and after every other difficulty has been surmounted, here is the river of death. But the Great High Priest goes before, the water parts, and as the Christian goes down into the bed of the stream he sings, "Oh Death, where is thy sting, &c."

The families of the Israelites passed over altogether. What congratulations must have been theirs. But we must pass over one by one. But while one foot is in the river the other will be in Heaven. It is not a breaking down, but a lifting up.

What comfort in this subject for all the bereft. They departed are not submerged, or swamped, but crossed over—all crossed over. Alive on the other shore—their respiration easier—their sight keener, their aches all gone, and an impassible barrier between them and all human and Satanic pursuit—safe in Heaven. Would you call them back? Has their struggle not been long enough? Has their journey not been tedious enough? Have they not had sufferings enough? Would you have them pass the Jordan three times? They will never sin, never grow tired, never weep, never die again.

THE SOLEMNITY OF DEATH.

C. F. DEEMS, D.D.

No man dieth unto himself.—ROM. xiv: 7.

EVERY man belongs to God. This fact does two things. It breaks up our *selfishness.* No man therefore should turn every stream into the reservoir of his own personal interests, and wishes. All should be turned towards God. It takes away our *solicitudes.* If we cannot accomplish all we can for ourselves we are doing something always for another. We are his. Our life is safe, and death is secure. This gives a dignity to both living and dying. Nothing seems so lonely as death looked at from this side. Nothing so cheering looked at from the other. No one can have a part in our dying: that makes it lonely. We die unto the Lord: that makes it cheering. With this in view let us look at death in several aspects.

I. **We have no choice as to the time.** We cannot engage to serve so long and then cease. A Christian need not be concerned about the time of his death. He cannot make an appointment with death. He who is best prepared to die is he who best prepared to live. The responsibility of the time of our birth did not devolve upon us, nor will the responsibility of the time of our death.

II. **We have no choice as to the place.** We cannot prepare a soft bed for our hour of dying, and say, I will come back and lay me here and close my life amid the scenes that have been dear to me. The place made may be burnt while we are absent. The consideration is immaterial to the Christian. He is nowhere to which duty has not called, and he is where duty has called. He is not to consider how near his obedience to that call brings him to the death hour. The Lord regulates that. Standing in his place at all times, he will be in his place when the stroke of death shall come. It may be in Pisgah or at the rich man's gate. It will be just where it ought to be. *Where* we die, "we die unto the Lord."

III. **We have no choice as to the manner.** According to a man's temperament will be his preferences in all things, even in the matter of dying, as to its place and method. There seems to be a desire that death be not instant. Is it a good desire? To a Christian in full play, instant death is the lightning flash that throws open the gates of immortality and frees from the pains and aches of wearisome days and nights. It is not for us to dwell on this. God may accomplish more by the death-bed of Elisha than by the translation of Elijah.

But the choice, thank *God, is not with us,* "whether we live," etc. The moment the life of the Christian closes, gives his earthly existence greatest capability of benefiting the race and extending the knowledge of Jesus. He has perpetual influence on earth and everlasting work and happiness in heaven.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

A.P. (DEAN) STANLEY, D.D.

To live is Christ, and to die is gain.—PHIL. 1: 21.

PAUL is writing to his best beloved converts. He opens his heart more fully to them than to any others. He looks on death and life, and knows not which to choose. He sees the good of both, gives us his reasons for desiring the one and then the other. These give us the depth of his tenderness. They reveal the innermost heart.

I. To die is gain. We have often felt this, as we look at the sufferings of this mortal life—its sickness, miseries, disappointments, temptations. And we have felt it for those that we love, whose lives are fraught with so many chances of fatal shipwreck, that they may well long for the day, when they shall have done with the anxious trials and petty quarrels, baffled hopes and grinding toil of this harassing world and gone to be with Jesus. It is by reflecting on this clear gain, that the mind bows itself to the Supreme will, the heart nerves itself to the terrible thought of the last dread summons from all we love and see; and the soul is committed with such assured confidence into the hands of its faithful Creator and merciful Saviour. These is something greater than the gain and rest of death; it is the struggle and victory of life.

II. **To live is Christ.** Death in a sense is the gate of life eternal, but it is in life, this life, that graces must be wrought and fashioned that shall prepare the soul for the enjoyment of eternal life. Paul preaches, with all his heart and soul, the infinite preciousness of life. The Christian has the consciousness that in this life is the very work and presence of Christ. By leaving our work here before the time, we leave His work undone. By turning our backs in impatience on this mortal scene, we turn them on Him who is in these very struggles and sufferings. Every step forward in the cause of good is a step nearer to the life of Christ. Life is the state in which Christ makes Himself known to us and through which we must make ourselves known to Him. He sanctified and glorified every stage of it. And at every place and in every company He was the same Divine Master and Friend. Think then how much we have to do for Christ, and like Christ in whatever is left to us of life. To rise above ourselves, to lose ourselves in the thought of this great work that God has placed before us. For the sake of doing this, the apostle would consent to live, would prefer life with all its sorrows to death with all its gain. Death to us may be perfectly desirable, but life to us should be perfectly beautiful.

◆

THOU art my King—
My King henceforth alone;
And I, thy servant, Lord, am all thine own.
Give me thy strength; oh! let thy dwelling be
In this poor heart that pants, my Lord, for thee!

—*Gerhard Tersteegen.*

THE RENDEZVOUS OF HUMANITY.

JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

I know thou wilt bring me to death, &c.—JOB xxx : 23.

THIS was the clear conviction of the patriarch, and it should be ours. All around may be uncertain, but this is sure. We cannot evade it, however exalted, beautiful, wealthy, or strong.

I. **The grounds of his conviction.**

1. *What he saw.* The dissolutions of households. The graves around him. The memorial tablets. The four messengers coming in quick succession announcing the destruction of his possessions and the death of his children. Are not similar things seen by us?

2. *Job's own sufferings.* He had been smitten with sore boils—God had taken him by the neck, &c. So with us, disease gives its signals—keepers trembling, &c., grey hairs, wrinkles, head and heart ache, &c.

3. *Creation around impressed on him the truth of the text.* Man cometh forth like a flower, shadow, grass, autumn, trees, night, sleep, &c., all types of death approaching.

4. *Divine teaching inculcated the same lesson.* We might suppose there would be no need of this. But impressions made by death on us are often effaced as marks on the sand by the sea. David, aware of this, prayed, "make me to know mine end, &c." Moses, "Teach us so to number, &c." This teaching should be sought by us. It was doubtless by Job.

II. **The immediate dispenser of death.** "*Thou* wilt bring me, &c." We are prone to attribute death to many causes. Faith will raise its head above all and say, "It is the Lord." Job did not say, the Sabeans that smote or the whirlwind that swept, &c., but "the Lord hath taken away." God gives the commission to death. He fixes the time when the stroke shall fall, &c., and when the dust shall return, &c. *Of this truth Job made a personal application.* "Thou wilt bring *me* to death." It is thus that we should listen to the statements of God's word. There must be a personal appropriation of the truth.

III. **The description of the change** of which the patriarchs was assured, "Death and the house." Death is the child of sin, but grace has made it the servant of Jesus. The separation of the soul and body, the latter to rest in its bed of dust till the resurrection, the former to go to its own place.

The body goes to the "house, &c.," the narrow one appointed for all living. Into it every other house pours its inmates. In it, bitter foes sleep peacefully together. It is a *dark* house. No lamp suspended from its ceiling. No light shines into its chamber. It is a *solitary* house. No communion, intercourse—each alike unknowing and unknown. It is a *silent* house. No note either of weal or of woe ever escapes a lip. The tongue of the eloquent is dumb—the knell of a dissolving world will first break the silence. It is an *ancient* house. Its first stone was laid in paradise. Every generation since might have clasped hands and sung "whatever we do, wherever we go, we're travelling to the grave."

This house has its *sunlit* side. It is not an eternal prison house, but a resting place, a sleeping place. "Thou wilt call and I will answer thee, &c." If it is true that man must die, it is also as true that man shall live again. Nature and revelation alike proclaim it. The leaves of autumn turn golden as they fall. "This corruptible must put on incorruption."

It is not a *strange* house. Parents and friends have occupied it before us. The Lord of life has lain in its chambers, perfumed it with his presence, and gave it His own consecration—"Come, see the place." The 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians is its epitaph, and especially the words, "Thanks be unto God, &c." Think often of this house. See it rising amid the palaces and halls and mansions of earth. Prepare for taking your place within its walls, and for having planted at its door as your memorial of hope the laurel and the palm.

GRATITUDE FOR TRIUMPH.

REV. WM. JAY.

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, &c. I COR. XV: 57.

THERE is something very interesting and poetic in this chapter, arising partly from association, and partly from the subject. The resurrection is only considered here in reference to those who sleep in Jesus. How sublime the words immediately preceding our text. Let us consider:

I. **The victory.** Victory supposes warfare—warfare, enemies. These enemies are sin, the world, Satan, death and the grave. We combine the two last, because it is scarcely possible to treat them separately, and the Apostle mentions them together. He conquers death who is not and cannot be injured by it. This is the case with every Christian. Death is stingless to them. Death stung our Surety, and left its sting in Him, so there is none for a believer. Sin is the sting of death, *that* He bore in his own body on the tree, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Death comes to the believer so changed, so glorious, so beatific, that it is only a falling asleep in Jesus. It only extends to the body at most—and that body rises a better body than lay down—the resurrection body will be an advantage, not a clog to the soul. It will be modelled after the body of the Son of God. He who has conquered death through Jesus rises above the apprehension of it, and realizes all this joy and all this blessedness even now. Thanks for the victory!

II. **The acquisition.** It is given, "who giveth." We gain it, but God gives it. He gives us the capacity, and we fight and win through grace. 2. It is dispensed through the mediation of the Lord Jesus. In the work of our salvation, Jesus as a mediator is never left out. There is not a blessing comes to us through any other channel. He is all in all. 3. It is gradually exemplified and accomplished. It is not said that he *will*, or *has*, but he "*giveth*," because it is gradually confirmed and experienced. It is carried on through the whole course of the believer's life and perfected in death.

III. **The gratitude.** If men get gratitude for their favors, surely God ought for his salvation. If He were to discontinue his favors, in what a state of destitution and wretchedness would we be found. Gratitude consists in the return of a benefit received. Though we cannot make an adequate return to God, we ought to make a suitable return. Gratitude will appear in our *asking*, "What shall we render, &c.," in the sentiments of the mind, in the disposition of the heart, in the language of the lip, and in the language of the life. The best gratitude is shown in the degree and quality of the fruit we bear.

As a stimulus to gratitude, dwell upon the blessings themselves; get an increasing sense of your own unworthiness. A man is thankful in proportion as he is humble. Get an assurance of your interest in the blessedness of the Lord. "I love the Lord because he hath heard, etc." Walk before Him in newness of life. They that dwell in the house of the Lord will be still praising Him.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE GRAVE.

CANON F. W. FARRAR.

The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.—Rom. 8: 21.

THE announcement of the angels to the women at the sepulcher was the most joyous ever made to human ears. Our years, as they increase, remind us our Lord died, as we soon must die, and that He put his foot upon the skull of death, that he might still the groaning of a travailing creation, and take from us all dread of the conquered foe.

I. **Death is naturally to be dreaded.** Savage nations live in constant horror of *death*. This cannot be wondered at. They know of no world beyond the grave, and what would life be without faith in that?

II. **If there be no resurrection of the dead, infinitely pathetic** and *unspeakably heartrending would be the phenomena of death itself.* "If Christ be not risen, &c." Then they also that have fallen asleep in Christ are perished. Perished! what a world of desolate anguish, what sighs of unutterable despair, lie hid in that strange word! All good and great have perished and so must we. How frightful then to live as WE ARE living in the world!

III. **But, we believe in the resurrection of the dead.** For the body the same, though glorified, and re-united to a soul, though the same yet infinitely enlarged and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Yes: "Christ is risen." How these words change the whole aspect of human life! Nothing short of this could be our proof and pledge that we also shall rise. We are not left to dim intimations or vague hopes, or faint analogies, but we have a permanent and a firm conviction, a sure and certain hope. Look into the Saviour's empty tomb. "He is not here: He is risen, as He said." They that sleep in all those narrow graves shall wake again, shall rise again. Weep not widowed wife, father, orphan boy, Thy dead shall live. They shall come forth from the power of death and Hades. What a mighty victory! What a giant sporting! What a trampling of the last enemy beneath the feet! What a hope, what a change in the thought of life! Bravely and happily let us walk through the dark valley, for out of it is a door of immortality that opens on the gardens of heaven and the streams of life, where the whole soul is flooded by the sense of a newer and grander being, and our tears wiped away by God's own hand. This is the Christian's hope truly, and herein Christ makes us more than conquerors, more than conquerors, for we not only triumph over the enemy, but profit by him, wringing out of his curse a blessing, out of his prison, a coronation and a home. "It is sown in corruption, &c." Let us live in love, in humility, in Christ and for Christ. This will make us noble and happy in life, this will strengthen us to smile at death, this will cause us to live all our days in the continual light of these two most marvelous of all Christian truths: the resurrection of the body, and the immortality of the soul.

THE MATCH OF THE GREAT DESTROYER.

REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

Love is strong as death.—CANT. viii: 6.

DEATH, like a Goliath, walks up and down our world, challenging some one to enter the lists and compete with him. Incarnate Love heard, accepted the challenge, fought the battle on death's chosen territory, and won the victory.

I. **The power of love.** The truth of our text was shown:

1. *By Christ's life.* All through it, in the healing of diseases and in the raising of the dead, in his determination to go to Jerusalem, in his struggle in Gethsemane, in his death upon Calvary, it was manifest that His love was as strong as death.

2. His love was as strong as death, *when death had every advantage.* Christ's love was as strong as a *lingering* death, life slowly ebbing and fever fiercely burning. As a *lonely* death, the disciples all had forsaken Him, mockers only around him. Not one to pity. As a *shameful* death—without robes and dying a felon's death. As a *God-deserted death.* No child of God, no believer in Jesus ever experienced that—but Jesus cried "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" *Love is* STRONGER than death in its *conquering* power. Death can do a great deal, but he cannot touch the will nor lay hold of the affection, nor destroy the believer's joy, nor stop his song, but love can carry the whole man captive. *Love is stronger than death in its* RETAINING power. Death can only claim the sleeping dust for a time, but love holds that dust still as its own, and on the resurrection morning, death will have to yield its prey at the call of

all-powerful love. Love is stronger than death in its *purifying* power. Death does not purify; it has no power to alter character—it reduces the body to corruption, but love kisses man's sin away, his hatred and impurity and temper out of him, turns a hell into a heaven, a vulture into a dove, a lion into a lamb. Love is triumphant over death in all particulars. Love changes the vile body and makes it like unto Christ's glorious body.

II. **The prayer of this love.** "Set me as a seal."

Christ requests us to do for Him what He has done for us. He bears the name of every believer on his heart and on his arm. He covets a place in the *heart*. Queen Mary said when she was dying, that Calais would be found written upon her heart. Christ asks his name to be written there, never to be erased. Prosperity would erase it. Domestic love would erase it, troubles would erase it. Let it remain there for ever.

Christ covets a place on your ARM, where everybody can see it. Sailors sometimes tattoo the name of their ship upon their arm. Let Christ's name be upon your arm, where all can read it. So live, act, work that nobody can come in contact with you without saying. "There is the Master's spirit in this man. His name is upon his very arm. His every-day work is consecrated to the Saviour."

Christ offers this all-conquering love to every one who will accept it as a free gift.

Death is strong enough to crush us, and we have to meet that foe at last. Let us fly to that which is even stronger than death. Love can conquer us. It is stronger than the grave, for it will retain its hold of us while there and through eternity besides.

NO VICTORY WITHOUT A BATTLE.

MORGAN DIX, D.D.

Let me die the death of the righteous, &c.—NUM. xxiii: 10.

THE last best gift of God in this world is desired by one of the worst and most corrupt of men. The desire of the heart and the manner of life *can* thus be at variance—an awful contrast between the wish and the act. Men are foolish enough to think that they can have what God promises without doing what God commands—have the victory without the battle. There is much of Balaam's wish still in the world—God in Balaam's death set his seal on all such contradictions as Balaam's life, and a righteous death following.

I. **No man ought to expect to come to a good death who will not lead a good life.** The world is not governed by chance, fate or caprice, but by the just and equitable laws of a Righteous Ruler. There is a unity in the various parts of God's world. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, &c." If they could, every thing would be in confusion. We should not know what to expect. But there is unity and harmony in the workings of God's laws in nature, providence and grace. No new law in this respect has come in under the Gospel. We cannot speak of death-bed repentances with too great reserve. These repentances occur when the power of sinning forsakes the man, the man may not have forsaken his desire to sin. The Gospel holds out no hope to delay. God promises pardon to the penitent, but not a to-morrow to the procrastinator. The dying thief's case only adds weight to our argument. Common sense and God's word unite in the establishment of our proposition and the familiar words of the poet sums it up. Ps. xxxvii: "Mark the perfect man, &c."

II. **No wishes, however earnest, do of necessity bring with them the thing wished for.** Balaam's end shows this. It would be a reversal of all that God and conscience show about causes and effects in the realm of our spiritual life. See how things are going—what keeps society healthy and sound—the ravages of "the famine of the world." How unthinkingly men lie down and die and survivors speak of them as safe. Go away without any preparation and yet with an amazing confidence that all shall hereafter be well. Listen to people talk about sinners after death as if pain was over. They ignore future punishment. Are there not *two* worlds beyond? It is not Christian doctrine to speak otherwise—but a delusion—the wish elevated into a creed. Universal salvation rests only on a wish, and this comes from that other wish, to have all the world can give now, and all that heaven can give us hereafter. On this wish rests all modern scepticism. But if wishing what we want is not effectual as to the things of this life why should it be in the things of the life to come? Jude warns us not to fall into the error of Balaam. We must perform what has to be done to get the things craved. Do not forget what came of Balaam at last. The wish led to no good result. He rebelled more and more. Men cannot change the order of God's laws. Who hath rebelled against them and prospered?

It *is* a good then, to die the death of the righteous, to rest like him in dignity and beauty. It is joy with peace, a trust in God that rests on strong foundations, a heart confiding in a covenant promise which it knows to be certain and sure, perfect submission to the will of Him who is love, resignation of self, and all in those hands which come forth through the gathering darkness

—an end like this here and we shall find beyond it a home and a portion for ever.

THE PLACE OF SACRED DEPOSIT.

REV. CANON H. MELVILL.

Behold the place where they laid Him. MARK xvi: 6.

THESE words were addressed to the Marys, who visited the sepulcher on the Resurrection morning. Their devotedness put to shame the stronger sex. Their love had its reward. Angels announced first to them the best tidings ever proclaimed to mortal ears. The resurrection of Jesus and the empty sepulcher.

I. **The information given to the women.** "Be not affrighted, &c."

1. The address is an acknowledgment of their devotedness. "Jesus of Nazareth," that was the name of contempt. They were seeking Him. They loved Him while living, and they love Him when dead, though He had been crucified between two thieves. We must not turn away from Christ in his humility. The cross is the source of all hope and must be clung to with adoring piety—for there only can we be comforted with the words, "Be not affrighted."

2. The address gives information as to the disappearance of Christ's body. The angels would have them see the empty sepulcher, as if that sight were enough to convince of the certainty of Christ's resurrection. So it was. His disciples were too timid to attempt the removal, and his enemies were determined to hold the dead body in their grasp. The sight of the empty place should therefore be sufficient evidence of Christ's resurrection.

Let us also "behold the place," gaze on the consecrated spot and gather in the wonders with which it is haunted. It is the scene of the mightiest prodigy ever known on earth. There the dead stirred itself, the inanimate Being sprung by his own volition into life. Behold, and acknowledge the Divinity of Christ. "Behold the place;" in being emptied, earth and sea may be said to have given up their dead—Christ was the representative of the countless myriads of human kind. Behold the change effected by the Redeemer for his followers—the grave, instead of being the home of all that is hideous and revolting, has an angel for its tenant, rich odors for its perfume. The grave has become a bed and death a sleep to those who put faith in His name. Behold it in your tears and sorrow, not as those who have no hope—in your hopes, that you may look for glorious things from your Forerunner. Behold it, ye who care little for the soul and eternity, and think if Christ can be neglected with impunity—flee to Him as a Saviour before He appears as an Avenger. Patiently inspect the empty sepulcher and learn all its lessons.

II. **The commission with which they were charged.** These women were abundantly rewarded for their devotion and love. They became apostles to the apostles themselves. Preached first the resurrection to those who were to preach it to the ends of the earth. Christ first showed his love to those who forsook Him and fled, and to *Peter* especially. These two words, "and Peter," are a Gospel in themselves.

III. **The promise.** "He goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see Him, &c." Galilee was the place where he was seen by 500 brethren at once. Galilee was the place where he was likely to be generally known, where He had been brought up, wrought his first miracle, labored most abundantly. "Galilee of the Gentiles," on the borders of Judea, adjoining heathen territories. His meeting the disciples there might be intended to mark that all men—Gentile as well as Jew—had interest in the fact of the resurrection, or that the blessings of the new dispensation were not to be restricted as were those of the old.

There is always some place of which it may be said to his disciples, "There shall ye see Him," "He goeth before you."

As the Forerunner of His people He has gone within the veil, to prepare a place for them, where they shall see Him face to face and know as they are known. It is to those who love Christ, though yet invisible, that He shall hereafter show Himself in his benignity and majesty. They shall lie down to rest in a grave, hallowed by having once held the body of Christ, they shall wake up "to be like Him, for they shall see Him as He is."

CHRIST'S DESIRE TO HAVE HIS PEOPLE WITH HIM.

J. M'ELROY, D.D.

Father, I will that thou also whom thou hast given me, be with me, &c.—John xvii: 24.

THESE words form part of a prayer the most wonderful that ever ascended from this world to the throne of God.

No subject pressed so heavily upon the heart of the Saviour as the safety, stability, and comfort of his disciples. His anxiety for them seems to have increased as he approached the termination of His suffering career. In order to manifest the extent and perpetuity of His love for them, He prays that they may be with Him where He is, &c. Let us consider:

I. **What the glory of Christ is.** It includes: 1. The glory of his person. The true glory of his person was in a great measure veiled during his abode on earth. There were indeed many traces of perfection in Him far surpassing those which belong to mere human nature, but it was reserved for the heavenly world to disclose the glorious excellencies of His character. There, He is revealed as "over all, God blessed for ever." 2. The glory of his exaltation. This consists in the dignity to which He is raised, and the adoration which He receives in the heavenly world. The former is referred to in that passage in Ephesians beginning thus, "God hath set Him at his own right hand, &c.," and the latter in that verse in Revelation, beginning with, "I beheld and heard the voice of many angels around the throne, &c." 3. His glory is the communicative source of all the blessedness which the heavenly inhabitants enjoy. What mind can conceive, far less adequately describe, the joy of a soul as it spends an eternity amid blessedness and glory like this? 4. The glory which redounds to Him from the government of the universe. "All things are put under His feet." "Lord of all." What must be their rapture as they behold His glory.

II. **The purport of his prayer in relation to it.** It intimates: 1. That Christ, having performed His covenant engagements for his people, now claims heaven for them. Heaven was due to the Saviour in virtue of his obedience and sacrifice, and in this prayer He unites his people's claim with his own, and requests that they be with him. 2. His strong and unchangeable love for his people. He was neither ashamed nor tired of his connection with them. His heart was wrapt up in the safety and glory of his people. He could no longer be with them, and He wanted them to be with Him. His love was stronger than death, and will be lasting as eternity. 3. To be with Christ in His glory is the consummation of salvation to his people. There are other sources of delight to them, but this crowns all—death is but an answer to the prayer of the text.

III. **For whom was this prayer offered.** They are described as those whom the Father had given Him, whom the Father had selected in eternity from the rest of mankind, and given to Christ to redeem, and to bring to glory as the reward of His humiliation and sufferings. All of these, no matter when or where they have lived, or may yet live, as they are the reward of his sufferings, the purchase of his blood, "the travail of his soul," shall assuredly one day be collected around his throne, and behold his glory or be made partakers of it. In conclusion :

1. What an important and blessed event to the people of God is death when contemplated in the light of this subject. A departure from this world of sin and sorrow, of suffering and dying, to behold for ever the glory of the Saviour in the light and blessedness of heaven—to dwell for ever near the Saviour's glorified person—to enjoy for ever the beatific vision of God, to become the associate of angels, and one of the innumerable multitude of "the spirits of just men made perfect."

2. What solid ground for resignation and comfort on the death of pious relatives and friends does this subject present. Nature will feel and Christianity does not forbid sorrow, but when we think on where and how our loved ones now are, we cannot but bow in peaceful submission to the dispensation that has taken them away.

A PRECIOUS DEATH.

J. M. HOWARD, D.D.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.
Ps. cxvi : 15.

THE same event is differently regarded by different people. The view we take of an occurrence depends on our position, on the relations we sustain, on our strength or weakness, and above all, on our knowledge or lack of knowledge. The child cannot grasp the thoughts of his parents; the private soldier cannot interpret the incidents of a battle as the commander can. In like manner "God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways." And in no matter is God's view more different from ours, than in the matter of death. Often when we feel that the bereavement is overwhelming, the divine voice is, "It is expedient for you."

The death of a saint, which often wears the aspect of so terrible a calamity to us, is always precious in the sight of the Lord. And, though we cannot enter into God's thoughts, we can conceive of some reasons why this is true :—

I. **Death is the final transformation**; it is the last touch of the chisel of the Divine Sculptor. The discipline of burden bearing, of pain, of disappointment and loss, are all the touches of the divine hand shaping the trusting soul for its spiritual destiny. Death is the final touch, weaning us from earth, opening our eyes to heaven. It is precious, then, as the final transformer.

II. **The death of a saint is precious** as the climax of usefulness. A good man's words and deeds never have such power as when his features are composed and his hands folded in the sleep of death. What an added importance do we attach to the acts and utterances of President Garfield, since his name is enrolled in the list of departed patriots. The dying testimony of the martyr Stephen subdued and won Saul of Tarsus, whom no argument could have won. So every triumphant death crowning a faithful life is precious in the sight of God because it gives irrestible emphasis to the good done or or spoken. The departed's earnest utterances, and faithful labors, never had such power to convince and move us as they have to day, when we remember that he was faithful unto death, when his words and example speak to us from another world.

III. **Death is precious in the sight of the Lord** because it is the door of the saint's entrance into the heavenly state. God sympathizes with us, "like as a father pitieth his children," at every step in our career. Death is the last earthly step, and it is precious because it marks the end of toil, and temptation, and danger, and the beginning of rest, and peace, and safety. If a mother has a boy at sea, the safe arrival of the ship that bears him is a precious event. And death is the hour of safety after the stormy voyage of life. By it we are introduced into the untried realm of blessedness, whose joys are too great to enter into the imagination of man. Christ desires to have us with him. We are needed, and loved, and waited for in heaven. And that event which is to mark our entrance into this blessed circle of the redeemed, is precious in the sight of the Redeemer. These thoughts should be a check on our evil forebodings, on our unbelieving fretfulness. If death is precious in our Father's sight He will so dispose and overrule this dreaded occurrence that it will be for good. And if this "King of Terrors" is precious and for good, all the lesser train of evils may be met with confidence and joy, and our murmurings should be checked. God knoweth best and doeth all things well. What is dark to us is light to Him. Our faith should enter into God's view of life and death as far as human minds can grasp the thought of God; and where we cannot understand, we should trust the loving Father, with the joyful certainty that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATIONS.

REV. DANIEL MOORE.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—1 THESS. iv : 18.

THESE are the concluding words of a paragraph remarkable for its judicious counsels in sorrow and pointing out the consolations which the Gospel of Christ affords under bereavement.

I. **The removal of the good is a divinely appointed event.** This world is Christ's world. "The Lord reigneth," amidst clouds and darkness—desolation and death, amidst complications of mischief and evil, amidst solemn and mysterious orderings of His providence. The dominion of Christ is over all—over death, and its ten thousand gates. "I am He that liveth, &c." The outward circumstances referred to in our text suppose the removal of those whom earth could least afford to part with. But thus,—in every age. Abel, Enoch, Josiah, Stephen appeared to us to have been removed in the wrong time. It may be a father, husband, patriot, minister. We are stunned and silent under the stroke. We have no reason to give for these providences. "Be still and know that I am God." It may be that the prayers offered at such a time because of the afflictions will bring upon us greater blessings that the living could have been the means of bringing by a protracted life.

II. **The death of the righteous is in itself a blessed thing.** It is compared to the taking of rest in sleep.

1. *It is the sleep of the faithful in Christ Jesus.* They "sleep in Jesus." "In Christ," is frequently employed to denote a spiritual union to Him, our acceptance of God's prepared method of reconciliation to Himself by a mediator and our actual dependence in Christ in the exercise of a living faith, the result of a divine influence on the heart, for pardon, justification and eternal life. Death cannot suspend this relation. It only gives it its grand realization. Death interrupts nothing which we inherit by faith.

2. *It is the sleep of assured and conscious existence in the immediate presence of Christ.*

Death is not an eternal sleep. Nor does the soul sleep from the period of death, till the time of the resurrection. Paul said, after death he would be "with Christ." And when Stephen exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," he plainly anticipated immediate happiness in the presence of Christ. And the thief fell asleep on the cross to open his eyes that day in paradise.

3. *It is the sleep of repose from the toils of life, accompanied with the sweet assurance of the benefits that shall follow.*

"Blessed are the dead," &c. Labor is an ordained penalty of our fallen condition. Not the labor of the husbandman only, but in all the anxieties, strivings and weariness connected with every calling. The labors also of the Christian life—of keeping the heart right with God, of striving against the evil of our corrupt nature, of training the affections to be surely fixed where alone true joys can be found. There will be no sloth to arouse, nor reluctance to subdue, no faintness to fear, no declining feet to turn back. The soldier has hung up his arms. The pilgrim has laid aside his staff.

III. **"Their works follow them."** They are not unproductive or without their harvest. How much good they are permitted to do they never know. In the very humblest spheres of life there are eyes upon them—silent observers taking from them their standard of right and wrong and borrowing from them unconsciously the entire complexion of their moral character. Who can tell what good results from one godly life ?

IV. **The certainty of the Resurrection to those who sleep in Jesus.** God will bring them with Him in the day of Christ's appearing. Wherefore does the apostle introduce the magnificent recital of the context ? Manifestly as part of those heavenly consolations which the Gospel has provided for bereaved hearts. You may sorrow, but not as those who have no hope; for those asleep in Jesus are in blessed keeping still. The grave has but a sacred loan of their bodies. Truth or poetry can suggest no more consoling thought than that offered by our Lord to Martha : "Thy brother shall raise again."

Lastly—"*So shall they ever be with the Lord.*"

Such is the apostle's last consolation. He fastens the thoughts of the sorrowing friends on that which shall constitute the life and bliss of heaven, viz., the visible presence and companionship of the enthroned Redeemer. This will be enough to satisfy the aspirations of an immortal mind. Christ is there the object of continual contemplation, filling the hearts of all who worship at his footstool with wonder, love and praise. "Wherefore comfort, &c."

JACOB'S DYING WORDS.

ANDREW R. BONAR, D.D.

I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.—Gen. xlix : 18.

THIS is one of the sentences in God's word, well adapted to arrest the unconcerned and careless. He who uttered them had many trials, and had always been upheld by an Almighty hand. Now the evening had come when he must leave the world, and after he has described the terror of this future experience to his children, he makes the announcement of our text, which may be considered as Jacob's dying testimony in favor of religion, and as expressive of the triumph of his faith amidst the infirmities that cleaved to him.

I. The believer can use the language of the text, because, **he will be put in possession, at death, of a glorious inheritance,—a future good not yet attained.** The term salvation here, denotes that emancipation or freedom from "the body of this death," after which the Christian has learned to aspire. Long had Jacob reposed by faith on one who should "redeem Israel from iniquity," a result of which was that Jacob had been taught and enabled to live as a "stranger and pilgrim on the earth," and look forward to a place of perfect purity and rest. Jacob could look forward to such a state with *expectation and desire* where he could rest like a wearied child sinking to slumber. He was now almost on the threshold of the Father's house, and had a desire to depart.

II. The words imply Jacob's willingness **to leave his choicest earthly comforts.** He was dying in the midst of those to whom his soul was firmly attached. His sons were near to hear his parting words and receive his closing admonitions. His wants were ministered to by careful loving hands. His wishes were gratified. He had learned to look beyond the dim and bounded present to the regions of eternal day. His latter days had been spent in a pleasant fruitful spot, but he remembered that this was not his rest. He looked for a better heritage where there was no vicissitude, no idolatry, and where he would be provided for by God himself.

III. These words were spoken in **the assured belief that the trials and sorrow of life would soon be past.**

The lot of man is one of toil and sorrow. But there is nothing in affliction by itself, if unaccompanied by piety, to make it a minister of God. It was otherwise with Jacob. Trials had softened a heart naturally less impressible. Over the divisions of his family and the declining flame of piety Jacob had mourned—and now that his warfare is accomplished and his work done, the veteran saint who has deplored the evils he has been called to endure with true hopefulness of spirit says, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Jacob was willing to exchange earth for heaven. In many of its aspects this world may seem fascinating. It is, however, but the ante-chamber or outer court of Jehovah's palace, where the assaults of the evil one shall have ended, the immortal spirit have burst the fetters that now restrain it, shall mount on eagle's wings, rejoice in perpetual youth and where the fullness of eternal day shall be obtained.

IV. **The Christian may feel the force of Jacob's words inasmuch as he expects to be favored with the nearer vision of, and to hold congenial intercourse with the Saviour.**

To look, were that possible, upon one who had given up his life for us, to be in the society of one venerable because of his goodness, and illustrious because of his wisdom, might be expected powerfully to effect and elevate the soul, and be regarded as a lofty privilege. In heaven Jesus will be no stranger to his people. He will feed His people and lead them to living fountains of water. They shall see the King in His beauty when they awake—they shall be satisfied with His likeness. They will be in His banqueting house, and His banner over them will be love.

The subject teaches us the importance of true religion and the blessedness of a good hope through grace, such as proceeds from cordial acceptance of the proposals of the Gospel, and springs from seeking the friendship of Him who has invited the children of men to seek the shelter of His loving hand. Many reasons should make us think much about, and seek diligently after this salvation.

Friendly figures and hands seem to beckon us across the Jordan to Canaan, and heaven and earth shall sooner pass away than one of the Saviour's promises shall fail.

THE FINAL BATTLE.

W. R. WILLIAMS, D.D.

There is no discharge in that war.—Ec. viii: 8.

THERE is a great fortress and line of siege commanding every homestead and every individual. The pointed musketry in this line each one must face, and to which all are walking in one inevitable procession. You fall here, I fall there. The rattling hail of death is every instant falling. *You too must die.* "It is appointed unto all men once to die."

I. **This battle is an appointment. It is made by an All-knowing One** of whom there is no cheating—an Omnipotent One, whom there is no shunning—an Almighty one, whom there is no resisting. No craft, force, tears, outcries, or affection can baffle the stroke. No gold or empire can purchase exemption. To-day the capitalist wields his large fortune, to-morrow the grim destroyer hands it over to greedy heirs. To-day the king rules his myriads of subjects, to-morrow, *to-morrow* death has tossed the sceptre in another's hand. None pillages like death. His victories "carry nothing away." None haunts like death. He never loses his scent or misses his game. None aims like death with a shaft that always strikes. There is no flying, no bribing, no pledging, no reasoning, no treating with the enemy. "There is no discharge, &c."

II. **The results of this battle are final.** If death takes away the soul without Christ it is lost. But will God permit this? Why not, if God has explicitly warned that "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness?" Why not, if "wickedness cannot deliver those who given to it?" Why not, if unpreparedness is the individual's own fault? Why should not the results be final, if you have been familiar with the Gospel—lived in a land of Bibles and Sabbaths—had warnings of Providence and strivings of the Spirit? What show of reason is there in your pleading a discharge from the war, when every cemetery, tolling bell, passing hearse, ache and ailment warned you that this battle was approaching and would be fatal? Life was given you to know God. He has revealed Himself that you might know Him. Why have you forborne to know the Saviour, to acknowledge his claim, to wear his blessed livery, and to give the heart he asked? Why cling to sins and idols, reject the love, peace, and heaven, he proffered freely, sincerely, often, now, but as yet, in vain?

It is a terrible lot, to go down from a land of light and revivals, unprepared and unforgiven to eternal sorrow. But that fearful prospect will not induce the pale King of Terrors to give a discharge. "If you are not prepared," he might exclaim, "after all this, when would you be? Come with me then as you are. Here is my warrant both for body and soul."

III. **This battle may end in victory.** In the day of opportunity and repentance there is proclaimed One mightier than death or hell. He is the Prince of Life and Lord of Glory. He came to destroy him that had the power of death. He in bringing rescue tasted of death, yea not only met the common lot, but bore on himself the common and concentrated guilt of our race. Doing this he tore the sting from death and to them that believe, He is become the author of life, everlasting life.

To them that receive Christ, the war though fierce has lost its main terror and is stripped of its perils, mortality loses its ghastliness and puts on hopefulness and promise. The grave is like the wet, cold March day, behind whose gloom lie the treasures of bursting spring and the glories of refulgent summer. The light afflictions are but for a moment, &c. Death to the saint changes many of its offices. If pain walks at his side, He is also the queller of strife and the calmer of care. No more throbs or sighs, but rest. He is in one sense the Destroyer, but in another the Restorer. He brings back, through Christ's victorious grave, the lost innocence and peace of Eden. He divides the nearest ties, but also re-unites to those who sleep in Jesus. He is the curse of the law, but through the blessed one, who magnified and satisfied the law, he becomes to the believer in Jesus, the end of sin, the gate of Paradise, and the recompense of a new, a better and an unending life.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE FEAR OF DEATH.

REV. DANIEL MOORE.

And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—HEB. ii: 15.

CHRISTIANITY teaches us how to withstand our spiritual adversaries in life and to triumph over them in death. All its doctrines set forth the defeat of the last enemy. All its moral discipline tends to prepare us for its approach. All its promises have respect to the relief and deliverance of "them who through fear of death," etc.

I. **The causes that make the prospect of death a source of apprehension.**

1. The instinctive dread we all have of the act of dissolution itself. This feeling is universal—caused by the natural recoil of flesh and blood from being resolved into their primal elements, from the superstitions connected with death—from the thoughts of the last farewell—of the sights that shall greet them and the hand that shall lay hold of them first, after crossing the invisible borders.

2. The physical accompaniments of approaching death. We are afraid of our supports failing us in that moment of moments. Afraid of Satan making that his chosen hour for attacking us.

3. We are afraid of the moral origin of death. Death we know is a retribution or penal thing. Conscience is affrighted at the penalties it feels to deserve. It is an effect and punishment upon transgression. It is the implanted feeling of our nature, that death is the commissioned magistrate of heaven come to reckon with us

for our sins that makes his presence gloomy, his sting formidable, and his night dark.

II. Considerations calculated to alleviate this great fear of our nature.

1. The first alleviation is derived, according to the apostle, from the *incarnation and death of Christ.* Heb. 2, 14, 16, 9.

The incarnation and death of Christ were, we see, indispensable to Christ's mediation. Justice required that the offending nature and the atoning nature "should be all of one," if He would taste our cup, destroy our foe, dissipate our fears and loose our bonds. He must die—die as an atonement for sin which was death's sting, and thus magnify the law which was his strength and plea. Christ satisfied the law—obeyed its precepts, satisfied its demand, and "now there is no condemnation," etc.

2. Another alleviation is found in Christ's absolute and boundless control over all the issues of life and death.

Christ orders the time of our departure; disposes all the circumstances of our death, and guides the spirit in its flight. He holds the keys. The departure of our immortal spirit from one world to another, is under his own control. He determines the hour, opens the gate, stands sentinel at the bridge, and says, as it were, "Father, the hour is come."

3. Another alleviation is that Christ introduces us into the immediate presence of Christ. He stands at the opposite shore of the river of death to receive us, conducts us through the realms of the unseen world and introduces us to his Father's house. The dying spirit cannot vanish into a world where Christ is not. It is with Him.

III. To get the comfort of these considerations we must exercise a lively faith in Christ. This is the life of religion—we must interpose its ample shield before all the assaults of the enemy. Faith should especially fix on that spiritual alliance which exists between Christ and his people. *They are one.* No condemnation in Him. Fall asleep in Him.

2. We must diligently cultivate all those tempers and dispositions that belong to a godly life. The fear of death was meant to be a salutary fear. It was meant as a motive to live godly—for only in that way can we expect to have death's fear taken away.

3. We must guard against spiritual declension and decay. Relapses into sin, grievings of the spirit, coldness of love, etc., these serve to intensify the natural fear of death and hold us in bondage.

4. We must be much in preparation for our great change. Live in habitual view and contemplation of an unseen existence. We should get familiar with arguments to be used on a sudden emergency. Paul's dying fortitude rested on the strength of past successes. Satan dreads trophies more than weapons.

5. Keep in full view the fulfillment of those immortal hopes which lie beyond the grave. "Go thy way till the end be, etc.," and they are permitted to hear "a loud voice saying in heaven," etc. Rev. 12, 10.

THE BELIEVER'S FAREWELL WORDS.

JOHN HALL, D.D. NEW YORK.

I die: and God will surely visit you.—Gen. 50: 24.

JOSEPH closed his nearly blameless life with this communication to the band of brothers. Joseph shared the hope of his fathers; counted confidently upon Canaan being given to the race, and exacted a pledge from his brethren that his bones should accompany those who went to take possession.

The last words of eminent men have a universal interest, and pass from lip to lip among Christians. Such words have a peculiar charm, and have a special significance. Earth is less potent, many impressions are rectified. The common interests of life seem trifling. The most momentous interests of their cases are brought out, and dying, say with Joseph, "I die, &c." Notice:

I. **The two-fold effect of death.**

1. *It separates believers from their friends.* The body remains with them. But they go away, It is but the envelope torn open, the letter is elsewhere. The body did not constitute the person. Between us and the real life a great gulf is fixed, impassable to us while we are in the body. We cannot reach them with our endearments or services, nor can we receive from them any more.

2. *Death reunites believers to those who have gone before them.* They have compensation for the pain of parting. This is soon swallowed up in the joy of re-union. The mother will meet her babes. Joseph never more be parted from his father, &c. This is not unworthy of our notice. The grave has to many an aspect of awful solitude. But our friends are not there, but gone to join "the spirits of the just made, &c." They are parted from us, but how dear, noble and numerous is the company into which they have entered!

II. **The two-fold assurance of a dying believer.**

1. *"I die," said Joseph. That is felt to be sure to every believer.* The word had all along reminded him of this, life-long observation confirmed the intimation, every power of body emphasized the notice. The sense of decaying power, perchance the agony endured, the sensible decline of all the powers, assure the believer that the end is near.

2. *The assurance respecting the believers who remain behind.* "The Lord will visit you." In Joseph's case there was an explicit promise from the Lord. But is there not a promise in the Bible somewhere, for all believers, in all conditions? "I die, but God will surely visit," a departing husband may say to his wife, for "I die, &c.;" a father may say to his children for, &c.; a minister may say to his congregation, for, &c., "I am with you always," &c. And so in all the varying conditions of saints. God is in them all a "very present help." Faith enables one to give this assurance. What is faith? Joseph's case may instruct us. He merely believed what God said—a definite word of the Lord. Joseph had his eye on the promise of the Lord. Believers have their promised land, the land of reunion, of peace, the happy land, the land of uprightness.

III. **Departing believers have a double claim on surviving friends.**

1. *They are entitled to continued affection.* They do not cease to be ours. They are now more worthy of love than ever they were before. Their bodies will "make a group of bonnie dust," as Halyburton puts it—when showing how Christ keeps even the bodies of his people.

2. *They have a right to grateful remembrance.* The dear memorial, the unostentatious monument, the befitting memoir in notable cases—are as they ought to be. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

3. *We owe them imitation.* It is the sweetest tribute. It is the most fitting homage we can bring them. We should put on their armor and take their places among the Lord's sacramental host.

4. *Joseph exacted a pledge from his brethren,* viz., that they should bear away his bones to the sacred soil! It was to show his faith, and keep alive the hope

among the Hebrew seed. And there are promises that the dying may claim from us. Are there not some among us who have pledged. Have you redeemed it? Are your eyes and steps heavenward?

Only two things remain to be said.

1. **All shall die.** Your friends—beloved ones—your idols shall die. To whom will you then look? *You* shall die. Have you comfort in Christ? Can you give comfort to others?

2. Believer, there is "one" never dies. He liveth for ever more, hath the keys, &c. He is a stay and support to his people, &c. He is at the right of the throne, "*standing,*" because active in their behalf, &c. Waits to receive and welcome them, and in Him and with Him they live for evermore.

THE DEATHDAY BETTER THAN THE BIRTHDAY.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of death than the day of one's birth. ECCLES. vii: 1.

THE latter portion of this verse is true only of those who have a good name—a name written on the Lamb's Book of Life—written on the very heart of Jesus as the names of the tribes of Israel of old were inscribed on the High Priest's breast-plate, written on the palms of Jesus' hands; those have a good character and are known by the sweet savor of their lives. Of these our text is true, for:

I. **Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.** "Welcome, little stranger," is the greeting at birth—welcome to what? It may be to poverty and an unholy home, to a troop of infantile diseases, to pains from within, and probably to neglect from without.

The believer's deathday—the time of triumph and victory, is better than this. Birth is the beginning of a journey; death is the ending of the weary march to our Father's house above. Again, *about the birthday hangs an uncertainty*. Children are blessings, but we cannot tell what will become of them when they grow up and come under the influence of evil—they may be useful and honorable, or dissolute and degraded. But everything is certain about the saint's deathday. When a child is born we know he is born to sorrow, but when a saint dies, we know he is done with sorrow and pain. Write, therefore, the death-date above the life-date on the headstone.

II. **The believer's deathday is better than all his happy days.** What are his happy days? *The day of his coming of age*—he is a man, and an estate may be coming to him. This is a day of great festivity—all around may be called to rejoice with him. But on the deathday of a believer, he comes of age and enters upon his heavenly estate. What a jubilee that will be. *The day of his marriage.* Who does not rejoice, what cold heart does not beat with joy on that day? But on the deathday we shall move fully into the joy of our Lord, into that blessed marriage union which is established between Him and us, into that guest chamber where the feast will be spread, and we shall await the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. *Day of gain.* When some sudden windfall enlarges their capital, or multiplies the profit. But there is no gain like that of departure to the Father from a world of trouble to a land of triumph. *A day of honor*—when promoted in office, or receiving the applause of men. But what a day of honor to be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom—heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ. *Days of health are happy days.* But what health can equal the perfect wholeness of a spirit upon whom the Physician has displayed his utmost skill—clean, recovered, and where the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." *Happy days of social friendship,* when hearts warm with hallowed intercourse with a friend, or in the midst of one's family. But no day of social enjoyment can match the day of death. What troops of blessed ones shall meet us! What priceless friends over yonder! What family greetings there will be! Oh, the bliss of meeting with the Lord! Those who are truly related to us in the bonds of everlasting life shall be there. Natural kinship has ended, spiritual relationship lasts and survives.

III. **Better than his holy days.** *The day of conversion.* Never to be forgotten when the heart began to beat with spiritual life, and the hand grasped the Lord, and the eyes saw his beauty. But what will it be to see him face to face? *The Sabbath day.* Precious and dear are the Lord's days—sweet rests of love—blessed days. But death gives us an eternal Sabbath, "where congregation, &c." *Communion days.* How sweet to sit at the Lord's table with his memorial in hand, and to think of what He has done, is doing, and has promised. What is that to communing with Him in Paradise. Bless the Lord for every one of the happy days—but heaven's days will be better. There we shall know each other better—more delight, in magnifying the name of Jesus. Our company shall be better—perfect company, and we shall then be *at home.*

IV. **Better than the whole of his days put together.** All his days here are dying days. Death is the end of dying. Life is conflict—death is victory. Life is full of sorrow, death ends that. Life is longing, death possessing.

It will be *the day of our cure.* We shall carry diseases till the last Physician comes, but his touch cures all. Death will be the *cure of old age.* Then renew youth like the eagles. Death will be the *loss of all losses.* Death, the last enemy, is the death of every enemy. It is *the beginning of our best* days. The dawning of heaven's days is often delightful to the dying. Words of wondrous import are often spoken by dying ones—it was the bliss of dying. Beginning the day on earth, closing it with loved ones, angels, and God in heaven. Oh! the eventide of that day! and that day without end!

Only mind you do not miss the way to get there. Turn to the right, by the Cross, and keep straight on.

A ROYAL ALARMIST.

REV. B. W. WILLIAMS.

The King of Terrors.—JOB xviii: 14.

THIS is Bildad's description of death. This assertion of the Shuhite is:

I. **A fact.** Death is a king. Death simply in itself is no more than a cessation of life or a termination of being in a certain mode of existence. But it has been the universal custom of mankind to personify it; and the sacred writers, accommodating themselves to the language and apprehension of mortals, represent principles and feelings under sensible forms and as real characters. Thus in apostolic phrase "Death reigns." And while he reigns as a king, he enslaves as a tyrant. Where on earth shall we find an empire so ancient, with subjects so numerous, a vassalage so abject, and a territory so large? Why all this? Though by the *original* sin of our first parents, death gained a being and usurped a row. But that fearful prospect will not induce the pale King of Terrors to give a discharge. "If you are not prepared," he might exclaim, "after all this, when would you be? Come with me then as you are. Here is my warrant both for body and soul."

III. **This battle may end in victory.** In the day of opportunity and repentance there is proclaimed One mightier than death or hell. He is the Prince of Life and Lord of Glory. He came to destroy him that had the power of death. He in bringing rescue tasted of death, yea not only met the common lot, but bore on himself the common and concentrated guilt of our race. Doing this he tore the sting from death and to them that believe, He is become the author of life, everlasting life.

To them that receive Christ, the war though fierce has lost its main terror and is stripped of its perils, mortality loses its ghastliness and puts on hopefulness and promise. The grave is like the wet, cold March day, behind whose gloom lie the treasures of bursting spring and the glories of refulgent summer. The light afflictions are but for a moment, &c. Death to the saint changes many of its offices. If pain walks at his side, He is also the queller of strife and the calmer of care. No more throbs or sighs, but rest. He is in one sense the Destroyer, but in another the Restorer. He brings back, through Christ's victorious grave, the lost innocence and peace of Eden. He divides the nearest ties, but also re-unites to those who sleep in Jesus. He is the curse of the law, but through the blessed one, who magnified and satisfied the law, he becomes to the believer in Jesus, the end of sin, the gate of Paradise, and the recompense of a new, a better and an unending life.

DELIVERANCE FROM THE FEAR OF DEATH.

REV. DANIEL MOORE.

And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Heb. ii: 15.

CHRISTIANITY teaches us how to withstand our spiritual adversaries in life and to triumph over them in death. All its doctrines set forth the defeat of the last enemy. All its moral discipline tends to prepare us for its approach. All its promises have respect to the relief and deliverance of "them who through fear of death," etc.

I. **The causes that make the prospect of death a source of apprehension.**

1. The instinctive dread we all have of the act of dissolution itself. This feeling is universal—caused by the natural recoil of flesh and blood from being resolved into their primal elements, from the superstitions connected with death—from the thoughts of the last farewell—of the sights that shall greet them and the hand that shall lay hold of them first, after crossing the invisible borders.

2. The physical accompaniments of approaching death. We are afraid of our supports failing us in that moment of moments. Afraid of Satan making that his chosen hour for attacking us.

3. We are afraid of the moral origin of death. Death we know is a retribution or penal thing. Conscience is affrighted at the penalties it feels to deserve. It is an effect and punishment upon transgression. It is the implanted feeling of our nature, that death is the commissioned magistrate of heaven come to reckon with us

troubled conscience rest, resolve its gloomy doubts or chase away its guilty fears.

We cannot express the danger of those who neglect the great salvation, and we cannot exceed the description which Scripture gives of the terror of death to such.

HUMANITY'S EMBLEM.

WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D., EDINBURGH.

We all do fade as a leaf.—Isa. lxiv : 6.

NATURE is an emblem of life ; a pictorial illustration of truth. Revelation has truths, nature does not teach, but she does not disdain to notice those of nature, points men to them and employs them for the purpose of illustrating her own higher message. Thus the Bible uses the seasons, as in our text. "We all do fade as a leaf."

I. **The text asserts the fact — we all must die.** It is the doom of man, like the leaf, to wither and decay and mingle with the dust of earth. All the generations of men since Adam have died—only two were translated to give an intimation of another life beyond the grave. The grave has already received men of all ranks, conditions and ages. The decree still remains. The grave has not yet said, "It is enough." There is room still for the living in that "narrow house" of the dead. Room for each of us. Yet the great majority of men practically forget it. This is sadder than the fact that all must die. "Of men's miraculous mistakes this bears the palm ; all men think all men mortal but themselves." Unlike the leaves, men drop away at all seasons, one after another—this in part accounts for man's forgetfulness of his mortality. It might be in some respects different with him, if like the leaf, he witnessed the inhabitants of a nation swept away in a few months. But sin practices the deception, and tends to eradicate impressions of the solemnity of death and the certainty of dissolution as expressed in the text, "We all fade, &c."

II. **The truth of the text should influence the mind.** 1. By leading to preparation for death. If the leaf be an emblem of our brief life, if the sentence is irrevocable and unavoidable, "Dust thou art, &c.," if it is "appointed unto man, &c.," we know it; it is nothing less than guilty infatuation, if we neglect to prepare for the solemn event. Moreover, if the time of our duration is still more uncertain than that of the leaf—if while the leaves have their times to fall, "death has all seasons for his own"—in doing the work which is necessary to our dying peace not a moment should be lost. "Die the death of the righteous."

2. The truth that "we all do fade as a leaf," should lead us to moderate our ambition.

Men are generally anxious to acquire wealth, to attain to eminence and to gain the esteem and applause of their neighbors. And the feeling is not sinful except when cherished in excess, so as to interfere with the influences of higher motives and to prevent the pursuit of a higher good. But the meanest work performed with a single eye to God's glory, will be of far more value than all the labors of a life, which has wealth or honor or rank for its end. What is Byron the better for having

> "Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
> Of fame; drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
> Which common millions have quenched, then died,
> Of thirst, because there was no more to drink?"

3. This truth should lead us to set our affections on heavenly things.

These things of earth must soon be left: friends, home, property, then prepare for and welcome the intimation that you can have an "inheritance incorruptible, &c." Thank God there is a land where there is no seared leaf or tottering frame, where age writes no wrinkles on the brow, no grey hairs exist to tell that the summer of life is past, where there are no violent separations, no death, no sorrow, no pain. The bowers of paradise are always green, its sky always bright, its season is always summer. He who receives the crown of glory will never lay it down, except in adoration at the feet of Him who sits upon the throne. The employment of heaven will never weary him; its song will be always new. The triumphal palm will never wither in his hand, the golden harp will never be out of tune. Nothing will ever choke or narrow that fountain whence life leaps in fullness, or stagnate that still expanse where the Good Shepherd leads his flock at glory's noon. This inheritance may be yours by faith in Christ and a life of holy obedience, and there your "leaf shall not wither."

THE HAPPY MOURNERS.

ALEXANDER DICKSON, D.D.

They departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy, &c.
MATT. xxviii: 8.

THE grave is generally regarded as a gloomy place—peculiarly consecrated to grief. We go there in silence and slowly. The service at the grave is more solemn than any other, and with sadness in our hearts and on our countenances, we take the last long look at the place where the loved one is laid, and turn away weeping such tears as only the soul can shed.

The text tells us of one grave from which the mourners went away with "great joy." It was the Saviour's grave, and the happy mourners "Mary Magdelene and Mary the mother of James and Salome." They had gone very early in the morning of the first Christian Sabbath to the sepulcher to weep and with spices to embalm the dead body of Jesus. But they found the stone rolled away and angels there who assured them that Jesus had risen, &c. The tomb was empty, and that is the reason their sorrow was turned into joy. Fear was mingled with their gladness as if they almost doubted if the news was not too good to be true.

These happy mourners are not alone in their experience. Gather up those crumbs of comfort that the Gospel scatters around the grave of those who sleep in Jesus and they will fill your heart with joy.

I. **The Saviour's empty sepulcher is an eloquent preacher.** Its language is "Thy dead men shall live, &c." As the resurrection of Christ was predicted, it should have been expected by his friends, but it does not seem to have been in all their thoughts; so that the words of the women, announcing His resurrection seemed to the apostle as "idle tales," and Jesus was obliged to appear to them again and again to establish his identity.

II. **The resurrection of Christ is more than a pledge,** it is also a pattern of the resurrection of His people. The same body that was born in Bethlehem and died on Calvary, rose again. John xx : 27. So the same body which we now have we shall have again in the resurrection, when Christ shall "change our vile body and make it like," &c. 1 Thess. iv : 13, 14, 18.

III. **Meanwhile the bodies of your beloved dead shall rest in peace.** The grave is not a gloomy prison house since

Jesus has lain there, but a quiet habitation, the only place of perfect rest in this world. To the Saviour it was a place of sweet repose, and so it is with the child of God. When he comes to the grave his toils are all ended, tears all shed and troubles all past.

IV. **The spirits of our departed Christian friends are given to God.** Just as He was expiring on the cross Jesus said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit, &c.," and before his body was laid in Joseph's tomb His soul was safe in His Father's house. The same is true of every saint: before the body is buried the soul has reached the realms of glory. Absent from the body it is present with the Lord. The souls of believers at their death pass immediately to glory.

V. **We ought not to think so much of the grave** in which the body is laid, as of the glory into which the soul has gone.

It is mainly because we are so slow of heart to believe all that our Heavenly Father has told us concerning our departed friends, that there is so little sweetness in our cup of bereavement. We think only of our great loss, of our desolate home, and the very crown of life is eclipsed by the coffin and the glory excelling grows dim in the shadow of death. We look too much into our own broken hearts, when we ought to look up to heaven, at the heart bounding there with joys that may not be expressed. If we would look at the heavenward side of the sepulcher, when the dear dead dust is buried out of sight, we would depart from "the sepulcher with fear and great joy."

VI. **When our friends are gone our communion is with them still.** All the while the Saviour's body was in the grave, and His soul was in Heaven, He was doubtless thinking about His dear disciples, and we know for certain that they were thinking about Him. He was in all their thoughts and on all their tongues, for their communications were concerning Jesus of Nazareth. And some of them were preparing sweet spices for his embalmment. And blessed be his glorious name, He was so anxious to come and see them personally and comfort them, that He shortened the three days of his appointed sojourn in the grave into six and thirty hours. And we believe in the communion of saints in all its length, breadth, height, and depth. "We are come unto Mount Zion—and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

VII. **We shall join our blessed friends again in the celestial country.** When the Saviour was departing with His disciples they were very sorrowful and He comforted them with the sweet assurance that they should follow Him in a little while, John xiii : 26, and with the sweeter assurance that He would come after them, John xiv : 2, 3. How many pleasant family gatherings there will be some day in our Heavenly Father's house of "many mansions," and when we arrive they shall come out to meet us and greet us with kisses, and hail us to our eternal home. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus." If so, may we not depart from the sepulcher of our blessed dead with great joy?

◆

CONSUMMATE HAPPINESS.

ANDREW R. BONAR, D.D.

"*So shall we ever be with the Lord.*"—1 Thess. iv: 17.

THE Scriptures not only give us certain information regarding the principles by which the Divine government is regulated, the duties which man is called upon to discharge, and the snares he must avoid, but they also open up a store of consolation, out of which Christians may extract comfort in the midst of disquietude and sorrow. The pencil of John sets before the believer glowing pictures of the New Jerusalem, exhibitions of the glory of the Son of Man, fascinating delineations of the "tree whose fruits, &c.," of the calm windings of the river of life, &c., of the white-robed worshipers bending in homage before Him whose love is enshrined in their hearts. Our text brings before us :

I. **The certainty and perpetuity** of the happiness of which the ransomed are to be made partakers.

Hence the felicity of heaven stands in vivid contrast with the distresses and uncertainty of *earth*. The schemes which we cherish are liable to disappointment—the society with which we mingle is unstable and fluctuating, the ideas we entertain are often imperfect and erroneous—there are many subjects involved in almost complete mystery ; many others with respect to which we arrive only at an approximation to the truth. But we are encouraged to anticipate the arrival of a period when disadvantages are to cease, and when we shall enter into a nobler, purer, and more illustrious scene.

Were man destined to lie down for ever in darkness ; did no light gleam beyond the sepulcher, and were no prospects open of the land that is afar, God would not have given such aspirations to his creatures as those which possess his soul. These longings—this capacity it has for reflecting upon the Infinite and Eternal—the sagacity that lay plans and make arrangements for coming emergencies, the moral sensibility which the spirit is capable of acquiring, and tasting the goodness of the Creator, accord with the voice of Scripture, and show man to be far more than the short-lived child of earth, destined to see corruption and to be hid beneath the mould.

Nor can we suppose that existing apparent anomalies in the Divine administration are to be left unsolved, that seeming inequalities in the procedure of Providence are to fail of being rectified, or that the struggles with sense and sin, with deformity and vice, the resolute victories achieved over "the prince of this world," by the righteous and holy in all ages, are to fail of the recompense which Infinite goodness desires to bestow, and which Christ has secured by his atonement.

On this subject many Scripture statements might be quoted—but apart from these there is in the inner being of man a testimony borne regarding his immortality, and admonitions given whereby he is exhorted to rise to the full height of his lofty destiny. If so, how egregious is *their* folly who act for time alone and neglect eternity? If it is said of Christians that they shall be for "ever with the Lord," it is time for all who have not given earnest heed to the Gospel, to awake out of spiritual apathy, and to make provision for the unseen state; coveting a "Kingdom which cannot be moved," desiring a crown of righteousness which shall never fade away.

II. **This happiness is closely connected** with the presence and fellowship of Jesus Christ. "So shall we be ever with the Lord."

1. This implies that believers after the resurrection and the judgment, will be brought into a position near to that which is occupied by the Saviour. We are warranted by the language of Scripture, to suppose that some region does exist, or will be formed, where the faithful and pious of all ages and countries will be assembled, where in the beautiful and expressive language of the Apocalypse, "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed his people, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters." When earthly trials close, unmingled,

though relatively incomplete, happiness commences. So soon as "absent from the body," the saints are present with the Lord. They are ushered into the realm of spirits, wait in anticipation a further change—when being raised they shall be qualified to meet Him at his coming. Then will be fulfilled the statement of our text, and that of the Beloved Disciple. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne."

2. Christ's presence with the saints in glory must secure their exemption from all evil.

Here, though their lot is superior to that of others, yet they are not exempted from the common afflictions of humanity—these make him long to visit that world where the wicked cease from troubling, &c., where infirmity will cease, the body of sin and death be laid aside, where evil will be no longer present, where no dark cloud will gather to hinder the full shining of the Son of Righteousness—where they "who have washed their robes and made them white, &c.," "shall hunger no more, &c."

3. Christ's presence with his saints constitutes a pledge that their powers will be adopted to their new condition, and that the loftiest sources of enjoyment will be opened for their participation. These bodily and mental capacities with which man was originally endowed by God, were grievously impaired through the entrance of sin into the world. But in that blessed world, the spirit will be made capable of wondrous discoveries as to the works and ways of God, of enraptured contemplation on the plan of Providence, and out of the riches of His goodness, and the boundless treasures of his love, will have every desire satisfied, and will have fresh sources of delight continually abounding. How decided and full must the happiness of the Saint be, when he has taken

possession of the kingdom prepared for him from the beginning of the world, when he "shall be for ever with the Lord."

◆

PREPARATION FOR THE PASSAGE.

ALEXANDER DICKSON, D.D.

Prepare your victuals ; for within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan.—JOSHUA i: 11.

THIS was the order given to the children of Israel, when they were encamped in their land of Beulah, before starting on the last stage of their long journey. It was about the middle of April. A magnificent scene met the eye in every direction. To the North the great plain of Esdraelon, to the South the hill country of Judea, before them the walled city of Jericho, and behind them Nebo and Hor. Here they were reposing when the order came to prepare for the passage of the river, which still rolled between them and the home of their hearts. The Hebrews were a typical people—the past is repeated in the present. As they had need of special preparation to pass over the Jordan, so we have need to make ready for crossing the darker, deeper and more dangerous river of death.

I. **How and why should we prepare for dying ?**

Our temporal affairs should be arranged beforehand. The victuals of the Israelites consisted of the manna and also now probably of the corn and wine and oil of the region around. Most of these provisions had need of preparation. Even the bread from heaven did not come down into their tents all ready for the table. It had to be prepared. This suggests that our worldly affairs should be properly adjusted against the time to die. These are seldom as they ought to be when the summons comes, and they often discompose and distress the departing spirit. But the lawyer is often seen in the darkened room and the patient's trembling hand signing important papers. Before such a time arrives, the books should be balanced, the debts paid, and the wills written.

II. **There should be a personal interest in Christ,** who is the antidote of death. The manna was typical of Him who said, "I am the bread of life." This bread is soul-quickening, soul-strengthening, soul-sustaining, and soul-satisfying food. It is by faith alone, that we receive and rest upon "Jesus only," as He is freely offered to us in the Gospel. A personal interest in Christ is therefore the most important thing in preparing to die, if we would pass away peacefully and hopefully. He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever, even though his body turn to dust.

III. **We should have a goodly number of the promises,** stored away in our hearts and minds. The whole Bible is like Him, who is its author and its subject. Jesus is the burden of every book, the chief end of every chapter, and the substance of all the shadows. But the exceeding great and precious promises are the "finest of the wheat." They are greater and more precious, than we are aware till the set time comes for them to manifest their unspeakable power and inestimable value. They are the stone steps by which Christian can pass safely through the Slough of Despond, the key which will unlock the doors of Doubting Castle, and the lamp whose light illuminates all dark valleys. Many of those promises were written, as it would seem, expressly for the time to die. "When thou passeth through the water, I will be with thee, &c." "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, &c." These promises so sweet and precious should be committed to memory that we may have them ready against the great emergency. The eye may then be too dim to read them and the ear too dull to hear them, but if we have them laid up in our heart no tongue can tell the greatness of their comforting and sustaining power.

VI. **Death should be made the subject of much meditation.** God kept the Israelites encamped in the valley of Jordan for nearly a whole year, that their thoughts might be often on the passage of that turbulent stream and about the good land beyond to which they were going. We are halted often on the hither side of Jordan for a long time, that we may have time for reflection, and a fitting opportunity to make the crossing the theme of much meditation. Thus we become so familiar with the face of the last enemy that he seems more like a dear friend. We are brought to entertain no fears that faith will fail or any doubts concerning the promise "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Joseph of Arimathea put his sepulcher in his garden, and the frequent sight of it helped to make him the good and just and devoted Christian that he was.

BUT WHY SHOULD WE MAKE THESE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS?

I. **Because death is sure to come.** "Ye shall pass over this Jordan." The Israelites might have evaded the passage of that stream there by passing North to its source; but it was God's plan, that they should cross the Jordan at the time when, and at the place where it seemed to be impassable. "He led them forth by the right way." The universal appointment of death we cannot escape. All paths terminate alike in the plain of Jordan. Death is rather the debt of sin than of nature, and every man must pay it. There is no exception, exemption or escape.

II. **Because the time of death is uncertain.** The time for the ancient people to cross the Jordan was not precisely stated. "Within three days ye shall pass over."

They did not know exactly when the silver trumpet would sound. It might be blown on the third, the second, or the self-same day the order was issued. Nor can we tell the exact time of our departure. "Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death."

III. **Because the last moment may come soon.** Though the time for the Israelites to cross the river was uncertain, still it was not far distant. It was "within three days." It might be the same day the command was given to prepare, or the next day, but it could not be further off than the day following. So the moment they listened to the command to prepare, they commenced their preparation. It would be well for us if we would copy their example. "Be ye also ready, &c." "There is a but a step between me and death," and the next setting down of the foot may be in the chilling stream.

IV. **Because dying will be work enough,** without having anything else to do. There will be the parting also from dear friends. You cannot kindle your camp-fires in the midst of Jordan, and prepare your food for the passage. Prepare now by laying hold of the Saviour's strength, and casting yourself entirely on Him, and He will do wonders for you in the dying hour. See what he did for his own people in Jordan. Josh. iii: 17.

THE PILGRIM'S FAITH AND END.

REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A.

These all died in faith . . . and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—HEB. xi : 13.

ALL the historical facts of the Jewish people were typical, and all the children of faith under the Old Testament had an insight into the spiritual purposes of God. They were willing to wander for a season in a strange land, because they were pilgrims hastening onward to their eternal home. They learned to sit loosely to their temporal privileges, because they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Let us then view:

I. **Life as a pilgrimage.**

1. This idea of life would be suggested by the very nature of the human constitution and the relation in which we stand to the world around us. Everything suggests that this is a passage world for us, and not a resting world. There is nothing in it to satisfy the immortal nature. It can give food, clothing and many objects to gratify the desires of the body, but not those of the soul. After all that earth can yield, man still feels that he is a stranger and pilgrim here.

2. This idea would be also suggested by life's constant changeableness and instability. This is no chance arrangement. We are to have so much of good in our lot as to enable us to bear the evil, and so much of evil commingled with it that our hearts may not be unduly set upon the good. A travellller must expect to meet here poor entertainment, there sumptuous fare—at one time walking in a sunny path, at another under a darkening sky. In these varied experiences of human life, faith finds its exercise and hope is enabled to make its

own bright world—where there is a home for the tired spirit, a place where God will make everything plain and right to those who were but strangers, &c., here.

3. The text would suggest to us an infinite and everlasting existence. He that is a stranger in a country has another country which he calls his own—a pilgrim has a place, a destination towards which he is hastening. This is the leading topic of the apostle's argument here. Abraham understood the temporal part of the promise to be its inferior part, that with it there was a promise of infinitely higher reach, viz. : the promise of eternal life. This persuasion had a direct practical influence on his conduct. He never made a home of Canaan, built no city, &c., but he lived on, a mere dweller in tabernacles, as one who might be required to change on the morrow. He and the other patriarchs knew that God had prepared for them a city, and therefore they lived in the midst of the Canaanitish races, strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

II. **Let us consider a few practical lessons suggested by this view of life.**

1. The duty of contentment—of acquiescence in that lot which God has appointed for us—whether it be fixed here or there. "Time is short," and the nearer we get to home, the less important will all former disappointments appear. But we often forget we are but pilgrims here.

2. In such a view of life reference should be constantly had to Divine guidance and direction. We are not "*pilgrims*" only, but "*strangers.*" A stranger in a strange land does not know his way. Misled by delusive appearances, he may take a way that seemeth right unto him, but "the end thereof are the ways of death." He may take one path for its smoothness and find it beset with perils and hidden snares—another for its shortness

and finds he has gone far out of his way. "The way of man is not in himself, &c." This consideration had much weight with Old Testament saints. Their choices were constantly influenced by a regard to the spiritual part of the promise. They went here or there, made or refused this alliance according as they believed it brought them nearer within the reach of the Divine promises. We see in Abraham especially, a practical recognition of his pilgrim state—an acknowledgment that he was but a stranger, having God's hand and eye to direct him. And for safety, peace and happiness this will be found to be our safest course too.

3. The duty of exercising in all things a holy moderation and sobriety.

The patriarchs might have lived in tents in Chaldea or in palaces in Canaan, but they would do neither, for the tents were designed by God to be a standing memorial, and protest against a worldly spirit, even as Canaan itself was to be an emblem of the spiritual and eternal state. They kept their tents because they would testify to the simplicity of patriarchal character, and witness against the pride, covetousness and ostentation too often found to accompany a season of prosperity. Thus we are to "let our moderation be known unto all men," live within such bounds as shall be consistent with a character of Christian simplicity and a protest against the worldliness of the times. We must be "sober," sober in our joys, griefs, gains, and in all the pursuits of life. Whether we acknowledge it or not, we are but pilgrims and strangers, dwelling as under a perishable gourd, which may wither in a night and leave the head which had foolishly rejoiced in its shadow uncovered before the wrath of God.

4. Having no continuing city here, we should seek one to come. The patriarchs had no home in Canaan,

yet they loved it, because an emblem of the heavenly city. It was not because of the fertility of its valleys or the beauty of its hills, but because it was typical of the rest of the covenant, where God had promised to honor, meet and bless his people, and associated with all their most lofty anticipations of the life of the world to come.

In like manner, while we are in the world we are not to be of it. Hallowed as this world is, as the sphere of our probation, the battle-field of victorious saints and the temporary home of God's Son, it is yet to be regarded as our passage to another and a better country. "Arise and depart, this is not your rest," for it is marked by vicissitude, disappointment, uncertainty, polluted by wickedness, injustice, impiety, because your heart troubles you, makes this world a scene of constant disquietude, and draws away from better thoughts and hopes. Seek a better country. Let the spirit aspire after a brighter, better home. These patriarchs were persuaded there was such a home. They looked for it, rejoiced in it, lived in anticipation of it, and even had, while here, a blessed foretaste of the country they were seeking.

They looked for a city—its builder was Christ. They looked for a country—its Lord was Christ. They looked for a cleansing from all their pilgrim stains and they found it in Christ. They looked for rest from all their pilgrim toils and they found it in Christ—the tired pilgrim's home, the saint's everlasting rest.

* * *

Let me grow by sun and shower,
  Every moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
  More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day, my growth in grace.
—*F. R. Havergal.*

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

OLD AGE.

FAITHFULNESS CROWNED.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.
—Rev. ii: 10.

THE age of martyrdom has gone, but this call has a voice for all ages and comes to us man by man. "Be thou, etc."

I. **The duty enjoined.**

All men have not faith. Some have little, but no one enough. Many things tempt our fidelity—comfort, aggrandizement, pleasure, position, property. The eye of faith sees a higher world. Nothing should be so much dreaded as wrong.

Faith recognizes the ministry of sorrow. The great Psalm of life has deeper tones than those of joy. Our path grows more solitary as we advance. In the ranks are fewer and the line grows slenderer. Violent diseases lie in ambush at every turn and disappointments meet us at every step. In all we must be faithful. Faith recognizes the solemnity and sturdiness of DUTY. That is a great, a granite word. Life is charged with great duties. To be diligent in saving own's own self, and in saving others is the great work of life.

Faith looks without alarm and continuously toward death which terminates all. It is coming to all, we know not how, we know not when. It will come *surely*. The call is, be faithful to death. The duty is to be discharged not by fits and starts, but continuously until the call is heard. Steadiness is indispensable to success.

II. The reward.

The figure is taken from the laurel crown given at the Grecian games. Paul prefered death to life, though he was willing to remain. Even the Pagan said that the day of death was the birthday into eternal life. The Thracians gave tears to the birth couch, but triumph to the grave. Cicero spake of the glorious day when he should depart and join the multitude beyond. Christ brought to light these truths, conquered death, and said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

THE HEAVENLY HOPE.

REV. JAMES PARSONS.

The hope which is laid up for you in heaven.—Col. i: 5.

A PRIME question is, whither is my being tending, and what shall be its close?

I. **There is given to man the prospect of future good.** The apostle speaks about a hope—the expectation of future good—of universal operation among men both as regards this life and the life to come. God has opened a beautiful vista before us, corresponding to our views and wishes—mansions, a kingdom, an inheritance, &c.—abodes of purity, knowledge, triumph, companionship, life and immortality! We can hope for all this!

II. **Certain requisites are necessary for participating in that prospect.** Hope is founded on faith, and we must believe before we can hope for the enjoyment of heaven.

1. Faith in the declaration of God by which the nature of these prospects is disclosed. Whatever God has revealed must be believed, received and cherished.

2. Faith in the method of mercy revealed by God as the only way by which a participation in these prospects can be enjoyed. The apostle speaks of "your faith in Christ," ver. 3. This is the way in which the prospects of futurity can be brought home to our comfort. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life."

III. **The prospect of future good**, when trusted in, rests on the most firm and inviolable security. It is "laid up," same word in 27 ver. rendered "appointed." It rests,

1. On the authority of the word of God. It is "the hope of eternal life" which God who cannot lie has promised. Heb. vi : 18.

2. The word of God is ratified by the work of the Redeemer. "All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." His death as a sacrifice, his resurrection as a testimony, and his present residence where he is preparing for us, each ratifies God's word.

IV. These prospects must produce powerful influence on the heart.

1. The hope excites to holiness of life—"Everyone that has this hope, &c."

2. Produces calmness and peace, amid the trials of life. "I reckon, &c."

3. Gives confidence in the approaches of decay and dissolution. Martyrs have rejoiced in the flames—this light lightens the gloom. It is a good, a lovely, a sweet—a hope that maketh not ashamed. Is it my property?

THE GLAD ANNOUNCEMENT.

GARDINER SPRING, D.D.

I am the resurrection and the life.—JOHN xi: 25.

WHAT an annunciation to a world of sinners! What tidings to dying men!

I. Christ is the resurrection and the life to men as sinners. This thought relates to their moral or spiritual resurrection. Men are naturally "dead" in trespasses, etc. In this sense the world is a vast sepulcher over which the Son of man proclaims: "I am the resurrection," etc. His voice alone can reach these gloomy mansions. By the omnipotent energy of his own spirit he asserts his prerogative, and what could not be effected by sermon or by prayers, by mercies or by judgments, is as readily accomplished as when he said, "Lazarus, come forth."

II. Christ is the resurrection and the life to dying men. This thought relates to the resurrection of the body. Natural death is the consequence of spiritual. Death has extended his empire everywhere on this earth. Will his scepter ever be broken or these graves open? Yes. Christ's words are true. The wisdom and philosophy of the world have not always credited this truth. But the analogies of nature, the suggestions of unaided reason, the traditions of men are not silent on this theme, yet it is one of the distinguished peculiarities of the revealed religion. The resurrection of Christ insures it, and the testimonies of inspired writers corroborate it. The resurrection will be universal, "all that are in their graves," etc. The resurrection will be successive, "every man in his own order," etc. Will take place at a given signal. "Shall hear his voice," etc. Will take place at the last great day. "In the resurrection at the last day." The resurrected body will be essentially the same body that was deposited. In many respects, greatly changed—to incorruption, glory, power, spirit. The bodies of the righteous and the wicked rise to very different allotments —"resurrection of life," "resurrection of damnation." Let us think of the morning when over the tomb of this world Jesus shall announce, "I am the resurrection and the life."

THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL COMPANION.

REV. H. F. BURDER.

Behold I die, but God shall be with you.—Gen. xlviii : 21.

WHAT composure and satisfaction are here!

I. Consider his words in reference to himself.

1. He was satisfied with the amount of enjoyment which the God of his life had granted him. He had been brought to regard human life as a pilgrimage and journey, which were checquered with joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity. At its close he blessed the Lord who had fed him, &c.

2. He was satisfied with the duration of life which had been allowed him. His life was short compared with his ancestors, but he had attained the two great objects of life—a good hope for immortality and the serving of God in his generation according to His will.

3. He was satisfied with the prospect of a better life which was opening before him. In the midst of his dying benediction he paused and exclaimed, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Who can tell what visions of glory were at that moment granted to his spirit? At his outset in life he beheld the ladder and now he may have seen what Stephen saw.

II. His words are suggestive of his repose in reference to his surviving relatives.

1. The manifestations of the Divine mercy to himself encouraged his hopes as to his surviving relatives. Read the context. "And Israel said unto Joseph, &c." What more could he wish for his sons or for his son's sons than the guidance, protection and blessing of that great Redeeming angel?

2. He was persuaded that the paternal benediction he was authorized to pronounce had an aspect peculiarly favorable to his descendants. "Let my name be named upon them." "Behold I die, but God shall be with you and bring you, &c." The covenant made to Abraham.

3. He felt assured that the covenant made with Abraham, Isaac and himself secured the presence and blessing of God to his survivors to the remotest age. "God shall be with you." See the promise—a clearer development made to Jacob. "The sceptre shall not, &c."—to Moses, "my presence shall go, &c." God never abandons his charge. What a comfort to Christian parents living and dying!

THE PIVOTAL FACT.

THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D,

The Lord is risen indeed.—LUKE, 24: 34.

MILLIONS of Orientals utter these words every Easter day. They are pivotal words—as Paul avows. "If Christ be not risen, &c." Christ's resurrection is the key-stone of the Christian religion. He allows of no second question. If thus be not a fact, cut out from the cherished tombstone of your tenderly loved ones, the flaunting fraud, "I am the resurrection and the life." Then they who have fallen asleep have perished.

I. **The resurrection was a miracle.** This the Scriptures set forth. There is no such power lodged in nature. It was accomplished by God's immediate power. Hear Peter: "This man, whom God raised up, &c." Hear Paul: "Which He wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, &c."

II. **What the resurrection body was.** The same that was crucified, &c. "The *Lord* has risen," not some one else. I argue this:

1. From the fact that he prophesied his own personal resurrection, in his own personal idenity. Again and again he told this to his disciples. It was the same Jonah that went into the whale's belly that came out; so of Jesus.

2. From the fact that his disciples, his most intimate friends, recognized that identity though reluctantly. Joseph did not steal him, nor did any thieves. The angels were careful to describe who had risen. The risen Christ treated his disciples exactly as before his death. The same old hearts beat together again. Every word, and act and look whispers from heart to heart. "It is the Lord. It is the Lord."

3. From the fact that He recognized his own identity. He explained the things concerning Himself. Rebuked them as before for their unbelief, ate with them as before, told them they should work signs as before, and to tarry for the fulfillment of the promise made to them before. These argue, "It is I myself."

But the difficulty is with some how could He appear to his disciples, when the doors were closed? The words do not necessarily imply that they were *bolted*. He appears suddenly to his disciples before on the sea—with the disciples. Some might imagine some wonderful change had taken place in his body since they had left him on the shore, but no such change had taken place, but what he did was superhuman, as his entrance into the room may have been superhuman. His body was like ours, but not necessarily controlled at all times in all respects like ours. He was man and more—God. He governs the laws, not the laws Him. And his body was always glorious enough, neither to be sin-stained, nor to see corruption, and that is the kind of body his people shall hereafter possess.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT MAN.

REV. THOMAS J. COLE.

"*A great man fallen this day in Israel.*"—2 Sam. iii : 38.

GOD'S procedure is often inscrutable, useful men removed, worthless ones spared.

I. **The constituents of true greatness.** The world idolizes greatness of a certain kind. Station, wealth, talent, knowledge, military prowess, etc. True greatness needs not these auxiliaries. It consists in:

1. Humility—feeling his own weakness, imperfections, lying low before God and looking to Him for all strength and grace—Moses at the bush.

2. Submission. Bowing with child-like acquiescence in all God's dealings, resting securely in our Father's bosom, as Jesus in Gethsemane. Aaron.

3. Faith. This enables man to see God as reconciled in Jesus, fulfilling in Providence the promises of his word and ever present as a source of strength. Three Hebrew youths, Daniel, Peter and John.

4. Holiness. He is the greatest conqueror who has conquered himself. No man can do this except in God's strength. Joseph in Potiphar's house.

5. Earnestness. A whole-heartedness, deterred by no difficulties. Nehemiah, Paul.

6. Courage. Not brute or mere animal—but looking up to God with a confiding heart and from a sense of duty unflinchingly enters the struggle and presses on to victory. David and Goliath.

7. Love. Love to God in Christ—ready to endure any amount of suffering and of trial for the honor of the Saviour. Paul, "I could wish," etc. "I do count," etc.

II. **The right position for such a character,** "in Israel." Such a man should be one with the Lord's people, united to them, separated from the world and walking in all the ordinances, etc. All the truly great should be in the church.

1. To proclaim their love to Christ. To show they are with the people he has bought, the church he has established and not living to themselves.

2. To manifest their sympathy with God's people, in holy fellowship, strengthening each other's faith, sharing each other's joy, etc.

3. To aid in the Master's triumphs. In united action and in aggressive movements upon the world. Fighting with Christ's soldiers.

III. **The solemn fact recorded, a great man** "fallen." Death knows no rank, respects no service, vindicates his supremacy over the smallest and greatest.

What is thy character? Art thou truly great? What is thy position? Art thou in Israel? What is thy prospect of death? Art thou saved?

◆

Jesus, my only hope Thou art!
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity.

THE GRAVE'S CONQUEROR.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

The first born from the dead.—Col. i: 18

DEATH is an event we need not attempt to shut out of view. When it occurs we invite friends to the funeral. The spot where rest the remains is sacred, a monument or willow expresses our grief, or a pine green amid hoary frosts symbolizes the hopes of the living and the immortality of the dead. From the thought of death, the heart of a heathen recoils. Without the hope of a better world, death is an object of unutterable gloom. needs all the consolations that religion can administer. Christ has not left his people comfortless. By his life, death and resurrection he has fulfilled the high expectations of prophets. He conquered the King of terrors, and became the first born from the dead. In what respects?

I. **He is so in the dignity of his person.** The greatest who ever entered or shall ever leave the gates of death. I can fancy all the dead astonished at his coming—never before were any of the dead awakened at the coming of another. "Art thou become like one of us?" The dead men who returned alive to Jerusalem at Christ's death showed that the reign of death was drawing to a close, and his own resurrection proclaimed Him the first and greatest of the dead.

II. **Because He rose by his own power.** There is no sensibility, no passion, no power in death. In all cases, but Christ's, resurrection life was not resumed, but restored. He wakes of his own accord, rises by his own power, verifying his own saying, "I have power to lay, &c."

III. **He is the only one who rose never to die again,** Others who were raised, had to return. They were only out on bail. But Jesus lives not to be summoned, but to summons. He dieth no more—He fills the throne.

IV. **Because he has taken precedence of his people** who are all to rise from their graves to glory. He has gone to prepare a place for us. The King has gone before. It was his right. The head rises first. He is the prelude to our own resurrection. He is the harbinger and blessed pledge to our own. The first fruits.

If we are reconciled to God through Christ Jesus, what reconciling views of death does this open up to us? We shall rise like Him. Let Him have the pre-eminence in our thoughts, lives and hearts. Who but He shall have it? Bend every sheaf to Joseph's.

THOUGHTS ON THE LAST BATTLE.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. xv : 56, 57.

THOUGH the Bible is one of the most poetical of books, and its language often unutterably sublime, yet it is constantly true to nature. However dark may be the subject and however brilliant may be the light thrown upon it, it does not deny the gloom connected with it. Such a subject is death.

I. **The sting of death.** Death is a terrible monster which each one must fight. He cannot be avoided. Each man separately and alone must encounter him. He cannot be killed by any mortal, but his sting may be extracted.

1. Sin is the sting. It brought death into the world,

Death is the punishment of sin—this makes it terrible and dreaded.

2. Death more dreaded when sin is not forgiven. Sins come trooping round the death-bed of every unprepared one. How fearful they look. How they whip the conscience like scorpions.

3. Sin is the prospect most dreaded of all. What shall it be in the next state? unfolding its bitter fruit for ever—no fountain to wash it away and no pardon ever extended to it.

II. **The strength of sin.** This is the "law." That law must be satisfied. This no man can do.

1. The law is spiritual, extends to the wish of the heart, and therefore man cannot keep it. The very imagination of the thought is sin.

2. The law will not abate one title of its stern demands. It says to every man who breaks it, "I will not forgive you." It curses but never pardons. To keep it we must be holy as angels, immaculate as Jesus.

3. The law will exact a punishment for every transgression. The two are linked as with adamantine chains. The law therefore gives such strength to sin that no man can extract this sting of death.

III. **The victory of faith.** This is the Christian's through Jesus Christ.

1. Christ has removed the law as a rewarding principle to the believer. He is not rewarded by it.

2. Christ has completely satisfied it—given it a perfect obedience and met all its demands, and the Christian in death finds sin, its sting, gone, and can challenge the monster thus, "Who shall lay anything to the charge, &c.?" Thanks be unto God for Jesus—the law's satisfier—the extracter of death's sting and the giver of the victory to every believer in Him.

THE RIPE CHRISTIAN DYING.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.—JOB v: 26.

THIS is a very beautiful comparison. The shock of corn has passed through many changes, survived many onsets of the worm, and tempests of wind and rain, etc., and is now ripe for the sickle and the garner. So with the aged Christian. How often did he in early life seem likely to be smitten down by death—how often has he been buffetted—accidents innumerable seemed ready to smite—but he has survived and now is bending with weakness and crowned with the glory of the aged Christian. The text intimates:

I. **That death is inevitable.** "Thou *shalt* come."

This is a true saying, and yet how seldom impressed upon the heart. There are many reminders of the fact, but it is usually forgotten. Death is not absolutely necessary to the Christian, for a time will come when "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up," etc.

II. **Death to the Christian is always acceptable.**

"Thou shalt *come* to thy grave." There will be a willingness and cheerfulness to die. He shall die quietly, coming to the grave as to a quiet resting-place—this has been the experience of many of God's children.

III. **The Christian's death is always timely.** "In a full age." Die when God's children may, they die in "full age." "A full age" is whenever God likes to take his children home. Some fruits ripen early, others late in the season. A Christian will never die too soon, and never die too late—never before ripeness and not after ripeness.

IV. **The Christian will die with honor.** "Like a shock of corn cometh in his season." There is such a thing as an honorable funeral, where devout men assemble, carry to the grave and make great lamentation. Such funerals are like a "harvest home." There is such a melancholy grandeur there. We ought to pay great respect to the departed saints' bodies. "The memory of the just is blessed."

There are two funerals for every Christian; one the funeral of the body and the other the soul—rather it is the marriage of the soul; for angels stand ready to carry it to the Saviour. The angels, imitating husbandmen, as they near the gates of heaven may shout "Harvest Home." There is a holiday whenever a saint enters—and there is praise to God,

> "While life, or thought, or being lasts,
> Or immortality endures."

THE INEVITABLE BATTLE.

REV. U. R. THOMAS.

There is no discharge in that war.—Ecc. viii: 8.

THE dark thought in these words is the inevitableness of death. Death is an unavoidable war—a war in which we are all pressed men. The richest can obtain no substitute, and the greatest are not exempt. Illustrious statesmen must enter the lists. Queens and kings are like others here. Death comes up into their windows and enters into their palaces. The Queen of Song must sing her own battle-cry and take the place of a dead minstrel. The sculptor, the geologist, the architect, how renowned each may be, must resign the chisel, hammer or pencil to other hands. The skillful physician who devoted his life to conflict disease and resist death, falls at last himself. The accomplished historian drops in the ranks and leaves it to another to write his history. The judge upon the bench drops his pen and takes his place in the silent corps. Philanthropists, who have given themselves to remove suffering and confer happiness, are called by this giant Death to cease their beneficent work and follow him, leaving behind a place "in the Pantheon of the workers of love." Preachers of the cross, upon whose lips thousands have hung, and who have turned many to righteousness, cannot evade death's reveille, who extinguishes their burning and shining light in the tomb. Two lessons at least are taught.

I. **That we too shall have our places among the dead,** even though we be obscure, and not illustrious, unknown instead of honored. The edict has gone out, "It is appointed unto all, &c." "The small and great are there." Death is a war. We are all conscripts for that war. There is no necessary disgrace in death. The great may have dignity there, the good glory. "Not to thy resting-place shalt thou retire alone, &c." But this is not our consolation. The strong consolation, the purest comfort is in this, "Christ died." The very flower of our humanity faded, the Prince of the Kings of the earth died, laid in the tomb, left there an immortal fragrance. He took flesh and blood, "that through death he might destroy, &c."

II. **That our death will terminate the mission** and fix the influence of our life.

Various are the ways in which we may serve our generation and glorify God. There is no monotony in God's service. There is a place for each and all, but the death of those who have gone before us proclaims that our work is hastening to its close. Therefore, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, &c.," or the nobler spirit of

Jesus. "I must work the works of Him that sent me, &c."

Let our lives be good, if not great, useful, if not illustrious, and then our names will be cherished on earth, and we shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

THE VITAL QUESTION.

JOHN TODD, D.D.

Shall he live again?—Job xvi: 14.

IT is not whether my property be restored, or this leprosy leave me, or my children be decently buried, or shall ever these friends now reproaching me alter their opinions, but, "If a man die shall he live again?" Ten thousand other questions will not weigh a feather compared with this of our text.

I. **There are some things which make it seem improbable that he will.** All men feel that death is the result of sin. Death would not have entered Eden if sin had been kept out. Sin came bringing the flood, digging every grave since, and keeps continually at his work. The graveyard is full of little cells in which prisoners are shut up. They were stripped of everything before they were confined there. No one ever returns. Wise men have looked into the grave, tried to peep into eternity, but no voice was heard, no movement seen. They saw nothing beyond the grave, and resurrection was almost too much to hope for. How improbable that the lifeless man shall ever come out again.

II. **The resurrection of the body seems probable for two reasons.**

1. There is an undefined impression in the minds of all men that the dead shall live again. The heathen if

possible buried their families side by side. Every family had a great tomb. Abraham bought a burying-ground. Jacob said, "I will lie with my fathers, &c." A savage carries his wife's body a hundred miles to bury it with other loved ones. What is that undefined hope, that voice that whispers to the heart, probably all these shall be reunited in life again? Is it a ray shot from revelation? The very man who scorns the Bible wants a family burying-place.

2. The changes we see take place around us, show the resurrection to be highly probable. Look at that sand changed into glass. Look at that little decaying acorn out of which the oak springs. Look at that leafless tree which the spring clothes anew with leaves, flowers and fruit. Look at that worm in her cell, apparently lifeless, break out into a beautiful insect brilliant as the rainbow. The power of the resurrection is in each of these. And shall man so curiously and wondrously made, have the spirit driven out of her home for ever?

III. **The Bible makes it certain,** that if a man die, he shall live again. Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel.

Paul recites the facts of Christ's resurrection, and if anything can be proved by witnesses then it is proved that Christ did rise from the dead. God gave Him power to rise. His rising was a pledge that he would raise up all the dead. Job, who asks this question of our text, saw this truth, and cries, "I know that my Redeemer, &c." Daniel, Paul, and John believed it. If any doctrine is fully revealed it is this: My whole being has been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb. The debt has all been paid. I shall come up again from the grave with a body like Christ—no sin, suffering or decay. "Blessed is he who hath part in the first resurrection."

Those who have done evil shall come forth to the resurrection of damnation. Avert the latter resurrection by coming to Christ for life now.

RESURRECTION HOPE.

REV. CANON H. MELVILL.

How are the dead raised up, &c.?—1 Cor. xv: 35, 36.

THE doctrine of the resurrection of the body is peculiar to Christianity. The immortality of the spirit had been spelled out by some of the heathen, but when Paul spoke on Mar's Hill of the resurrection of the body, some mocked and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." The text suggests:

I. **The real identity of the resurrection body.** The apostle uses the figure of a seed put into the ground, &c. So the body as a shriveled seed is put into the ground, but it shall rise different, and yet the same. Its identity shall be preserved. Ten thousand objections may be raised. But if it were necessary omnipotence and omniscience could trace and bring forth every atom. But to preserve identity this is not needful. But remember the same body in which you sinned, is the same body that shall suffer if you die in sin, or if you are a believer the same body in which you will be glorified.

II. **While the identity is real, the transformation is glorious.** The body is now full of seeds of decay. It has sufferings, aches, pains, all premonitions of coming death. But the new body is incorruptible—upon it the tooth of time can have no power and into it the dart of death can never be thrust. Every part of the new body shall have stamped upon it "immortality." It will be a beautiful body. It is raised in glory. The chrysalis shall fall off, and man shall mount aloft a glorious creature like unto the Redeemer. It will be a powerful body. How weak here in infancy, even at our best state, and how weak in death. But then, it will go from strength to strength unwearied—flashing its way across shoreless spaces, and serving God day and night in his temple.

III. **There will be an undoubted personality of character.** God hath given to every seed his own body. The body of Paul shall be different from that of Peter. Each shall preserve his own peculiarity and individuality. Each shall be known from his fellow, and each shall tell with transporting joy of his former trials and triumphs and of the glories that they are made alike to share. We have borne the image of the earthly, but we shall bear the image of the heavenly. The wicked too, must rise again from the dead. Their bodies will became like abestos stone, which lies in the flame and yet is never consumed. It will have power—to imagine—suffer, die and yet to live. Identity will be preserved—personality will be undoubted. "Whosoever believeth shall be saved."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

HENRY M. SCUDDER, D.D.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. ECCLESIASTES xii : 7.

THE subject is not chosen to edify by its novelty, but rather to confirm faith in the fundamental principle of Christianity. The belief in the survival of the soul, however, was not confined to Christianity. The old religions which flourished before the time of authentic history began by affirming an existence after this life. This idea in various forms entered into the composition of every system of religion. The grand mythologies of the more immediate progenitors of our later civilization assumed an hereafter in which a system of rewards and punishments was to be meted out. Even the barbaric races are not an exception. The grim Norseman had his Valhalla, the American Indian his happy hunting-ground, and the more modern explorations into the heart of the "dark continent" has failed to discover a tribe or nomadic race that did not hold to this primal, essential principle of immortality.

In another and perhaps more philosophical view of the case, no adequate, logical reason could be given for human existence, if this life ended all. Man stood at the apex of a pyramid. Below him were the various forms of life, animal and vegetable, and the inanimate kingdom. Everything in the world had an object, an end There was a reason in its existence, and it subserved some end. The inanimate world—the dull, cold rock and metal—served a purpose in furnishing the essentials for animal and vegetable life. The vegetable world supported the animal world, and each higher form of life subsisted on a lower form, the end of whose existence was thus attained, until man was reached. But what was the end of man's life if it ended here? He was a philosophical failure, a cosmic anti-climax. If this life, however, was but a state of preparation for a future existence, no violence was done to this grand law which seemed to pervade all forms of matter, animate and inanimate.

Moreover, there is no necessary connection between the soul and the body, and the death of the latter is no evidence that the former ceased to exist. With death the vital principle, the soul left the body, but who should say that it did not continue its existence in a different realm? Man, too, has a conscience which told him what was right and what was wrong. Right always, in the eternal fitness of things, must be rewarded, and wrong must just as surely be visited with punishment. In this world no one will say that the reward for right-doing and the punishment for wrong-doing is meted out, and a future existence is required to properly adjust these important relations. The doctrine of the survival of the soul was in favor of all good and opposed to all bad. Men who do not believe in a future life are more disposed to swear, drink, lie, and swindle than the believers in a future existence. If these bad habits consort with a denial of a hereafter, then the doctrine is presumably false and meretricious. If, on the contrary, the belief in immortality characterizes the good man, it is prima facie evidence of the verity of that doctrine.

God in his writings has assured mankind that the soul will live : "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Man lives under an inexorable law, which requires the body to return to dust, and the spirit to return to the Creator who gave it. There is no evasion or escape from the operation of these laws. One of these laws condemned man to an eternal, hopeless death, but the other gave him eternal life. Here then was the answer to the ancient query : "If a man die shall he live again?" "The spirit shall return to God who gave it."

These laws are calculated to fill sinful men and women with terror. They are afraid to die, and stand at the Divine tribunal. They could not change the laws or escape from their operation. But Christ was the supreme law-giver. If they secured Him, He would expiate their sins here and answer for them in Heaven, and reclothe the disembodied spirit.

THE UNAVOIDABLE JOURNEY.

REV. JOHN H. MACDONNA.

When a few years are come, then shall I go the way whence I shall not return.—JOB xvi: 22.

THIS is solemn truth to which every human being must concede an unhesitating assent. And it is also true that the sable stamp of death is engraven in indelible characters all over the world. This is a subject which generally fills us with feelings of horror and trembling, but there are some who look upon death as Paul, and "desire to depart." Of these Job was one. He had been made a partaker of affliction, suffered many a bereavement, and he contemplated the time of his departure with such satisfaction as none but a Christian could feel, one who reposed all his confidence in his Redeemer. He rejoiced in the contemplation that his life was so short—that its shortness would place a period to his affliction, and reveal to him the glorious freedom from sin and pain which he through Christ would gain in the unseen world. Hence we hear him in holy joy, exclaim, "When a few years are come," etc.

The words suggest two things for consideration.

I. The momentous journey here anticipated.

How momentous the journey to the tomb! The soul setting out from the perishing body to explore the mysteries of the unknown eternity! This mysterious, this momentous, awful journey has four characteristics :—

1. *It is solemn in its nature.* Death implies a separation of soul and body ; the one to mingle with the clods of the valley—the other to bound into eternity either as a glorified saint to shine as a star for ever in the presence of Christ or as a lost soul to dwell in the regions of dark-

ness forever. It is separation too from all we loved on earth and an entrance into the dark valley alone.

2. *It is indisputable in its certainty.*

"Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Where are those well remembered faces and your dear ones that live in your memory? All gone. All have traveled the journey and gone through the dark valley.

3. *Death is unknown as to the time of its occurrence.*

The moment is wisely hidden from our view. It may be at any time or under any circumstances. When the dimple of mirth is upon the cheek, when buying or selling occupies the attention or when old age has made the grasshopper a burden.

4. *Death is important in its consequences.*

If we close the journey to the dark valley unsaved, we are lost for ever. There is no more opportunity for spiritual improvement. The door of mercy is shut for ever.

II. The effect the anticipation of death ought to produce.

1. *It should cause us seriously to examine ourselves to see if we are prepared to undergo it.* No one can enter the country beyond the river without a passport furnished by Jesus. Now is the time to obtain it—this is the day of salvation. With this, when the journey is over, Jesus will welcome and embrace us and the cross will be exchanged for the crown.

2. *The consideration of this final journey ought to stimulate the righteous to constant watchfulness.* "Watch," therefore says Jesus. Have your lamps well trimmed—your armor all on and burnished and be as men waiting for their Lord.

THE AGED BELIEVER IN DEATH.

DAVID THOMAS, D.D.

By faith Jacob when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff.—HEB. xi: 21.

A SPECIAL interest attaches to the last acts and words of one who has long been prominent in a people's history, a professed believer in the Saviour, and whose example has been, and will be influential. Such a man was Jacob. With many imperfections he had noble virtues, power with God, and the eye of a seer, but his end has come.

Notice: I. **His dying exercise.** He blessed his grandchildren and worshipped. He was not regretting his departure from the world, speaking scornfully about the indifference of its inhabitants, lamenting the ingratitude and neglect of his children and friends, and filled with fearful forebodings of the future. He invokes God's blessing on the two sons of Joseph. His heart warm with love is yearning over them, and longing for their spiritual welfare, and those who may succeed them. He remembered his own God and the God of his fathers who had been so kind to him, and, filled with the inspiration of gratitude, reverence and devotion, he supplicates that this same God may "bless the lads."

II. **His dying attitude and action.** He "leans upon the top of his staff." This staff served to support his tottering body. Age had made itself felt upon his once hardy frame. His strength was departing. He was shivering upon the dark borders of the grave, and the staff was needed for his support. Thus does time bring upon all the infirmities delineated by Solomon in Eccles. xii. But while leaning thus, his staff would recall many of the incidents in his varied and eventful history. It may have come to him as an heirloom from his grandfather Abraham. It may have been the same staff that he took with him from his father's house when he started a boy to Padan Aram. It may have been the same staff that he handled as a shepherd when tending the flock of Laban for over twenty years. It may have lain by his side when he slept at Bethel, and saw that wondrous vision of angels on the ladder, and God above it—promising to be his God, and Jacob when awaked promising to be God's. It may have been with him when he wrestled with the angel at the brook, and also in his hand when he stood before the King in the palace of Egypt. What wonderful memories would that old staff evoke. What associations often cluster around a tree, a stone, an old arm-chair, a picture, &c. Each is like an archangel's trump to awake the buried thoughts. How natural for the old man when dying to have this memento of his life with him, and to lean upon it as upon an old and trusty friend.

How delightful the exercise in which he engaged, and how unselfish the spirit he now manifested. He seems now to go out of himself to others, and to God. He seems wrapped up in the good of those dearest to him on earth, and anxious that they should enjoy God's favor, doing his will, and being prepared for an everlasting companionship in Heaven. The God upon whom he had depended all his life now seems dearer to him than ever. He worships him as the ever adorable, everlasting one into whose immediate presence he is about to pass.

The only way to die like Jacob—happy—blessing others, and worshipping God is to live in friendship with relatives now, trusting all to the Elder Brother, and having God as the chief joy.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

REV. CANON HUGH STOWELL.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.—1 Cor. 15: 21.

THIS is the Christian's spiritual pillar of cloud and fire, on the one side so dark, on the other so bright, and both caused by man.

I. **The curse which came by man.** "Death."

How terrible is death—how fearful his ravages; how unsparing his scythe; how universal his dissolutions. The blight of earth—the terror of man—the tyrant when none can bribe, none elude, and none withstand. Whence came it? Did God originate it? Was it involved in his workmanship? No. It came by man, by his transgression—through this one root came the universal taint and this universal curse—death, spiritual, legal, physical and eternal.

1. *Spiritual death came by man.* Man when created was radiant with his Maker's image and instinct with His spirit. His soul was in constant fellowship with God. But sin separated him from God—the spirit of God abandoned his breast leaving him dead in trespasses and sins.

2. *Legal death came by man.* No sooner had man disobeyed, than the sentence of death was pronounced upon him. "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation." The execution of the sentence is suspended, but in the eye of the Divine law man is dead, liable to eternal wrath, and there is but the breath in his nostrils between him and the death that never dies.

3. *Physical death came by man.* "Dust thou art

and unto dust shalt thou return," is written on each brow. The seeds of decay are sown in each from the first vital moment. All classes and ages alike are swept into the dust, generation after generation like the leaves of the forest in the Autumn time.

4. *Eternal death came by man.* An infinite God requires a perpetual r paration to his justice, and since in this world of woe, there is no remedial power or process, sinning on the lost must suffer on, everlasting rebellion must entail everlasting retribution. The thought overwhelms us with horror and passes all comprehension.

II. The blessing which came by man. "Resurrection."

If infinite justice dealt with us through one federal man in regard to our probation, it has no less dealt with us in one federal man in regard to our redemption, so that whosoever beliveth on that second man, the Lord from heaven, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. In Him Emmanuel "God with us" condescended to incorporate himself with poor, dying, ruined humanity, that he might lift us up out of the horrible pit into which we had plunged and exalt us to everlasting life. As man He suffered, and as God He saves. As man He died, as God He rose victorious from the grave, and became the Author of spiritual resurrection to every man who receives him as the second Adam, the Lord from heaven. In virtue of union with Him, the believer "dies from sin and rises again unto righteousness." As truly as we derive from the first Adam, death, temporal, spiritual, eternal, so truly from Jesus, we derive our spiritual, our legal, our eternal life. "Because I live, saith He, ye shall live also."

What is death then when divested of its sting by the blood of Jesus? What is the dissolution of the body, when it is in sure and certain hope it sleeps? It is but a peaceful passage home. It is stript of its terrors. It has no power to hurt them that are in Christ Jesus. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To crown all, by man came the resurrection to eternal life. This is the perfection of the saint's resurrection—raised not only from the grave, and from spiritual death, but raised to die no more, and to have perfect consummation, and bliss with Jesus for ever. Surely every redeemed one may well peal forth the rapturous anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb, &c."

The best evidence that we live by Him is, that we live to Him. Let us not sorrow for our sainted sleeping ones, as others that have no hope. Let our grief be irradiated with hope—and when "Christ who is our life shall appear we shall also appear with him in glory."

THE WARFARE AND VICTORY.

REV. GEORGE CLAYTON.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished.—ISA. xl : 2.

THIS message is full of Christ. It was intended in the first place as a prediction of the liberation of the Israelites from the yoke of Assyrian bondage, and to the deliverance of the Jewish church from the bondage of ceremonial rites and legal service by the advent of Christ, and by the establishment of his glorious kingdom. But the language of the text may be applied to the termination of any state of anxiety, hardship and grief, to the conclusion of the believer's life in this sorrowful world, which is a warfare, and death comes to him with the consolatory message, "Thy warfare is accomplished." Observe :

I. **That the life of a believer in this world is a warfare.**

It is often represented in scripture by this form of military phraseology, "Fight the good fight of faith." "War a good warfare," &c.

I. The great principle of the conflict is faith founded and implanted in the mind by a supernatural agency. No man will ever in a Christian sense contend until he is constituted a true believer, united by a living faith to Jesus. Faith puts itself into an attitude of resistance against all that is hostile to itself. It discovers to its possessor many adversaries, both within and without, everywhere, in all conditions.

2. This contention will be continued as long as life lasts. This period constitutes the campaign, the warfare and the appointed time. The conflict must be sustained without interruption, truce or armistice till we come to the vestibule of the tomb.

II. **The hour of death witnesses the accomplishment of this warfare.**

1. Death is the instrumental means of separating us from our connection with the present evil world. When death comes with its commission signed by the King of Heaven in one hand, it comes with a label inscribed with these words in the other, "Thy warfare is accomplished," a separation will now be made between you and the elements of danger, the things that taint the eye, pollute the ear and endanger the heart.

2. Death terminates the strife of sin ; puts an end to the contention. What placidity reigns upon the countenance of the departed, what exemption from all that formerly kindled the passions, awakened the evil principles of the heart, and produced a grevious conten-

tion, which was conducted with many a groan and pang in the secret chambers of the heart. But it is all over when the stroke of death falls.

Death confesses the believer a conqueror over himself, and yields the palm of victory at the moment when he inflicts the blow. Death's triumph is only in appearance, not in reality.

> "For when pale death has lost his sting,
> He wears an angel's face."

Nothing then remains to the believer but one unmixed and everlasting triumph.

III. **The consoling and exhilarating qualities of this blessed consummation.** "Speak ye comfortably, &c.," for the following reasons :

1. When the warfare ends, the rest begins. "There remaineth a rest, &c." "They shall enter into rest, &c." How delightful is that state of bliss which immediately succeeds to the conflicts of time. What more acceptable than rest to the weary and comfort to the sorrowing !

2. This state of rest is also a state of peculiar and inexpressible delight. It is a joyful rest—in the Father's house—where Christ is; the city of the great King, with all the ransomed spirits of the just made perfect, and all the holy ones before the throne. Their employment as well as their society is joyful. They keep an everlasting Sabbath. Contemplate the face of infinite perfection and beauty, bask in the rays of an uncreated sun, see Christ as He is, and are made perfectly like Him.

3. This felicity is evermore increased. Even the cup of full fruition will be continually enlarged. As the circle of eternal ages shall roll on, the minds of the saved

will be getting nearer and nearer to God and making higher advances in knowledge, perfection and enjoyment.

4. This felicity will be for ever and without end. "So shall we be ever with the Lord." "These shall enter into life eternal." What that eternal life is, what thought can conceive, or tongue can utter. A life with God, a life like God's, a life continually tending to God, a life eternal as the existence of God Himself. "Everlasting joy shall be upon their heads."

The message implies nothing comfortable to a man out of Christ.

HOPE FOR THE SLEEPING DEAD.

WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.—1 THESS. iv: 13.

HOW sweet and beautiful is sleep! falling "like tired eyelids upon tired eyes." How essential to nature! how delightfully refreshing and exhilarating in its influence! Like .other common blessings undervalued because always enjoyed. The ancients believed it to be the gift of the gods, and the Bible tells us, "so He giveth His beloved sleep." Poets have taxed their powers of language to utter its eulogy. Young's description of it, is "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." And Mongomery beautifully says, "night is the time for rest," etc. It is a striking illustration of the transforming power of Christianity that it converts that which is most repulsive to man into a thing so beautiful and grateful as sleep. To the Christian man, death is but sleep. This is the term most frequently employed in the New Testament to describe the condition of the holy dead. Thus does Christianity strip death of its repulsiveness, presenting under this pleasing image, mingling pleasure with the thoughts of the departed, calming our minds in the prospect of our dissolution and converting our burial grounds into cemeteries, where after life's fitful fever we calmly take our rest.

I. **Death may be so called because of the peaceful nature of the Christian's death.** He lies down to die calmly as the tired laborer to take his nightly rest, whereby he knows he will gain sweet refreshment; or like the warrior after the hard-fought battle, lays aside his armor, wraps his cloak around him and lays him down to well earned repose.

II. **The approach of death is often silent and soft as the approach of sleep.** As the weary man when he lays his head on his pillow sinks imperceptibly into a state of slumber, so the Christian oftentimes without a struggle, gradually sinks until his eyes are closed to earthly things and the spirit passes into God's presence. It is like the melting of the morning star. It is like the fading away of the summer cloud.

III. **The Christian's death resembles a sleep because of its attractiveness.** The laborer toiling beneath a burning sun sometimes longs for the shades of evening when he may stretch his tired limbs and lose the sense of weariness in the unconsciousness of sleep. So the Christian many a time longs for death, because earth is a place of incessant conflict, is daily losing its charms —and heaven's attractions are continually augmenting, there he will rest, be with loved ones and with Jesus.

IV. **The Christian's death may be compared to sleep, because it is to be followed by an awakening.** The heathen might have no hope of a resurrection. The Jew might but dimly see the shadow of the resurrection. But under the Christian dispensation the resurrection is to the humblest believer an object of sure and certain hope. Death to him is not a night with no morning beyond, but a night which ushers in the morning of an everlasting day. It is impossible to mistake the meaning of the Saviour's words. "Marvel not at this, &c." And the Saviour's own resurrection has broken the dominion of death and is the pledge that those who sleep in the dust shall awake.

V. **The Christian's death may be compared to sleep because of the repose which he enjoys.** He then enters "the rest which remains for the people of God." Life's fitful fever over, he sleeps well. He enjoys the rest of wearied humanity. He "rests from his labors," no more persecutions from sword or pen, or tongue, no more sorrow or disappointment, no more warfare with sin within or without, with Satan. The struggle is over, the battle ended, and now he rests.

VI. **The Christian's death may be compared to sleep, because of its refreshing influences.** When those who sleep in Jesus shall wake up on the Resurrection morning they will appear refreshed and changed—but not so changed as to prevent mutual recognition. The wearied wasted body that sank into the grave, shall come forth on the resurrection morning a renovated body, blooming with immortal youth, exempt from infirmities, and endowed with unknown strength. As the laborer awakes in the morning recovered from the effects of the previous day's labor, so on waking from the sleep of death, the Christian shall be perfectly free from all the consequences of this sinful earthly life. His soul shall be wedded to a body worthy of itself, a body resembling in strength and beauty the glorified body of Christ.

These considerations should lead us:

1. *To moderate our grief over the loss of those friends who sleep in Jesus.* Christianity does not require us to

be stoics. He who wept on the grave of Lazarus will not frown on the sorrows of the bereaved. But we should not "sorrow as those who have no hope." Since our friends have gone to be with Jesus, and we shall meet them there.

2. *To contemplate death with less fear and aversion than is generally felt towards it.* There is something repulsive in the article of death. But it is the way to our Father's house, to the glorious realities that await us in the better world.

3. *To renewed animation in our present labors.* Present toil will sweeten future rest. Present work done for God will increase the reward that God himself will bestow upon us. "Be not weary," &c.—The resting time will soon come. There are some to whom death will not be such a sleep. Are you in Christ?

THE DEATH OF THE OLD.

REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

Your fathers where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?
ZECH. i: 5.

THESE words are appropriate to the occasion, and are in harmony with the feelings under which we have assembled. They suggest:

I. **The great law under which we receive and possess existence—that we die: the law of mortality under which we were born.**

All men die and all things die. It could not well be otherwise. Where there is vegetation there must be decay. Where there is production and reproduction there must be death. And had man continued innocent in a world in which the species was to increase and multiply, there must of necessity have been some mode of removal ; for a limited space never could have accommodated indefinite numbers. And in the process of removal, man must have been changed, translated, transfigured, and made immortal. Nature and animals may have died before, and therefore to man it was said, but "if thou eatest, *thou* also shalt *die.*"

But it is better to look at death in its moral and spiritual aspects, for thus it is commonly represented to us in the Scriptures. "Death by sin." Death is the shadow of sin. The great, dark, black substance, we call sin, comes between man and the bright light of God's countenance, and casts its shadow over man, and that shadow is death. In other words, it is the symptom of a deep-seated disease. God applies his remedy to the cure of the disease, and to this dark substance, and the symptom is removed and the shadow disappears. They suggest :

II. **The amazing power of the principle of life.** It is a wonderful thing, that a human body with its nice and delicate organization should go on sleeping and waking, toiling and working without intermission and without rest for 90 or 100 years. No piece of mechanism constructed by man could sustain that constant, perpetual, uninterrupted action for all that time. But the individual man previous to his being broken up and laid aside has the amazing power of reproducing himself many times, and thus though the individual departs, they are left his representatives, new, fresh, vigorous, to carry on the work and machinery of the world. The power of man, then, even in this world is stronger than death. In spite of all that death does and all that man does to help him by drunkenness and vice and war, the species increases more and more, so that if death begins with a generation, and goes on cutting and mowing it down, when he has thus gone round the world and comes back to where he started, there is a greater number alive than when he began.

Such is the great and wonderful power in this principle of life, and thus it is, that in a certain sense, death is continually being conquered in his own world. A prediction and a type of what awaits him when the words of scripture shall be fulfilled, that "the last enemy" shall be entirely destroyed and "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." They suggest :

III. **That though there be this wonderful power in life, old age in general is not in itself desirable.** Even when comparative wealth can procure whatever is needful, and make old age tolerable to the last, yet it often happens, that old age is only an additional affliction to the ordinary ills of life. Nature does a great deal independent of religion to bring men to be willing to die. For where there is no religion, and no "good hope through grace," and no trust in the Divine mercy the language and feeling of the man often is, "I would not live alway." The aged man stands alone, has outlived his friends, his capacity of forming new attachments—the world is behind him, a new generation has sprung up that knows him not. He is dependent, surrounded, and confined to a little circle of those immediately about him, just as he was in childhood. The aged cannot sympathize with new hearts and new persons, new modes of thought and feeling. How different in this aspect is man from God, who has fresh and young affection for every generation as it comes, and who can look up to Him with the same cordiality and the same confidence as the first. They suggest :

IV. **That death of a very aged person is uncommon.** It is extraordinary. The general law is that men do not all die at one particular age. There is no fixed date up to which all men are to live and beyond which none can survive. This would have been intolerable, inconsistent with the beneficent arrangements of a merciful God. He would not thus poison life. But the price we have to pay for this beneficent arrangement is, that we must be prepared to see death occur at all ages, under all circumstances, the most affecting, the most tender, the most tragical. There is nothing, therefore, in the time of a person's death to indicate character, or the condition of their future state. This uncertainty is therefore a benevolent darkness and blessed thing. Few, however, live over the allotted span of three or four score years. They are the exceptions to the general law. The text suggests:

V. **That there are limits to human probation and Divine forbearance.** Israel at this time had grown remiss, begun to pour contempt on God's word and temple, and God had somewhat shown his displeasure by the earth refusing her increase and the heavens their dew, and Zechariah appeals to them, that there must be a limit to disobedience of man and the exhortations of God ; that the agents and the objects of the Divine mercy equally die. This rebellion on your part, the prophet seems to tell them, *cannot* go on forever. It is not God's way. "The prophets, do they live for ever? And your fathers, where are they ?" Dead. Now remember, says Zechariah, you are living under the same law. Probation has its limits. Forbearance has its limits. Time and opportunity of repentance have their limits.

We should lay this to heart. We are living under the same law. We are now in the enjoyment of the means of grace and the offer of salvation. God graciously comes and speaks to us sending in the word and in the ministry message after message, prophet after prophet. But it must come to an end. It cannot go on for ever. Our children will rise up and look back into the dark, dim past and say, they were "our fathers," "where are they?" We shall be gone. They suggest:

VI. **The power and perpetuity of God's truth in contrast with the mortality of man.** The prophets may die and the fathers may go in like manner, but the utterances of a true prophet survive. A true thought is a Divine and immortal thing. What has come from the mind and heart of God lives, has power in it. "The prophets, do they live for ever? But my words and my statutes, &c.," all will come to pass exactly as the Lord had said. God's word has perpetual strength and youth and power. It never grows old and never dies.

THE PERISHING AND THE ENDURING.

REV. CANON H. P. LIDDON, D.D.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.—ISAIAH xl: 8.

ISAIAH in these sublime chapters reaches the very crown and flower of his prophetic work; the splendid climax of a great whole. The text is uttered by the second of two voices spoken to Isaiah as if out of the world of spirits.

The immediate and historical purpose of these words is, undoubtedly, to reassure the Jews of the captivity. They were in Babylon as Isaiah saw them—saw them across the centuries—far from their home, surrounded by the imposing fabric of the great empire, crushed into silent submission by its force, awed at times, or fascinated by its splendor. It seemed so much more solid, so much more lasting than the monarchy of David had been, they could not think that it would perish.

It was to men whose eyes were resting on this scene of magnificence and power that Isaiah spoke out of another land and out of an earlier age, the solemn words "All flesh is grass and all the beauty thereof is as the flower of the field."

Was it possible that such a metaphor could be truly applied to the city and throne and people of Nebuchadnezzar? Yes, it was passing. Isaiah already saw the capture of the city by a Medo-Persian army. And after the conquest of Persia by the Great Alexander, the city ceased to be in any sense a seat of empire. It became, in fact, for many centuries, a mere quarry, which supplied the materials for building several cities. Every modern traveller tells us, now, that "the beauty of the Chaldees excellency," has become heaps—that her walls have fallen and been thrown down and broken utterly—that her very site is a wilderness, that the wild beasts of the desert lie there, that the natives regard the site as haunted by evil spirits, so that neither will the Arab pitch tent, nor the shepherd fold sheep there, that in a word, prophecy has been literally fulfilled. The beauty of human life is this: for many a century, its principal, its representative centre, was after all but as a flower of the field. "The grass withereth, &c."

And even had it been otherwise—had Babylon been chartered with the promise of an eternal youth, Babylonians would have died one after another. The individual man is still as the grass which withereth, even if the political society to which he belongs were strictly imperishable. In this respect there was no difference between the courtiers and officers of Nebuchadnezzar and the silent captives, who, by the waters of Babylon, sat down and wept when they remembered Zion. Of both it was true that "the grass withereth and the flower fadeth." The simile has a two-fold force.

I. It justifies, to a certain extent, the sympathy with, the admiration of human life with its freshness, its variety, its beauty, which would have been felt to a certain extent by captive Israel.

What is more beautiful that a single blade of grass? There it is waving in the wind, inimitable in its form, in the grace of its movement, in the subtilty and delicacy of its texture. We cannot reproduce that blade of grass, nor even really imitate it. It is just as much beyond us as the sun itself. How mysterious it is! How little really we know about it! How did it come to be there? It grew from a seed. Why should it grow? What do we mean by that which we call "growth." Growth is a profound unfathomable mystery moving before our eyes wherever we find it. It implies the active energy of life. We share this power of growth and life with the humblest blade of grass. We are far from being dishonored when our life is compared in Scripture to a thing so full of wonder and of beauty.

II. **Isaiah refers to the grass as an emblem of the perishable and the perishing.**

The grass, has at best, a vanishing form, ready, almost before maturity, to be resolved into its elements—to sink back into the earth from which it sprang. "The breath of the Lord has blown upon it." Death does not come to men, animals or herbs simply in consequence of the chemical solvents which they contain, but because the Being who gave them life, freely withdraws that which he gave. Death is always the fiat of God, arresting the course of life. This truth of revelation is not at variance with the chemistry of animal life. Whatever else human life is, or may imply, it is soon over. It fades away suddenly like the grass. The world may have made great progress during the centuries, but the frontiers of life do not change with the generations of men. We are born and die just as our rudest ancestors. Every one of us shall die. "The grass withereth, &c." It is not a bit of sentiment, but a solid law, true at this moment and always true. But:

III. **"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."** How do we know that? We know it to be true if we believe two things—(1) that God the perfect Moral Being exists, (2) that He has spoken to man.

If God is eternal, then that which He proclaims as his truth and will, will bear on it the mark of his eternity. If it is true it will bear the impress of his faithfulness. The great facts of Revelation, clustering around Jesus Christ, as their centre and substance, do not change, because they rest upon the authority of the unchanging God. There is something that does not change. It is still what it was when we were young, it is what it will be when we are laid in our coffins. It is liks God Himself. It lasts. Men's opinions about it may change, but it remains what it was, hidden, it may be, like a December sun—behind the clouds of speculation or of controversy—but in itself unchanged, unchangeable. "Thy word, O Lord, endureth, &c."

Let us then remember these two truths, "The grass withereth, &c." It is true of all other men, it must be true of us. We may read the solemn truth in the world around us. Every age, every rank, every profession furnishes the proof. Life would be unendurable, but for the second truth. "The word of the Lord shall stand forever." What then is the object of my thoughts, hopes, affections, conduct? Is it this perishing life, which must so soon have vanished like a dream, which is so perpetually changing? or, is it the unchanging eternal word which liveth and abideth for ever?

That great question, that question of questions, between the grass that withereth, on the one hand, and the word that shall stand for ever on the other, must be answered. Let each answer for himself ere he takes another step on the brief journey across the fields of time towards the gate of the eternal world.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.—2 Thess. 4 : 14.

NO Scriptural description of death is so suggestive and so consoling as that which is conveyed by the familiar word *sleep.* It recurs often. Stephen the martyr breathes his sublime prayer, and then "*he fell asleep.*" Our Lord said to His disciples : "*Our friend Lazarus sleepeth : but I go that I may awake him out of sleep.*" Paul, in that transcendently sublime chapter on the resurrection, treats death as but the transient slumber of the body, to be followed by the glorious awakening at the sound of the last trumpet. And then he crowns it with the voice of the Divine Spirit, that marvelous utterance which has been said, and sobbed, and sung in so many a house of bereavement : "*I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep ; for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*" No three words are inscribed on more tombs or on more hearts than these, "*Asleep in Jesus.*"

These declarations of God's Word describe death as simply the temporary suspension of bodily activities. Not a hint is given of a total end, an extinction, or an annihilation. The material body falls asleep, the immortal spirit being, meanwhile, in full activity ; and the time is predicted when the body, called up from the tomb, shall reunite with the deathless spirit, and the man shall live on through eternity. What we call dying is only a momentary process. It is a flitting of the immortal tenant from the frail tent or tabernacle, which is so often racked with pain and waxes old into decay. Paul calls it a departure: "*To depart and be with Christ.*" The spiritual tenant shuts up the window of the earthly house ere he departs. We kiss the brow, and it is marble. The beloved sleeper is sleeping a sleep that thunders or earthquake cannot disturb. But what is there in this slumber of the body that suggests any fear that the ethereal essence of the spirit has become extinct, or even suspended its activities? When the mother lays her darling in its crib, she knows that sleep simply means rest, refreshment, and to-morrow morning's brighter eye, nimbler foot, and the carol of a lark in her nursery.

They who die in Jesus live a larger, fuller, nobler life, by the very cessation of care, change, strife, and struggle. Above all, they live a fuller, grander life, because they 'sleep *in Jesus*' and are gathered into His embrace, and wake with Him, clothed with white robes, awaiting the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body." In God's good time, the slumbering body shall be resuscitated and shall be "*fashioned like to Christ's glorious body*"—*i. e.*, it shall be transformed into a condition which shall meet the wants of a beatific soul in its celestial dwelling-place. Verily with this transcendent blaze of revelation pouring into the believer's death-chamber and his tomb, we ought not to sorrow as they that have no hope.

In this view of death (which is God's own view) how vivid becomes the Apostle's exclamation: "*I am confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord.*" Paul was entirely willing that the old, scarred, and weary body might be put to sleep, so that *he* might go home and be present with his Lord. Then mortality would be swallowed up of life. Go to sleep, poor, old, hard-worked body, the Apostle seems to say, and Jesus will wake thee up in good time, and thou shalt be "*made like to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He subdues all things unto Himself.*"

Let us not be charged with pushing this Scripture simile too far, when we hint that it illustrates the different feelings with which different persons regard the act of dying. When we are *sleepy,* we covet the pillow and the couch. Even so do we see aged servants of God, who have finished up their life-work, and many a suffering invalid, racked with incurable pains, who honestly long to die. They are sleepy for the rest of the grave and the home beyond it. *For* Christ here, *with* Christ yonder, is the highest instinct of the Christian heart. The noble missionary, Judson, phrased it happily when he said: "I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet, when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school." He wanted to toil for souls until he proved *sleepy,* and then he wanted to lay his body down to rest and to escape into glory.

A dying-bed is only the spot where the material frame falls asleep. Then we take up the slumbering form, and gently bear it to its narrow bed in Mother Earth. Our very word "cemetery" describes this thought. It is derived from the Greek word κοιμητήριον (*koimeterion*), which signifies a sleeping-place. It is a mingled and promiscuous sleeping-place; but the Master "*knoweth them that are His.*" They who sleep in Him shall awake to be for ever with the Lord.

On this tremendous question of the resurrection of our loved ones, and our reunion with them, our yearning hearts are satisfied with nothing less than *certainty* We demand absolute certainty, and there are just two truths that can give it. The first one is the actual fact of Christ's own resurrection from the death-slumber; the second is His omnipotent assurance that all they who sleep in Him shall be raised up and be where He is for evermore. Those early Christians were wise in their generation when they carved on the tomb of the martyrs "*In Jesu Christo obdormivit,*"—In Jesus Christ he fell asleep.

The fragrance of this heavenly line perfumes the very air around the believer's resting-place. Giving to the Latin word its true pronunciation, there is sweet melody, as well as Heaven-sent truth, in this song of the sleepers:

"Oh! precious tale of triumph this!
And martyr-blood shed to achieve it,
Of suffering past—of present bliss.
'*In Jesu Christo obdormivit.*'

"Of cherished dead be mine the trust,
Thrice-blessed solace to believe it,
That I can utter o'er their dust,
'*In Jesu Christo obdormivit.*'

"Now to my loved one's grave I bring
My immortelle and interweave it
With God's own golden lettering,
'*In Jesu Christo obdormivit.*'"

THE brightest bow we only trace
Upon the darkest skies.
Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE GATES OF DEATH.

DAVID THOMAS, D.D.

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?—Job xxxviii : 14.

THESE remarkable words are part of a wonderfully sublime address, which God delivered to Job amidst the rush and war of an eastern whirlwind. The long, earnest and unsatisfactory debate which had been carried on between the patriarch and his friends touching the government of God was thus terminated with an awfully grand abruptness. In these communications of the Almighty, He does not condescend to propound a solution of the difficulty which had perplexed their judgment and engrossed their discussion.

He gives no explanation of his doings, but the grand aim of his appeal is to impress the importance and duty of confidence in His character. Man, intellectually, is too small to comprehend his doings. A firm unshaken trustfulness, therefore, is at once his duty and interest.

Among the many things He appeals to in order to impress Job with his insignificance, as compared with his Maker, is the dark region of death expressed in our text :—" Have the gates of death, &c." The allusion here is to the state, which in the Hebrew is called *Sheol,* and in the Greek *Hades;* which means the dark abode of the dead—the deep, dark, vast realm to which all past generations are gone—to which all the present generation is going and whither all coming men up to the day of doom will proceed. The ancients supposed this region to be underground, entered by the grave, and enclosed by gates and bars.

This Divine appeal suggests four things :—

I. **The mental darkness which enshrouds us.** All the phenomena of the heavens, the earth and the multiform operations of the Creator referred to in this Divine address, were designed and fitted to impress Job with the necessary limitation of his knowledge, and the ignorance which encircled him on all questions. The region of death is but *one* of the many points to which he is directed as an example of his ignorance.

How ignorant we are of the great world of departed men! What a thick veil of mystery enfolds the whole! What questions often start within us to which we can give no satisfactory reply, either from philosophy or the Bible! We should be thankful that we are left in ignorance:

1. *Of the exact condition of each individual in that great and ever-growing realm.* In general, the Bible tells us that the good are happy and the wicked miserable. This is enough. We would have no more light. We would not know all about those we have known and loved; we would not know the *exact* pursuits they are following and the exact thoughts and emotions that circulate in an incessant flow through their souls. If we saw them as they are, should we be fit to enjoy the few days of this brief life or to perform its duties? We should stand paralyzed at the vision. We are thankful that we are left in ignorance:

2. *Of our exact proximity to the great realm of the departed.* We would not have the day or the hour disclosed. The men to whom the day of death was made known were confounded. Saul heard from Samuel, &c., Peter told Sapphira, &c. Who if he knew it would undertake any enterprise? Would Moses have undertaken the guidance of the Israelites, if he had known that neither he nor they would cross the Jordan?

Would Jonathan have ascended Gilboa? David, &c. Let us be grateful for this ignorance.

The Divine appeal suggests :—

II. The solemn change that awaits us. "The gates" have not been opened to us, but *must.* Speaking of death according to the figure before us, we observe :

1. *The gates are in constant motion.* No sooner are they closed to one than another enters. It is computed that one enters every moment.

2. *The gates open to all classes.* There are gates which are to be entered only by persons of distinction; but here are kings and beggars, &c.

3. *The gates open only one way—into eternity.* We have, it is true, an account of a few that have come back. But only one who had not to go that way again. No coming back. Job vi : 7–13. "They shall," says Job, "return no more." Hezekiah. David said, "I shall go to him, &c." We should rejoice in this. We would not have the good back again, nor the bad. The Cæsars, the Alexanders, the Napoleons, back again! No! Thank God for death.

4. *The gates separate the probationary from the retributionary.* When we pass those gates what do we leave behind? on what do we enter.

5. *The gates are under supreme authority.* There is one Being who can open them. Not accident, &c. The Divine appeal suggests :

III. The wonderful mercy that preserves us.

1. *We have always been near those gates.* We dwell in houses of clay.

2. *Thousands have gone through since we began the journey of life.* Younger and better too.

3. *We have often been made to feel ourselves near.* (a) In personal affliction. We have felt the cold breeze coming up freezing the temple and chilling the blood.

(b) In bereavements while we have stood by holy deathbeds we have felt the aroma wafted from the lovely scenes on the other side. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness." The Divine appeal suggests:

IV. **The service Christianity renders us.**

1. *It assures us there is life on the other side the gates.* In stepping through them, we do not step into black extinction. So much light as this, the old philosophers never reached.

2. *It assures us there is blessedness on the other side the gates.* It opens the door of the future and shows us a world of men in heaven, "I saw a great multitude," &c.

> "They live, the beautiful, the dead,
> Like stars of fire above our head."

3. *It takes away the instinctive repugnance we feel in stepping through those gates.*

"It delivers those who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." It takes the sting of death away, &c.

Friends, you must soon pass through these gates. You are very near them now. "What is your life? A vapor," &c.—the flitting rays of a meteor. With the first breath you drew you took a step towards those gates, and thither you have been wending ever since.

> "Your hearts, like muffled drums,
> Are beating funeral marches to the grave."

I would not lessen the pleasures of young life. I would not cool your blood, nor throw one shade over those bright and glowing prospects which imagination pictures; but I would have you take life as it is and enjoy it for what it is worth. Enjoy it, as I have often enjoyed, on my native mountains, the setting of a summer's sun. The streaks of glory which played upon the western sky, as the great orb went down in blazing splendor, kindled within me unutterable emotions of delight, yet, I felt, as I admired, that the magnificent scene would soon vanish, and all above and below would be darkness.

"Time is a Prince whose resistless sway,
Everything earthly must needs obey,
The aim of war, and the tyrant's frown,
And the shepherd's crook and the conqueror's crown.
Palaces, pyramids, temples, towers,
With the falling leaves and the fading flowers,
And the sunset's flush and the rainbow's ray
At the touch of Time are passing away."

JOB'S TESTIMONY ABOUT HIMSELF AS A BELIEVER.

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

"*And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.* —JOB xix: 26, 27.

THIS is the testimony which the patriarch has to give concerning himself.

I. **Job's faith was his own**; intensely personal and appropriating: "I know that *my* Redeemer liveth"—not Adam's, Abel's or Noah's Redeemer, not merely "the Redeemer of God's elect"—but "my Redeemer." Less than this would have been less than the faith "that overcometh;" and the bearer of a Gospel too stinted to warrant this would have been to him the most miserable of all his "miserable comforters." Such little words as "my" are the life and nerve of faith's vocabulary. His health and wealth, &c., were gone. His only hold was then to cling to the Redeemer as his *Own*, his *One*, his All; and to Him he clung as with a death's-grasp, with the tenacity of true, appropriating personal faith, while his nearest and dearest abandoned him, while his dependents reviled him, and the wreck of his wonted grandeur lay strewn all around him.

Thus did Job. Thus let us do. Our warrant is not what we find in ourselves as better than others, or even as better than our former selves, but in the precious Gospel truth that God is to us "the God of peace" as the God and Father and gracious Giver of that divine-human Redeemer "who gave himself a ransom for all," and therefore for us. In the pure effulgence of this "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," in "words legible only by the light they give," without any reflex or circuitous regard to our own experiences, which would only stir dust before our eyes, faith sees in Jesus all it wants, and straightway exclaims with Job, "*My* Redeemer!"—with Thomas, "*My* Lord and *my* God!"—with Paul, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me!*" And with the sweet singer of Israel, and the true and good of all times, who never tire of harping on that same string.

II. Job's faith had a strength and consistency that amounted to *knowledge*. "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth," not I trust, I hope, or even I believe, but "I know." "If we receive the witness of man, the witness of God is greater." For this reason, and because that witness, or Gospel testimony, is so self-luminous, and so adapted to our case, the faith of it is called in the Scripture not only the belief but "the *knowledge* of the truth." And the favorite language of truth has ever been "I *know*." Thus Martha, "I *know*," &c. Thus Paul says, "I *know*," &c., and in the same way Job here says, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." Of all knowledge that is the deepest, the best, and the last.

Ah, how many, on this vital theme, have failed to rise above the foggy horizon of vague and half-whispered hopes to the spiritual empyrean where faith becomes knowledge. These vague hopes may suffice while fair weather lasts, but the storm, though far less violent than that which beat on Job, will snap them like a spider's web. What will it avail? "By faith we stand." "By faith we walk." By faith we run, "looking unto Jesus." By faith we triumph, for the conflict is a "fight of faith," and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." We "overcome through the blood of the Lamb," or through faith in the Redeemer and His ransom. Such power lies in the watchword, "I *know* in whom I have believed."

III. **It is thus already manifest that Job's faith** was of a fibre that was *proof against all earthly trial,* even to the last and worst. Never was man so tried as he, except his Antitype, "the Man of Sorrows." This very chapter contains an effecting recital of his woes, culminating in the most plantiff of cries (see verses 14–19, 21). His barque was fast foundering; but to him, as to the disciples long after, the form of the Redeemer appeared walking on the crest of the billow. With the eye of faith he saw him; with the ear of faith he heard His assuring word, "It is I; be not afraid." And with the grasp of faith he clung to Him; not like the sinking Peter, with the distracted cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" but in the collected repose of his own assured faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He well knew that the hand that smote must be the hand to heal.

IV. **It was a faith that triumphed over the fear of death**; for, in Job's belief, death was near. The breath of the grim king was already freezing his vitals. His wasted frame seemed to him as ready for the grave as the grave, he said, was ready for it. It was an outworn vesture of flesh which fell disease had rent. His malady had overspread his body with an envelopment of angry sores, whose corroding action, he here tells us, had left him no skin except the enamel of his teeth. But his faith remained. His consciousness of integrity—"that column of true majesty in man"—was as erect and stable as ever. He knew that his Redeemer lived. and would stand at the latter day upon the earth, Hence he nobly adds: "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

What an animating example. In Job we have the lot of man in its extremes—in its best estate, and in its worst. "Look on this picture and on this:" on Job the prosperous, and Job the abject. Once, kings might have stood awed in his presence, or fallen at his feet, and asked his patriarchal benediction; now, none so poor "to do him reverence." Compare chapter xxix: 7–11 with chapter xix: 13–22. Left alone, yet able to say with his Redeemer, "I am not alone, for my Father is with me," he turns from earth to heaven, from man to God. Such a time must one day come to us all. Happy will it be if it then finds us triumphant with a faith like Job's. "Death's terror is the mountain faith removes."

V. **The patriarch's faith assured him of eternal blessedness with God, beyond death and the grave.**

First, it embraced the *immortality* of the soul, and its separate and happy existence after death. Instead of the expression, "*in* my flesh," in ver. 26, we prefer the marginal rendering "*out* of my flesh."

I do not think it is the Resurrection that is here spoken of, but Christ's Incarnation—not His second coming, but His first. The other sense is, that Job, no longer *in* his flesh, but *out* of it, in his disembodied state (the body being now in the grave), should, in his free emancipated spirit, see God in heaven. In other words, when death came—and Job felt already as one standing face to face with death—and when his body should go, as his skin had gone before it, into decay and dissolution, still there remained his nobler part, his deathless soul, which, as spirit with spirit, should be blessed along with the redeemed in the pure and celestial vision of God.

Secondly, Job anticipates with rapture that he would then see God to be *on his side.* Many and grievous were the charges his harsh friends had brought against him; he appealed from them all to his Divine Friend in Heaven. As he says elsewhere, "My record is in Heaven, my witness is on high." The God whom I am about to see, when I escape from this wretched flesh, He will "bring forth my judgment to the light, and my righteousness as the noonday." Now where does Job express this? In verse 27, when rightly rendered, in the triumphant words: "Whom I shall see to be *for me*, and not *against me.*" The expression then is, "Whom I shall see to be *for me,* and not to be a stranger or enemy to me"—that is, "Whom I shall find to be on my side, and not like you, my harsh friends, to be against me." Ah, what a precious hope, what a glorious alternative! "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

It only remains to observe, finally, that Job's hopes of bliss all pointed to the glorious *vision of God,* whom he expected to see as his highest good, his reward, his exceeding joy, his God, his guide, his portion for ever. This constitutes the heaven of heaven that God is there, that Christ is there, that the Divine Spirit is there, that the Three-One God of Salvation is specially and everlastingly there. Happy place, and happy patriarch who felt sure of it, and of soon being in it! And happy the poorest and most toilworn and care-striken of men who, while sharing with Job in his trials, shares also his faith; knows his Redeemer; knows that He has died, and died for him; knows that He lives, and lives for him; knows that His sin-atoning blood has answered for him, being shed for him as it was shed for all; and knows that, when death throws open to him the doors into the Eternal Kingdom, his soul shall vault out of its prison of clay, and be received by Jesus into the many mansions of the blest, there to hunger no more, to thirst no more, to weep no more, and, better than all, to sin no more, but to be a fit subject and citizen, henceforth and for ever,

> "In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
> Where entertain him all the saints above,
> In solemn troops and sweet societies,
> That sing, and singing in their glory move,
> And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes."

THE DAY OF THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

REV. GEORGE S. INGRAM,

IN INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, TWICKENHAM, ENGLAND.

"*The day of death is better than the day of one's birth.*"—ECCLES. vii: 1.

THIS statement must be understood not absolutely, but conditionally. There are thousands of whom only its converse shall be found true. The day of their birth was one of hope; it was the entrance on a life which might have been one of true goodness, being one of faith on the Son of God, and hence a life of preparation for "glory, honor, and immortality." But the precious opportunities of every passing day are being neglected, and the day of death shall be the termination of all mercy and hope, and consequently the ruin, beyond remedy, of their deathless and priceless souls. Of such persons the truth in our text will not hold good ; it is applicable only to those who "die unto the Lord," and none can do so but those who are simple and sincere believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and the sinner's Saviour. Of none then, save the true Christian, can it be correctly affirmed that "The day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

1. This affirmation is true, inasmuch as the day of the Christian's death *brings deliverance from all suffering and grief*. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. None are exempted from pain and sorrow. The day of birth ushers us into a world which has been truly called a "vale of tears," but the day of a Christian's death is the day that liberates him from all suffering,—and in which all tears are forever wiped from his eyes. In such a case then, "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth." The *end* of a voyage is better than the *beginning*, especially if it has been a stormy one. The dangers of the deep are past, and the shore is now reached in safety ; therefore, in this respect, the *end* of a voyage is *better* than the *beginning*. And so it is with the day of the Christian's birth, and the day of his death. But we look with very different feelings on the *departure* of a follower of Jesus. We feel sorrow, it is true, but it is associated with no *fears* in connection with the departed ; it is sorrow arising from the consciousness of personal loss,—the loss of the society, the counsels, and encouragement of the deceased. It is sorrow associated with *hope*, and therefore it gradually ripens into joy. As the heart recovers itself from the stunning stroke inflicted by death, it thinks on the state of perfect security and peace on which the departed has entered,—a state

wherein scripture assures us, "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

2. Our text holds true on another ground, namely, that the day of death is the day of *final triumph over all sin.* The afflictions which the Christian has to endure, do not awaken so much concern in his mind as *sin* does. Paul, although he knew that in every city, bonds and afflictions awaited him, could say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself;" yet when striving against sin, and feeling "a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin which was in his members," he was made to cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The believer's life is one long and arduous battle against sin. From worldly losses or bereavements, and from bodily sufferings we may be for many years freed; but from our warfare with sin we are never for a single moment exempted. It is the chief work which God has given us to do, for unless we be bringing our hearts into subjection to his will,—cherishing towards him the "faith which worketh by love," and growing in that "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord;" unless there be this inward conformity to the image of Christ, no external service can be acceptable to God. The spell and power of sin *in the heart* must be broken if the outward life is to be a living unto the Lord.

The day of the Christian's death is the day in which he obtains a full and final triumph over sin. It is the day in which the word of grace in his soul is brought unto perfection; and is not *that* day better than the day of his birth? Is not the day in which the warrior sheaths his victorious sword, puts off his bruised and stained armor, a happier day than the one in which he buckled it on? So surely it is also with every "good soldier of Jesus Christ."

3. The words of our text are true in the case of Christ's followers, because the day of their decease *introduces them into a state of endless reward.* To be beyond the reach of all sorrow and pain, and to be such complete victors over sin as to have every thought and feeling of the soul in fullest sympathy with God,—this of itself would be "joy unspeakable and full of glory." But there is something even beyond this which the scriptures tell us awaits the departed saint. David said to God, "Oh! how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men." Peter speaks of "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven." Isaiah and Paul say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." And a Greater than them all has said; "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me on my throne, as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne." All such passages, with many more which we need not cite, plainly declare, that there shall be rewards to Christians in heaven. These, we believe, shall be according to the trust and love cherished towards Christ, the service done, and the suffering endured, for his sake on earth.

Think what a reward the companionship of heaven shall be, "Ye are come," said Paul to the believing Hebrews, when speaking by anticipation of the glory and certainty of their prospects,—"Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly

Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." Think of associating with angels, becoming the companions of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and martyrs. With what veneration do we read now of those men, "of whom the world was not worthy." What an honor and blessing must it be then to become the associates of such; to see them, and speak with them face to face, as we converse with our familiar friends here. Nor will it be the least delightful element in the companionship above, that the godly friends we loved on earth shall be all known by us there. What a blessed reward then does the day of death confer on the believer in Jesus. It ushers him into the presence of those whose faces he had often seen on earth, with the tones of whose voices he was fondly familiar, and with whose intercourse are associated some of the tenderest and holiest recollections which memory can retain. The fondest and happiest circle of loving ones here is never long unbroken, for, as the poet truthfully and touchingly says,

"There is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

And this thought of death and separation creeps, like a huge cold shadow, over the sunniest scenes of domestic enjoyment. But no such thought can enter the bosom of the departed saint when he joins the friends of his affection above. And a richer reward than even that awaits us, if we live and die unto the Lord. There is

One in heaven who "is not ashamed to call us brethren," "a friend who sticketh closer than a brother," whom we have not seen, but around whom our holiest thoughts and strongest affections cluster and cling. "We shall see *Him* as he is." We shall gaze unvailed on that blessed countenance on which, for us, the dark shadow of death once rested, but which is now "as the sun shining in his strength." To stand in his presence where is "fullness of joy," or to sit at his right hand, where "are pleasures for evermore," is the consummation of every aspiration and hope which the regenerated spirit can cherish. No wish can soar higher than this; and surely the day that fulfills it is better than the day of the most auspicious birth.

For all this information we are indebted to Jesus Christ alone. He "hath brought life and immortality to light in the gospel." His death is the only "propitiation for our sins," by which he has obtained for us an entrance into heaven, and has thereby spoiled death of its sting. Hence, it is said, that he "hath *abolished* death;" and Himself declared, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on me, *shall never die.*" To the Christian "there is no death; what seems so is transition." The lifeless body is laid in the grave, but it rests in the sure hope of a blessed resurrection; and the ransomed and liberated spirit, the moment its "earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, has a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." This is what we call death to the believer. And oh, how fitted it is to comfort and heal our mourning and wounded hearts, when bereft of those we loved, and who loved Christ too. "They are not lost, but only gone before; and are now realizing to the full, the truth of our text,—"The day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

HEAVEN WARNING EARTH.

T. RAFFLES, D.D.

AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. WILLIAM ROBY, AN AGED MINISTER.

The voice said cry, and he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, &c.—Isa. 40: 6.

BRETHREN:

There are seasons when the heart is too full for utterance, and the lips inadequate to express what the spirit feels. Such is the present moment. We must not be so absorbed in grief for the dead, as entirely to forget what we owe to the living. "The voice said, Cry, Cry, and he said, what shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God endureth for ever."

My Christian friends, you have often heard the voice of our departed friend speaking to you from this place, with all that affectionate earnestness by which his public labors were so pre-eminently characterized, of the things which belong to your everlasting peace; and many of you have, I fear, up to this time, remained unmoved and unimpressed. Hear that voice once again—it is the last time—it speaks to you from the bed of death, from the open grave. Hear it! "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!" *You must* meet him! Every one in this vast assembly must meet him in death and at judgment. You know that He will bring you to death, and to the house appointed for all living. Of all the millions that have lived, from the first of men to the present moment, only two have escaped the stroke of death; and you cannot be so infatuated as to imagine that there are any circumstances in your case so peculiar as that the third exception to the general rule should be in your favour. No, you know that you must die. To each and every one of you there is "a time to be born, and a time to die:"—the first is past, the second is to come; and the same certainty rests on both. It may not be this year, or for many years: it may be at some distant period; but the time will come when the prophetic announcement will be realized in your case—"This year thou shalt die." If I could read the names of all here who will yet be summoned this year to the bar of God, what a sensation would be excited! How every eye would be fixed on the fatal scroll, and every ear intent on the sad recital, anxious to discover whether his name or that of his nearest friend would be found included in the catalogue. What would this prove but the consciousness of the deep interest you individually possess in that solemn and momentous event? Why, then, deceive yourselves any longer! Why attempt to put off the consideration of an event that will certainly happen to all, and by which all are lost if it come upon them unawares and find them unprepared. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" The soul once lost, is lost for ever. The treasures of a thousand worlds cannot be compared with the value of one immortal soul. Though you should have the gold of Ophir, the mines of Peru, the gems of India, the spices of Arabia, and the cedars of Lebanon; though you should call these, and the kingdoms and merchandise of this world, all your own, with all their pomp, and majesty, and glory, what would they avail if you lost your soul? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Then, let me entreat your attention to this solemn question. Are you prepared to die? I ask all and each in this vast assembly—are you prepared to die?

And what is it to die? Men talk of death as the king of terrors; and they are correct if they mean that death is encompassed with terrors of the most tremendous sort. Men talk of death as the debt of nature, as though in the payment of this debt, all were settled, and the balance between man and existence were closed for ever. But this is a rash and unscriptural way of speaking of death! What, then, is death? It is the separation of the soul from the body, not final but temporary, not eternal but for a season. As it regards the body, it is the extinction of the vital principle; it is disorganization, ruin, decay, corruption. "The dust returns to the earth, from whence it came, but the spirit returns to God who gave it." There is hope of a tree if it be cut down," that other springs will behold its verdure, other autumns its fruit. "But man dies and wasteth away, and giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" You look on a cold and lifeless body; you touch it, and perceive that corruption soon begins its work; all its symmetry and vigor soon disappears; the countenance that was wont to beam with intelligence and love, is dull and inanmate. That is death: but that is not *all* death. If you would know what death is, you must mark the disruption of every earthly tie; you must mark the spirit and follow it to an unseen world; you must mark the character and circumstances of its unalterable condition there; and then, when you have heard its sentence, and listened to its doom, you will know what death is.

But why must *all men* die? Because "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Men talk of the dignity of human nature, and are offended at us if we speak of sin; and yet dare not charge the Deity with caprice or injustice. But, is it not unjust to inflict punishment on innocence? If man were not a sinner, would he die? Would not his innocence be his security? Would not man be saved from death if he were innocent? All have sinned, and, therefore, all must die, and stand at His tribunal. It is sin that has rendered this world a vast mausoleum, and converted Eden into a gloomy Golgotha. But those that place their trust and confidence in the Mediator, shall never die, for he took upon himself our nature, paid the penalty which we had incurred, entered the grave, ascended up on high, and "led captivity captive," that he might be the resurrection of life.

Do you ask me what are the consequences of death? I say to the man who tramples under foot the Son of God, who will not flee for shelter to the cross, the consequences must be tremendous, beyond the power of language to describe, or imagination to conceive. But the man who believes in the mediation of Christ, when summoned before the dread tribunal, to him the consequences of death are gloriously transporting! For "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath laid up in store for them that love him." I would now press my question again; are you prepared to die? Do you lay hold on Christ as the only ground of your hope? "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Never was this declaration more strikingly illustrated than in the death of our departed friend. Those who watched round his pillow, could not tell the precise moment when he expired. His lips and eyes seemed closed in peaceful slumber. There was no indication of approaching death; no pang, no struggle, no sigh; only the respiration became less and less; and whilst the medical attendant watched his last moments, his pulsation ceased altogether; and even then he could not believe that existence had closed, till he had laid his hand upon his heart, and found that it had ceased to beat. It must be a delightful reflection for all who enjoyed his pastoral labors, that he was able to preach once every sabbath, except the last. On the morning of New Year's day, he had attended the prayer-meeting, and keenly felt the severity of the season. On the following sabbath, he administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper, though with difficulty, and preached his thirty-fifth annual sermon to the young people, instructed in the Sunday-school attached to the church. He was urged not to do so, but his heart was set on it. It was his last work, and when it was done, he said, in the expiring words of the Saviour, "*it is finished!*" He was carried home in a sedan chair, never to come out again. He came down stairs as usual through the week; but on the sabbath kept his bed, and next morning he rested from his labors. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Now, my dear friends, who have been permitted to sit under the ministry of our departed brother, this dispensation speaks volumes of admonition and instruction to you. Not one of all the sermons he preached, shall be lost; nor shall his faithful testimony fall to the ground as respects any one of you. If not "the savor of life unto life," it will be "the savor of death unto death." God forbid, as it respects any one of us, that he should feel the latter. I beseech you, ponder on the things which belong to your everlasting peace, ere they be for ever hid from your eyes.

Men, brethren, fathers! I, as a dying man, speak to to you who are dying around me, and I charge you this day "before God, and before the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing," that you "give all diligence to make your calling and election sure," that so you may be found of him in peace.

Now let us go to the place of sepulture, and bury our dead out of our sight. Let us take his precious dust and lay it in the grave, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE.

REV. EDWARD PARSONS, OF LEEDS, ENGLAND.

ON THE DEATH OF REV. JOHN HYATT.

I know . . . that in my flesh I shall see God.—Job xix: 26.

JOB uttered the words which I have just read. *He* enjoyed the thought of dying; he looked to his death as connected with the highest and sublimest consolations. Job, indeed, appears to have had no resource but in God—no hope but in the thought of that day when he should see God, and see him in his then suffering body.

The subject on which I mean to dwell, with a view to your instruction and comfort is, this: THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE IN THE DOMINION OF CHRIST OVER THE LAST ENEMY DEATH.

I. The subjection of the body to the dominion of death.

1. *Man is essentially composed of a material body, of an immaterial soul.* The soul and the body are closely and inseparably united for the life that now is. But this union of body and soul must be dissolved.

The period when this dissolution of the union between the soul and the body may take place, is unknown, is uncertain to us; but it is fixed, irrevocably fixed by the decree of the supreme Arbiter of life and death.

In the dissolution of the union now subsisting between the soul and the body, death takes possession of the body as his own lawful prey; and consigns it to his own prison, the dark and loathsome grave; and there he holds it in captivity till the morning of the resurrection; that morning in which the captive shall be delivered—in which Jesus will triumph gloriously as the Resurrection and the Life, over all the power of death. The apostle, referring to the dominion of death over the body, calls it a "*vile body.*" It is vile in its origin—in its subjection to loathsome disease, and tormenting pain—in reference to the dust to which it must be consigned at the last; for it must be the prey of death and of worms. In the 49th Psalm it is said, "Death shall feed on them, and their beauty shall consume in the grave."

Die we must; our bodies humanly speaking must be divided into particles, and so scattered as to preclude the possibility of a union of these particles. But though we acknowledge this to be impossible with man, it is possible to God. It is no "incredible thing" that God should raise the dead, though these particles were scattered to the remotest parts of earth.

II. **The subjection of death to the dominion of Christ.**

"He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet"—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death." Jesus Christ came into the world to "destroy death, and him that had the power of death." Jesus Christ now lives in the character of a Redeemer to accomplish this work. Jesus Christ will come at the appointed day to complete the work, and to destroy death, and him that had the power of death, for ever. "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation." It is necessary that he should thus appear; it is certain that he will thus appear. When he thus comes, then, every grave shall yield up its deposit; every body, wherever deposited, shall rise at his word, and shall stand in his presence.

This resurrection of the dead will be *universal.* "All that are in the grave shall come forth:" come forth to the resurrection of the life eternal, or the resurrection of damnation. Not an individual body can be lost; all, all must rise again; all, all must appear before him.

Then I add—this resurrection, this great and wonderful change, is ascribed to the mighty power of Christ the Redeemer. (See Phil. iii: 21.) And there is something, I think, very interesting and affecting in *the order* of the resurrection in the last day. In 1 Thess. iv: 16, it is said, "*the dead in* Christ *shall rise first;*" that is, they shall rise, and be changed, before they are changed who shall then be found living upon earth.

III. **Observe the character in which the Lord Jesus will assert his dominion over the last enemy.**

1. *Job says,* "In my flesh I shall see God." He had before said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" the Redeemer and God then are the same. In 2 Cor. v. 10, it is said, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat *of* Christ;" and John says, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand *before* God." Then Christ is God. Were he not God, could he raise the dead? Could he effect this great and wonderful change on the body, which we have described? Could he sentence the guilty to hell? Could he exalt the justified to eternal life and glory in his own presence? Oh, no! All this is the work of God; and Christ is God.

2. *He will assert his dominion over death as* God the Redeemer. As the Redeemer of men he was early revealed; and as the Redeemer of men he early commenced his work of redemption. The revelation of his character, and the commencement of his work, must be dated from the fall of man. No sooner did man fall, than Christ was revealed. From the first revelation of his redeeming

love, he began to deliver from the curse of the law—from the tyranny of Satan—from the thraldom of sin—from the bondage of this present evil world—from the fear of death, and from death itself, as "the Resurrection and the life."

This work of redemption displays all that is interesting in his character, and all that is endearing in the dispensations of his goverment. See these three things.

(i.) *There was an infinite Love in the price of Redemption.* For we are redeemed "with the precious blood of Christ."

(ii.) *There is Omnipotent power in the application of this work.* Your knowledge of Christ as a Redeemer—your fellowship with Christ as a Redeemer—all you receive from him—all you hope with reference to his eternal presence in the heavenly world ; all must be ascribed to the power of his Spirit. That power made you what you are, and by it you are kept through faith unto salvation.

(iii.) *There will be Immutable Fidelity in the completion of this work.* For God the Redeemer, who began the good work among you, will carry it on. His work in the hearts of his people, and in the world, will terminate in absolute and everlasting perfection and blessedness.

Here let me make some application. *What a source of consolation* is this, *in all the changes of the world,* in *all the losses we may sustain.* Here, too, is *a source of consolation to all bereaved families.* This day has exhibited a very melancholy appearance ; it has been sacred as a day of mourning. But let us compose and comfort ourselves. Has God taken away the companion of our lives, or chief earthly support and comfort, the desire of our eyes, at a stroke ? Have we been bereaved of the child of our hopes ? Are the objects of our tenderest affections numbered with the dead? O in the midst of death in your houses, and death in your religious connections. O look to Him that ever liveth! Whoever dies, God the Redeemer lives! Whatever earthly comforts are taken, He can still give you others. Whatever friend may die, that friend never dies, never changes! He ever lives—lives for you, and lives in you.

IV. **The final triumph of Christ over death will constitute the final happiness of all the redeemed.** The text admits of two senses.

1. *I shall see* God *my* Redeemer *in this my body.* The day of resurrection is a real and not a metaphorical period. A real body will be raised; the same body in form and substance as that which was deposited in the grave. Job, therefore, says, "In my flesh I shall see God." In my suffering, dying, vile body, I shall see my Redeemer; these eyes shall behold him, and be eternally contemplating him in glory.

2. "*I shall see God in my flesh.* I shall see God my Redeeemer in that flesh which he assumed to become my Redeemer. That body in which he was subject to hunger, thirst and weariness; that body in which he was so degraded upon earth; in which he agonized in the garden and on the cross; in which he was so insulted, tormented and crucified on Calvary. I shall see him in that body in which he suffered to effect my redemption.

And observe another thing: I shall see him *for myself.* I shall see him as my own Redeemer—I shall see him in perfection. Now I see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face, as he is, not through a medium, I shall see him in all his unveiled, unclouded glory. And this vision will be connected with infinite joy; and the joy of the vision will be consummated in a perfect conformity to him; for I shall be changed into the same image.

You know what our friend was in life; and now you have heard what he was in death.

You see what religion is? You see what comforts and supports it affords! Here is a man who suffered as much as mortality could well bear, with all the ardor which characterized his ministry, breathing out his soul in full submission to the will of God!

I will only add,

"Let me die the death of such a righteous man; and let my last end be like his!" And may you all die such a death, and come to such an end!

PRAYER FOR WISDOM IN VIEW OF DEATH.

REV. T. RAFFLES, D.D. LL.D., LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. M'ALL MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

"*Lord so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*"—Ps. xc.: 12.

PERHAPS there is no portion of the Holy Writ more instructive than the touching confession of which the text forms a part. In considering these words, we may confine ourselves to that bearing of them which appears best adapted to produce those impressions, which, at a moment like the present, we ought to be most anxious to secure. To be able to apply our hearts to wisdom, and rightly number our days, ought to be the great business of life; for it is the chief end of man. But if this be deserving of your chief attention—if this consideration ought to work upon your conduct through life—if death should surprise you destitute of this preparation, imagine how deep—how bitter, yet unavailing, will be your regret that you did not attend to it, while there was yet time. How then you will mourn with the lost, and cry out in the anguish of your spirit—' Foolish that I was, how did I hate instruction, and turn from the ways of wisdom when it might have been of avail.'—

There are two things which demand our attention, in considering this text :—

I. **The lesson to be learned.** This psalm is entitled "A Psalm of Moses," so that it was a composition of the Jews, as early as the deliverance out of Egypt. It was composed about the time when the faithless spies brought the news of the children of Anak being in Canaan, when the people murmured, and God's anger was kindled at their unbelief and rebellion, and He resolved that they should not enjoy the promised land, but fall in the wilderness. At this time, it is presumed, the limit of man's years was confined to about seventy : while only Moses and Isaac, and Jacob lived to a greater age. On this occasion it was, and under these circumstances, that this beautiful psalm, setting forth the fleeting nature of human life, was composed. It is unquestionably one of the most impressive lessons on this momentous subject in the sacred volume.

Mark both the matter and the manner of the lesson. First, *the matter*. It is, "to number our days ;" and it is "*so* to number them"—in a way so judicious and useful—"as to apply our hearts unto wisdom." How is this, then, to be done ? How are we to number our days ? Not by an arithmetical calculation of them—not by counting them up so as to be able to say—"I have lived so many days." Little skill would be required to do this, and the labor, if applied to no other purpose, would be little worth. Nor does it consist of an attempt to calculate the years we have yet to live—a vain effort to pry into the secrets of futurity. No sage has ever learned the art of calculating or ascertaining this; and every attempt to plunge into that futurity which God has veiled from our sight is as futile as it is impious; nor would I give much concern, nor vainly endeavor to estimate the days we have to live. This is not the lesson inculcated; but by "numbering our days" in the text, is meant the deep and due consideration of them—what they are—whence they come—whither they are pending—how they are employed—what will be their final issue, and their grand result. "So teach us to number our days," and thus we shall "learn to apply our hearts to wisdom."

Consider their brevity. It seems but yesterday that we began to live, and yet with the youngest of us a great portion of life is gone—with many of us more than half of our days are past, and with some of us nearly all!

In "numbering your days" consider your *vanities*. With what foolish and vain pursuits the days are for the most part occupied! What multitudes there are whose days are spent in idleness, discord, and profligacy! They sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind. Who could expect a different harvest from such seed? Surely evil man, at his best estate, is all vanity, and the works of men are vanity. They undertake difficult enterprizes in foreign countries and acquire fame! but what is it? Vanity. The pursue abstruse studies, and they attain to literary renown, and survive in their writings. What is it all? Vanity. They rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of anxiety and amass wealth. What is it? Vanity. They attain to fame, and obtain the objects of their ambition—they are loaded with honors, their names become associated with heraldry, and their deeds become the subjects of history. But what is it all? Vanity. In fact, all the objects and pursuits of life will be in vain if we have not a regard for the salvation of the soul. Amongst the numberless objects of life this constitutes the "one thing needful." To accomplish this ought to be the great business of life.

II. **Consider the manner** of this lesson we have to learn. "Teach us to number our days;" and all of us here are left without excuse, if we neglect to obey the injunction. In the sacred Word we are admonished on the shortness of human life and the rapid approach of eternity. "Few have the days of my life been (says Jacob), and I have not attained unto the days of the years of my fathers." The prophets teach us this too. "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." The apostles teach us this. "For what is your life?" says James; "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." The Redeemer teaches us, "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." "And what I have said unto you I say unto all, Watch." But oh, how slow at heart are we, and unwilling to profit by these admonitions. And yet we might read lessons on mortality in every page of Scripture.

God teaches it us by the promises of the Gospel, the whole of which rest upon the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. So that every saying you hear, if it be constituted on evangelical principles, is addressed to us as dying men, and exhibits Christ as the End of life, the Conqueror of death, the Opener of the grave, in whom "whosoever believeth, though he were dead yet shall he live," "and he that liveth and believeth in Him shall never die."

God teaches us this lesson by the means of providence. We are dying daily in the persons of our kindred and acquaintance. Every day some tie that binds us to life is bursting as it brings us nearer to that which must witness our own dissolution; and he that lives the longest only lives to witness the greater desolation—to wander like a lonely being in the midst of society, to sigh and grieve over all he loved and knew, now hid from his sight.

He teaches us by night. The ebbing of the tide, the setting of the sun, the waning of the moon, the revolving of the seasons, the interchange of day and night—pleasant as they are—all admonish us that they are made as fitting memorials to us that our time is brief:—

> "For soon the spring of youth is past,
> Our manhood's summer sheds its bloom;
> Then age, like autumn's chilling blast,
> Brings on the winter of the tomb."

Nor can we pass through the streets without finding admonitions such as these—the windows closed to intimate that death has been an inmate there—the hatchment placed over the door to intimate the honors of some one to whom the pomp of heraldry is nothing now—the passing bell to inform us that another soul has entered the eternal world. All these speak the same truth, and impress the same lesson—urge upon us the same great duty; and it is that to which we are directed in our text:—"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Everything is admonitory. The rooms of our houses are adorned by portraits of persons who have long since ceased to breathe. Our libraries contain books which are the writings of men, who being dead yet speak. And when we repair in solitude to our cabinets, every letter—every lock of hair—every token of remembrance, tells us of the death of some one we loved, and warns us to prepare. We are then without excuse if we fail to learn the lesson which teaches us "to number our days;" and yet how vain all these admonitions are, if religion has not stamped her impress upon the heart!

III. **The end to which, when learned, this lesson is to be applied.** Alas! my brethren, we may so number our days as to apply our hearts to folly. We may so misunderstand and pervert the lessons which are given us, as to turn them into a curse; and every day we make them a swift witness against us. We may so number our days as to say with the fool—"Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Oh, suffer me to ask you this all-absorbing, this momentous question—are you interested in Christ? Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Have you a new heart, and as a necessary consequence a holy life? Oh! do you walk with God in sweet communion here on earth? If not, be assured that your heart is not right in the sight of God, and all your pretense to piety is as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Oh! if my departed brother could now hear me, he would say—"Yes, thus I preached, thus you preach, and thus we must all preach if we would render up our account with joy."

It inculcates the wisdom of making the best use of our time. To have labored for the good of others and to the glory of God, this is the true wisdom. Time is invaluable. It is more precious than rubies. It cannot be purchased. Every moment should be fully occupied in engagements worthy of our attention as rational creatures and heirs of immortality. Every moment should be employed in doing good, and it is wonderful how much may be accomplished by the judicious arrangement of time. What hours, days, months, and years may be created out of the fragments of time which many idle, thoughtless persons throw away in useless amusements—in sleep that rather injures than invigorates. Oh! that they understood these things—that they would consider the value of their time.

It includes the wisdom of *improving all the means of grace* and all the dispensations of providence, our sabbaths and seasons of worship and prayer, our opportunities of retirement, our books of instruction and advantages. Our diseases, infirmities, calamities, bereavements, are all means of grace—dispensations of providence, to be cultivated and improved, and are capable of yielding beneficial results.

Lastly, it includes the *employing faithfully the talents committed to our trust.* Of these every man has a portion, however few or many. But though you have only one, or only half a one—bear in mind that it must be managed carefully; that one, that half, must be employed so that He who gave it may receive it again with usury. It is not enough that you do not use it. It is required, that you employ it with as much care as though He had given you a number; and not as the servant "who wrapt it in a napkin and hid it in the earth." Your talents then, whether consisting of property, genius, station or time, must not be wasted; but diligently and faithfully employed, while you look conscientiously for that which is to render the keeping of those talents subservient to His glory. And as you learn to "number your days," learn also the wisdom of *withdrawing as much as possible your affections* from earthly possessions, whatever they may be. Oh, how uncertain they are! We cannot ensure them a single hour. The man of wealth says, as he surveys his splendid estate "There is much goods laid up in store for the morrow; eat, drink and be merry." Lo! a voice is heard—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" Oh, nothing here is certain! There is no tie so strong that death will not dissolve it. It is true wisdom, then, to transfer our *affections from things temporal to the things of eternity.*

And now let us turn from these reflections to dwell for a few moments, on the memory of that honored and illustrious individual, by whose removal in the meridian of his days and the zenith of his power we have now been called together.

Under any ordinary circumstances, it would be expected to give some estimate of the talents and endowments of that departed saint, whose memory we have met to improve. But I feel, in the present instance, no such unreasonable expectation will be entertained ; nor would you highly esteem the modesty of the individual who should entertain such a favorable opinion of his own competency for the task. Suffice it to say—such splendid talents and vast and varied acquirements have rarely, if ever, been seen in common with such unaffected modesty, genuine humility, piety, and ardent devotion of every faculty to God. But, by the moral qualities of his heart, and those amiable and Christian graces that dignified his character, even the intellectual greatness of his genius was transcended and surpassed. With what meekness and child-like simplicity—with what satisfaction would he sit at the feet of the humblest of his brethren, to learn more of his Saviour and of the cross ! To that cross he clung for support. On that cross he took his stand. On that cross he fixed the firm, the steady, and exclusive grasp of his faith. Beside that cross he determined to abide—a determination he never ceased to realize. He determined to know nothing else as the burden of his discourses. With that theme he began—with that theme he advanced—with that theme, with the cross, he triumphed ; and, under its hallowed influence, he lived and died, in the utmost height of a well-earned celebrity, in the zenith of his usefulness, with a reputation unblemished, and a character without spot; and now that cross is the theme of his exultations and the burden of his songs in heaven!

And now, my beloved and honored and generous friend—farewell. Be it my aim to follow in thy career of usefulness. My days like thine may be short; but if it may be mine to meet thee in the realms of glory, very plenty have they been to me. Those that were dear to thee shall be dear to me. Thy afflicted widow and orphan boy shall be dear to me, as they were to thee. To them I tender all those feelings of sympathy and regard for their happiness, which my heart would dictate, but my faltering tongue may not express. Farewell! I feel an oppressive sense of loneliness. But there is One who watches over and will support us, and who has said, "Lo! I am with you always; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

HOLY ARDOR AFTER A HEAVENLY STATE.

REV. CHARLES HYATT.

AT THE TABERNACLE, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

"*I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.*"—DEUT. iii: 25.

WHAT an interesting sight to behold an old man, whose grey heirs and tottering limbs tell you that he once "bore the burden and heat of the day," but that he is now past labor, and is hastening to "the house appointed for all living."

When we contemplate such an aged man, under the idea of "an old disciple," one who can say with Obadiah, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth;" then we look upon him with pleasure; then we unite to say with Solomon, "the hoary head is a crown of glory," seeing it is "found in the way of righteousness." Then we reflect on the glorious orb of day, and remark, "the path of the just is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." Then, we turn our attention to the harvest field, and think on the good old man "coming to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Then we mark the stately vessel entering into port with its rich lading all safe and its colors flying, after a long and tempestuous voyage, and we hear the apostle saying,—"so an entrance shall be ministered to you *abundantly* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Well, *such* an old man is now set before you in the character of Moses. Picture to yourselves this man of God. He was "a hundred and twenty years old ; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." See him on this side Jordan, reminding the people in the camp that they were about to go over to take possession of the promised land, and encouraging Joshua to lead them! See him, full of days, full of zeal, full of grace, and praying as in the text, "Let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

This prayer of Moses regarded the land of Canaan, which Jehovah had promised to Abraham and his descendants the Israelites. But that "goodly land" was a type of *heaven ;* and viewing it as such, we can easily conceive of an aged saint, as he stands on the verge of another world, contemplating heaven as "the promised inheritance," where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest ;" and praying with Moses, "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly land, and Lebanon." Viewing it in this light, we may consider the passage used under the New Testament dispensation, as expressive of *holy ardor after a heavenly state.* And we will inquire,

I. From what principle does this desire after a heavenly state arise?

I. The love of *life* is natural to man. It is a principle which the God of nature has implanted in the breast of all living beings, rational and irrational. The Christian religion cherishes this natural love of life, and says to every man, "Do thyself no harm!" At the same time it unfolds to our view immortality and everlasting life, removes from its genuine partakers the fear of death; and inspires the soul with a holy "desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Thus while nature cherishes the love of life, Christianity enables us to rise above it.

This desire after heaven arises:

9. *From having formed a right estimate of the present world.*—He has passed through the world, and that not as a cynic; he has mixed in the world's society, he has tasted some of its pleasures, he has acquired some of its riches, he has enjoyed some of its esteem; in all these things "the lines may have fallen to him in pleasant places." Yet, by the grace of God, he has been taught to see that "vanity of vanities" is inscribed "on all the world calls good or great." He leaves it to the worldly-minded, the merely natural man, to say of this world, "thou art all my desire, thou art my God!" His soul, born from above, seeks heaven as its natural element, and heavenly things as its only portion; and he still prays with Moses, "I beseech thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." This desire arises,

2. *From having realized the blessing of true religion.*

There is such a thing as true enjoyment in religion. "O *taste* and see that the Lord is good," is an Old Testament expression ; and the New Testament expression is equivalent to it, "as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby ; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." This is what we call real religion, and it is this which excites such ardent desires after heaven.

What is *heaven?* What is the spiritual idea of heaven ? It is *the full enjoyment of our heavenly Father's face.* We shall see Him as he is, through the medium of his Son Jesus Christ, the Lamb that was slain.

What is *heaven?* It is *a tranquillized mind:* an eternal and undisturbed peace with God, arising from the assurance that sin is pardoned, and that God is reconciled. This is the result of justification.

What is *heaven?*—It is *joy arising from a happy union to the "spirits of the just made perfect."* You have, doubtless, had a foretaste of this heavenly enjoyment when united in church fellowship : when around the Lord's table, you have felt that you were all one in Christ, and united in spirit to all "the excellent of the earth." These, and many other enjoyments of true believers, have a strong resemblance to the enjoyments of the heavenly state. And having had these foretastes, the soul is on the wing for full possession. "Give me this water, that I thirst not !" All who have tasted the enjoyments of real religion upon earth will say, "I pray thee let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon." This desire arises,

3. *From strong faith in the unspotted honor and integrity of Him who has promised this good land to us.* The Christian believes that God has graciously revealed of this heavenly state. It was faith in God's promise

which inspired the Israelites to proceed on their march through the wilderness. The same principle had before actuated their great progenitor Abraham: he firmly believed what God had told him; and hence, "he went out, not knowing whither he went." When the Israelites went out, they knew not the road; but Jehovah had promised to guide them, and the cloud and pillar were with them through all their journey.

Well, Christian, aged Christian, *you* are going to heaven, to the land of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it to you." Of you it shall be said, as it was of the patriarchs, "They went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came."

Thus, you see the man, you see his hold of heaven. You hear him expressing his desire, and you find from what it arises. Is the character, is the desire *yours?* Are you thus "bringing forth fruit in old age?" Do you thus long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better? If so, there will be proofs and evidences, which I proceed to point out,

II. **What are the evidences of your truly desiring a heavenly state?**

1. *Earth loses its attraction.*—Brethren, I fear many of you must say with the poet,

> "This world has many charms for me!"

Yes, it has many charms: its influence is wonderfully attractive: it draws, and many of you run after. But not so the old saint; not so the aged Christian ripe for glory. He resists the influence: he says to the world, "Farewell! let me go; I seek a better, that is, a heavenly country."

This is not the language of the *busy tradesman,* of the man who has determined to be rich, whose plans are laid, but not as yet accomplished.

This is not the language of the *votary of pleasure.* No; the "lover of pleasure more than of God," is perpetually crying out, "Who will show me any good?"

Nor is it the language of the *old miser;* of the man whose heart is set on his gold. Poor, wretched man, hear what the word of God says: "Thy money perish with thee!"

For all such men, "this world has many charms." But Moses can say, "Let me go; this world has no attractions for me." And this was not the language of Moses only; but of David and Paul. Thousands there now are who breathe the same spirit with which these holy men were inspired, and who can sincerely say, "Let me go over, and see the good land: I am crucified to the world; I have done with all its business; let me go to Him whom my soul loveth!" This is the language of all who love and fear God.

It is not the feelings of the *disappointed speculator,* all whose Babel schemes have been frustrated, and who, because he has been thus defeated, cries out, "Let me go!" Neither is it the excited feeling of the *romantic lover,* whose expectations have been derived from false notions; whose hopes have been fed by airy dreams.

Nor is the spirit and temper of the *old churl;* of the man who looks with disgust on all that is passing around him; who is out of temper with the young, with the world, with himself; and who, because he finds that other men have an opinion as well as himself, and that all are not inclined to submit to his dogmatic tyranny, often exclaims, "My soul is weary of life!" This was not the feeling that animated the breast of Moses.

2. *Religion assumes its personal importance*—"Let *me* go." The phraseology is personal. Not that there is anything selfish in religion: the everlasting happiness of others is never lost sight of by a heavenly-minded

saint. Yet he is not so intent on the salvation of others, as to forget the interests of his own soul. "Let *me* go!" It is like saying, "If there be a Saviour from sin, O, my God, let him perform his work in my soul, and save *me* from all sin, in thought, in word, and in deed, as well in time as in eternity! If there be a heaven, O let *me* not seem to come short of it!" "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land!"

3. *There will be a restlessness of desire*, an unsettledness of mind, while absent from the Lord. They feel that this is not their rest. There is nothing here suited to the desires and taste of a renewed soul. Paul was desirous to "depart and to be with Christ," he was yet willing to abide in the flesh for the good of others. Thus while the aged Christian prays for heaven, he yet says, "The will of the Lord be done, as to time, and place and circumstance;" well knowing that his heavenly Father's time is the best. Still, they are not at home; and knowing that "while they are present in the body they are absent from the Lord," they pray with Moses, "Let me go over, and see the good land!"—Then, where there is this meetness for heaven,

4. *Death will lose its terrors.*—Religion does not altogether destroy our fears of death: it may be, and still is, a terrific enemy to many a Christian. But it is the high privilege of the believer, whose character I have been describing, to be exempted from "bondage through the fear of death." He knows how to distinguish between the present circumstances of death and its eternal consequences.

III. Urge you, by some appropriate motives, to aim at the attainment of this holy ardor after a heavenly state.

1. *Be convinced that it is attainable.* How many Christians there are who stop short of this holy state of mind! They seem to be quite satisfied if they can but

arrive at heaven, and never manifest any anxiety to attain that perfection which is the great preparation for its enjoyment. Not so the inspired apostle: he said, "Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended of Christ Jesus, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"He builds too low, who builds below the skies."

Christians should aim at great things, and expect great things.

2. *Be assured, also that this state is desirable.* It is desirable that you should be thus dead to this world, and alive to that which is to come, on several accounts.

Consider *the personal advantage to the individual.* Of whom have we been speaking this evening? Of "an old disciple;" of an aged believer, who, by his profession, tells you that he is not of this world; who has for years set his face towards the heavenly Canaan; and who now while standing on the brink of Jordan which "divides the heavenly land from ours," is saying, with Moses in the text, "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land!" This is as it ought to be; his hold of earth weak; his hold of heaven strong.

But you should aim for this holy ardor, because of *the benefit likely to result to others.* Can such a city be set on a hill and not observed! Can a light of such magnitude be placed on a table and not give light to all around? Impossible. Such a city must be admired—such a candle must illuminate.

And by this *you will*, also, *be an honor to the religion you profess.*

"Great God! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?"

No; your ardor for a heavenly state will ennoble your character, and you will become "epistles known and read of all men."

Finally, *Hereby God will be glorified.* It is an awful fact, that there are, in this our world, many who are enimies to God, and wish to rob him of his glory. You are the friends, the servants, the sons; and to you it belongs to vindicate his honor, to reflect his glory. But who can better do this than the aged? While others doubt the salutary tendency of the doctrines of grace, you can prove its efficacy: it has made you to differ from others; and it enables you, amidst surrounding temptations, to lead a holy life. You are an hourly witness of the doctrine of divine forgiveness; a daily proof of the unchangeableness of redeeming love in the midst of a changing world. O aged saint, I pray you aim continually thus to rebuke gainsayers, and to glorify your heavenly Father.

In looking round this vast assembly, I see *many who are well stricken in years.* Well, what are you? Old disciples, or old impenitent sinners—servants of God, or servants of Satan? "His servants you are whom you obey."

Aged saints, ripe for eternal glory. We love to dwell upon your character, and to mark your attainments: we love to see you, to talk with you, and to pray with you now, and we hope hereafter to see you in heaven. It rejoices us to behold you ascending the top of Pisgah's mount, and to hear you exclaiming, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the goodly land." We see in you a proof of the reality of religion, and the efficacy of divine grace in making and in keeping you thus a Christian. Young persons, you wish to know what the grace of God can do for a man in the present life; well we will not send you to the verge of the creation; we need not go beyond the present Christian society; we can here point you to instances of what the grace of God *has done:*—what would you have more than we can present to you?

Yes, aged saint, we love to see you. You have the infirmities common to human nature; the outward man is perishing, but the inward man is renewed day by day. You have one foot in the grave, and the other on earth; but your heart is in heaven where your best treasure is. Yes, we love to see you: you are ripe for glory. And what has made you thus? You are changed by the power of divine grace; you have found religion to be a source of true enjoyment, and now you find it supporting and lifting you up. Young Christians, what would you have to encourage you which you do not find here? You have nothing to pass through which these have not passed through before you. Yes, aged saint, we love to visit you, and to contemplate your end. Your eyes grow dim, and the description given by Solomon of the decays of age are verified in you; but as your outward man decays, your inward man waxes stronger and stronger. Old man, rejoice in what is before you: you are taken up with the necessary affairs of life; your head and your hands are often diligently employed; but you shall soon be gathered to your everlasting rest: as the late venerable and pious John Newton in his last days, when asked how he felt his mind in the prospect of eternity, replied, "I am like a letter fully written, subscribed, and sealed; and only waiting for the postman to call and take it to its destination."

Aged saint! you have often said, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the goodly land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." Soon will the voice of your beloved Saviour address you, "*Thy prayer is heard, thy request shall be granted—come up hither, and be for ever with thy Lord.*"

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

A BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT.

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"*He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.*—JOHN v : 35.

HOW beautiful this designation of the Forerunner is, we may learn by a brief analysis.

I. **He was a "light."** But of what kind? Literally the word in the original means a portable light, as a candle, lamp, or torch, which must be made, prepared, and kindled into a flame. He was not the uncreated Light, "the Sun of righteousness." "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into this world." The greatest of all the prophets was but a lamp, a torch, compared with Christ, the full-orbed and Eternal Sun.

II. **But "he was a burning light."** He was on fire, burning, blazing with self-consuming ardor in the service of God. He had "oil in his vessel with his lamp," and it never went out for lack of fuel. The Baptist, like our Saviour, was ever full of his work. His zeal consumed him. His devotion burned with the most intense fire of love. It glowed like a furnace at a white heat. It sent out its own radiating and reflecting fire, until the wilderness was kindled by its flames, and the nation was aglow with his awful power. But

III. **"He was a burning and a shining light."** Some fires burn but do not blaze, nor is it every flame that gives true light. There must be something to burn, some solid chemical matter in every flame that makes an illumination. So there are souls which consume away but do not shine. But John the Baptist burned and shone, because his light was light from heaven. It was not stolen like the fabled Promethean fire, but it was kindled at the uncreated and eternal source; and then it was set where all could see it and rejoice in it, while it flamed heavenward from earth.

Yet "that burning and shining light" went out; it burned fast; it shone but a little while, and then he who was the lamp that lighted our Saviour's feet on earth, was made one of the brightest of the stars that burn and shine forever and ever before the throne of God.

When God raises up eminent Christians, endows them with gifts and graces, and honors them and their work for Jesus' sake; the Church is bound by her loyalty to her King, and by her debt to redeeming love, to "rejoice in that light and to walk in it" "for the season" during which it lasts. Every such believer in Christ is a miracle and monument of grace. The blood of Christ has been sprinkled on him, the love of Christ constrains him, the witness of the Holy Spirit is within him, and his seal upon him. His body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He burns and shines with love divine. He does the work of Christ. He obeys the word and will of Christ. "Ye are the light of the world, &c." And when our Lord takes these "burning and shining lights" away from the Church on earth, they go not out in endless night, but he transfers them to the temple "that is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He takes them from a lower to a higher place where they burn and shine forever with brighter lustre and with purer flame.

In this spirit let us now turn to see the illustration of these truths in the character and death and influences of that eminent servant of the Lord for whom we lament, and yet praise God to-day.

The object of this discourse is not to present a biographical sketch nor to attempt a full-length portrait of our "American Wilberforce," but simply to exhibit some of those characteristics which have made him for more than a generation "a burning and a shining light" in the Church and in the nation. Against the dark background of our unhappy times his character stands in bright and bold relief, admired by millions, and beloved by all who know the man and his native and gracious worth.

A Christian is not the one to undervalue a descent from godly forefathers. The ancestors of Theodore Frelinghuysen, both in this country and in Holland, were eminent for their love of liberty, their independence of spirit, and their intelligent attachment to the truth of God. In character, religion, and statesmanship, his lineage was equally honorable and blessed of God, who has made him the most illustrious of his name.

Let me speak to you of his character. By the concurrent testimony of the whole nation as expressed in private and public, in the pulpit and at the forum, and through the press, "he was a burning and a shining light," and "we rejoiced for a season in his light."

It would be hard to say what particular gifts and traits made that light so bright. He was a man of eminent intellectual gifts, and of scholarly tastes ; an orator of no mean fame and of classic eloquence ; a lawyer who adorned the able bar of his native State ; a Senator who stood high in the front ranks when the Senate of the United States contained its greatest lights. But it was the final balance of his powers, the beautiful adjustment of intellectual and moral qualities with refinement of culture, admirable judgment, and unique individuality of character, speech and action, which constituted the general excellence of the man. In this happy combination of characteristics without the striking preponderance of any one intellectual gift, he was not unlike our matchless Washington.

Perhaps the best designation of his character would be its purity. No miser's covetousness wrote its hateful legends on his calm brow. Nobody looked in his shadow for "treason, stratagems, and spoils ;" for lurking cunning, nor for that peculiar malice with which hardened age sometimes steels its withered nerves. He was like the crystal, solid but translucent. You could see through him, and love him, because he unconsciously sought and bore the test of sunlight. Like Nathaniel, when he came to Jesus, he was "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."

But it was the religion of Jesus Christ which gave to Mr. Frelinghuysen his chief distinction. He was the

Christian lawyer, the Christian senator, the Christian philanthropist, the Christian gentleman, the Christian always and everywhere. His honesty and integrity, his eloquence and his power were all, like himself, "baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." "The blood of sprinkling" was on the posts of his doors, on his family, his calling, on every service that he rendered to the country or to the cause of Christ.

I know no finer instance of the vast increase of power which religion gives to a man of intellect and education.

When his name was proposed in the caucus of the National Convention, for Vice-President, on the same ticket with Henry Clay, a distinguished Southern lawyer opposed it in these words: "I know him well; I admire and love him: if I were searching the world over for a man to be my pastor, my spiritual guide, I would seek Theodore Frelinghuysen of all men living; but to drag him through the mire of party politics at the tail of a presidential ticket, I will never consent to it—never, never!" Still he was nominated, and failed of an election, that would have placed in the second office of the nation one of the purest of statesmen.

But God had better things in store for his honored servant. Both before and after his retiracy from political life, he was the most eminent living American representative of the great moral, philanthropic and religious institutions of the age. Nothing that concerned the welfare of humanity and the kingdom of Christ, was foreign to him. Philanthropy has had no more noble advocate, Christianity no more devout pattern of its broad, graces and of its deep, genuine catholicity. The whole Church of Christ in these United States claims him as the type, embodiment and representative of Christian Union and of that "unity of the spirit" which is "the bond of peace," and "of perfectness." No better proof of this can be named than the singular fact that at one time he held the office of President in those three great national and catholic institutions, the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was a theologian of ample acquirements, of rigid evangelical views, and of thorough orthodoxy according to the Calvinistic standard of Dordrecht and Westminister. All his ancestral, traditional, and local associations, his constitutional tendencies, his education, and his conscientious convictions, united to make him a living type of "the good old ways of the Reformation." He was neither a bigot nor a latitudinarian. He stood upon the highest ground of unsectarian Christianity, and yet like a good soldier of Jesus Christ he obeyed that apostolic injunction: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity." (1 Cor. 16: 13, 14.)

His faith, and his love for Christ and his cause, were measured by the world, the Bible, and the Cross. With him "there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female: for all are one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. 3: 28.)

He was a regular attendant of the union daily prayer-meetings which were held in New Brunswick during and since the late revival, and took a leading part in the exercises, and an humble seat among the lowly. For many years during his legal practice while a Senator in Congress, when Chancellor of the University, and afterward, when President of Rutgers College, he was a Sabbath-school teacher, who loved his work, deemed it one of his highest honors, and found in it a comfort and reward of which he now enjoys the full fruition.

Another pre-eminent trait of his Christian character was his faithfulness. He could "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and gentleness." He did this with an authority which only goodness can command. The righteous indignation which the sacred writers show against sin, and their fidelity to truth, and to the transgressor, were richly displayed in the habitual conduct of Mr. Frelinghuysen. This was the outworking of a principle within him, which grew stronger and brighter with his experience. Every body felt it. From the Senate Chamber to the farthest bounds of the Union, the wise and good of the whole land rejoiced in his light. It burned and it shone for all the people.

There is one other characteristic of this venerated man, which cannot be omitted in even the most superficial view of his traits. He was the beau ideal of a Christian patriot. The motto of his life was: "For Christ and my country." I need not stop to tell this audience how he exemplified his love of country. It was a part of the man and of his life.

During his last illness, and up to the day of his death, his country was upon his heart, and upon his tongue, and in his prayers. And when from almost every public building and private house in the city, the good old flag floated at half-mast over his unburied corpse, the people felt that America and the Union had lost the very Daniel of the time.

His death was preceded by an illness of a few weeks duration, attended by severe suffering. But grace was triumphant there. The faith which he had humbly adorned so long was his victory. The Saviour whom he loved so well, was "Christ in him the hope of glory." Notwithstanding he had been prone to constitutional religious depression, and had during long years felt those fears of death which trouble many of God's dear children, they were all dispelled by the grace which was given him. The valley of the shadow of death was made light about him. His end was peace—perfect peace—which was the effect of the assurance of hope unto the end. His was not the death of one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." But he died in the faith which he had loved,

> "His eye bright with hope,
> Flashing its birthright radiance unto heaven,
> Drinking revealments of God's paradise."

Amid the prayers and the praises of a great multitude of the best citizens of the land, with tears and with love, his body was laid in the grave of the righteous, among the sepulchers of many honored and sainted dead, to await "the resurrection of the just."

Yes! yes! He was a burning and a shining light, and we rejoiced in his light for a season! "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good—to him that made great lights—for his mercy endureth forever."

The beneficent grandeur of such a character deserves peculiar attention in this troublous time. Nature had done much for him; but grace did more. It gave this "salt its savor." His world-wide charity, his deep piety, his representative character, his high example, are before the nations of the earth. Wherever the American tract, the American missionary, and the American Bible, "go into all the world preaching the gospel to every creature," they carry with them the influence and the prayers of this prince of God. To our American youth he is the pattern of patriotism, professional purity, and success, and of sanctified ambition, with modesty, humility, and faithful piety. To the legal profession he is "the burning and shining light" of its learning, its integrity, its eloquence, and its legitimate power in the state. To our country, and its rulers, he is the model of its wisest counselors, its best citizens, and its most Christian loyalty. To the Church he is the type of her most eminent servants in her Sabbath-school, her eldership, her ecclesiastical courts, and her benevolent operations. To every one of us he is the pattern of the decided believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, "walking softly before God, and occupying his talents until his Lord came."

A THEOLOGICAL PROFESSOR.

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LIVINGSTON PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN YALE COLLEGE.

, A DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF DR. N. W. TAYLOR.

"*And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.*"—DANIEL xii: 3.

WHAT glorious promises are held out, in the Bible, to those who spend their lives in bringing sinners to God! They are pronounced blessed even in their persecutions. Having a part in the sufferings of Christ, they go to reign with Him on high. They are forever lifted above the troubles of this dying existence, as the firmament is exalted above the earth. In the sphere to which they are removed they are like the stars set in the tranquil sky. No man can pluck them down out of the hand of the Father. They are *together* there in heaven, shining on one another with a mingled radiance, reflected from "the Lamb who is the light thereof." They do not die and pass away like the inhabitants of the earth, but they resemble the stars which have held their course undimmed from the morning of creation until now. Their life is everlasting—an everlasting progress in knowledge, and purity, and blessedness. Yea, when the stars shall fall, and the heaven depart as a scroll, the Apostles of God will continue near their Redeemer forever and ever!

We cherish the hope that the venerated father whose body we have lately committed to the grave, was a true minister of Christ, and that Christ was with him, according to the promise, unto the end, and that now he is with Christ in the mansions prepared for His followers. We honor the Creator when we recognize any real excellence to be found in his creature. We honor the Saviour when we admire the fruit of his grace, and contemplate the work of those whom he has led by the hand. Only let us keep in mind the words of John the Baptist—himself "a burning and shining light"—"A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven."

Dr. Taylor combined two powers seldom found together—the powers of a metaphysician and of an orator. His faculty of long-continued abstraction was wonderful, and the subtlety of his analysis strained the attention of the most acute of his pupils. His powerful mind found recreation in those forms of activity which, to common men, are a most irksome task. In the department of intellectual science, he stands, by general consent, in the first rank. Yet, mixed with the accurate, reflective, keenly discriminating habit of his mind, and glowing beneath it was the fire of an orator. He loved to convince others, and to carry them with him. In the presence of an assembly, even in the presence of a few congenial listeners, his mind would kindle and his manner become eloquent. Among his most stirring, as well as instructive efforts, were the extemporaneous decisions which he was formerly accustomed to pronounce in the students' debating society, over which he presided. Indeed, his mind seemed always to be in lively motion; and it was his complaint through his whole life that he could get but little sleep. When the night came, his brain refused to cease from its work.

If you look for the secret of the uncommon influence which he exerted over his students, you may find it in, part, in the personal traits which have been already named. They were struck, on their first acquaintance with him, with the superiority of his intellect. There was a fascination in the manifest independence of his character. It was evident that he called no man master. He taught them to throw away the authority of names, and to think for themselves. He stimulated them by putting his propositions in paradoxical and startling forms. He gave them to understand that he was not satisfied with the expositions of theology in the current treatises; and that he lectured, because he had things to say which had not been said before. He challenged them to examine all his teachings in the light of their own intelligence, to bring forward all the objections which they could think of, urging them to propose questions, and ending every lecture with the words: "Now I will hear *you.*" He made it clear that he was not discharging a mechanical function, that he was not fettered with false notions of professional dignity, but that he was intent on his great object, and was ready to trample on any mere forms that might stand in his way. The courage of Dr. Taylor fascinated young men. For he was eminently courageous. He had never learned the trick of concealing his opinions. In controversy, he would know nothing of stratagem, but marched boldly up in the face of his antagonist.

He has been properly styled the last of our New England Schoolmen, in the special themes which absorbed his attention, in his method of handling them, and in the extent of his influence over the clergy, the compeer of Emmons and Hopkins, of Smalley and the Edwardses. The animosities of theological strife die away. One generation stones the prophet and the next builds his sepulchre. The memory of Dr. Taylor will be generally honored. His name will soon be historic; and the college where he was educated, and where, for thirty-five years, he has taught, will be proud to place it high on the list of illustrious divines who have adorned its annals.

They who knew Dr. Taylor best, do not need to be further reminded of the depth of his affections and the religious earnestness that appeared in his daily life. He held a stern mastery over his feelings, but now and then they broke through the barrier, and the floods of emotion that poured forth betrayed the depth of the fountain. How he loved his family, those long nights spent in prayer, when temptation or distress was impending, are a touching witness. How his sympathies flowed out to his parishioners, their lasting gratitude, and the tears of gray-haired men who followed him to the grave, are a significant proof. The cordiality of his attachment to friends and pupils is seen in the sorrow of so many scattered over different States of the Union, and in distant lands, who will mourn as personally bereaved.

In character, as in name, he was the Israelite in whom was no guile. Some time since, when compelled by his infirmities to lay down his pen for the larger part of every day, he casually remarked to me that he occupied himself with religious meditation; to that kind of meditation, he said, his strength was adequate. More recently, when fully aware of the near approach of death, he expressed his calm trust in God, and his desire to depart as Stephen did, uttering the petition: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." To his best earthly friend, he said: "When the time comes for me to die, I want you to be perfectly calm, and when I am called to go, I want you *to let me go;* and the widow's God will be your God." * *

It is hard for me to realize the fact that Dr. Taylor is dead. I expect to hear his familiar step at my door. I expect him to come forward and greet me as I enter his house. I think of him as an aspiring boy, journeying to college from his father's house, his future career all unseen before him. I think of him as a vigorous youth, grappling with the hard problem of Foreknowledge and Will, with the determination to solve it or die in the endeavor. I think of the beauty of his person and the majesty of his eloquence, when, in the center of his manhood, great congregations hung on his lips in rapt attention. I behold him as I first saw him, an old man, but with spirits still buoyant, and all the energies of his mind in full exercise, discoursing, in his lecture-room, on the grounds of guilt and responsibility to God. I see him as he was but lately, when, weary under the weight of his years and his trials, he walked through the streets with slow and painful steps, pausing here and there to talk with some old parishioner on the things that pertain to the kingdom of God; and again, as he lay in weakness on the bed from which he never arose; and at last I think of his noble features on which death had set his seal. Yet his life seems unfinished. It *is* unfinished. He has not died, but gone to another life, leaving the worn garment of mortality which he needs no more. Dark clouds may settle on the face of the evening sky, and seem to blot out the sun, while that luminary is rising on other regions, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

Yet his earthly life is ended forever. Never again will he enter this sanctuary where he has so long bowed in worship. In these places where he has been seen for half a century, he will never more appear. That deep-toned voice is hushed in death. That tongue is silent forever. Soon all that was mortal in him whom we honored, will be mingled with the dust. To see so much manhood fade away—shall it not impress on us the vanity of the earth? Shall it not rebuke the pride of the young who feel strong and safe in their strength? "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Let this solemn event turn our minds to the true purpose of life, and teach us how worthless, by themselves, are all earthly things. Of what importance, now, to our deceased friend are the admiration and reproach which he received, both in so large a measure, from his fellow-mortals? In itself considered, of how little moment that he rose to an intellectual pre-eminence among them? Or even that he has built up with so much toil, a theological system that is called by his name! That system, whatever value it may have at present, will be supplanted, and in time will pass away. For the truth does not abide in one form of expression; and it is ever showing new phases, and casting off the alloy of error.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord! art more than they."

"Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away; for we know in part." "For now we see through a glass darkly." In the light of eternity, our departed teacher may have learned more, in these last few days, than in his life-time before. He has left behind an influence; he has borne away a character. Our joy is not in his talents; in the productions of his intellect, or in his earthly fame; but our joy is in the belief that he lived to glorify God, and that his controlling purpose was to do good. We rejoice in the confidence that, in the great ends which he set before him, he was an obedient follower of the Saviour, patiently endeavoring to do His will and humbly trusting in His mercy for salvation. And the source of the satisfaction with which we review his life, is the fact that he was employed, by the Redeemer, as an instrument of turning a multitude to righteousness. To the Redeemer be all the glory!

In concluding this imperfect tribute to my venerated and beloved teacher, let me urge the young men of this assembly, in whose welfare my heart is deeply interested, to follow him as he followed Christ. Not to disparage other occupations to which you may be inclined, what can you do more worthy, than to devote yourself, as he did, to the work of a Gospel minister? What object can you figure to yourself so high as the turning of immortal men from sin unto righteousness? Whatever self-sacrifice may belong to it, what work will, on the whole, yield you so much peace while you live? Contrast the life of a faithful preacher, in its lofty studies, its inspiring and delightful duties, with the thorny path of political ambition!

But aside from the consideration of temporal happiness, when the hour of death shall come—and it will come much sooner than you can now realize—what life will you wished to have lived? At the portal of the eternal world, as you look back on the past, what work will you desire to have done? Oh! how unspeakable is the privilege of him who, in that parting hour, can take to himself the promise of the text! Blessed are they to whom it is given to turn many to righteousness, and to shine as the stars forever and ever!

A LAWYER, EDITOR AND COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE ON WILLIAM G. GODDARD, LL. D.

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE FACULTY OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

I RISE to perform one of the saddest duties to which I have been appointed. My colleagues have requested me to deliver a discourse, in commemoration of the life and services of one very dear to us all, but, if I may be allowed to say it, specially dear to me. He was the first officer of this institution with whom I had the honor to become intimately acquainted. Our friendship has continued, without interruption until the day of his death. During the whole period, within which we were associated as officers of instruction, we were in the habit of meeting daily, and many times in the day. The various plans, which, since my knowledge of this institution, have been laid, for the improvement either of its course of education or manner of discipline, have all received the benefit of his wise and thoughtful consideration. The principles on which they depended were developed by mature reflection, and the measures which resulted from them were carried into effect by our mutual labor. And when, in consequence of ill health he retired from the duties of that chair which he had filled with equal honor to himself and advantage to the University, we all considered his separation from us to be rather in form than in fact. We unanimously invited him to be present at all the meetings of the faculty, assured that his interest remained unabated in the prosperity of the institution, on whose reputation his labors had conferred so much additional lustre. We felt that his talents, and labor and fame, were as much as ever the property of the university. For myself I may truly say, that, for nearly twenty years, I have taken but few important steps the reasons for which I have not discussed in the freest manner with him, and in which, also, I have not been in a great degree either guided by his counsel or encouraged by his approbation. There is scarcely a topic in religion or morals, in literature or social law, on which either of us has reflected, that we have not discussed together. Neither of us was fond of disputation, but both of us loved exceedingly the honest and unstudied interchange of opinions. It so happened, that our views upon the most of the subjects were, in an unusual degree, identical. The very last conversation in which we were engaged related to those great truths, revealed to us by Jesus Christ, in the belief and love of which, all his spiritual disciples are one.

In a moment, and all this interchange of thought, and all this concert of action, have ceased, and, so far as this world is concerned, have ceased for ever; and while the living image of our associate and friend seems yet to walk among us, in all its freshness, I am requested to commemorate the services of the dead. You will all, I I very well know, sympathize in the emotions with which I undertake this solemn service. It is almost as if he of whom I speak were in the midst of us, to be the hearer of his own eulogy. We have been so long accustomed to his presence on every collegiate occasion; so few days have elapsed since he occupied his wonted seat in this sanctuary; that we are unable to realize the melancholy truth, that we shall see his face no more. And besides this, the deep feeling, which pervades every bosom, leads us instinctively to distrust our own judgments. On the one hand, we fear lest the full utterance of our sentiments should seem like panegyric; and on the other, we are troubled lest eulogy, too much chastened, should do injustice to the memory of the dead. And yet more is this embarrassment increased by the recollection, that the occasion necessarily awakens, of those inimitable delineations of character, which so often flowed from the pen of him whose sudden departure we are now assembled to deplore.

Under such circumstances, I know full well that I must fail to present the portraiture of the late Professor Goddard, as he now reveals himself to your memory, and stands embodied before you in your conceptions. I know, however, that I am surrounded by his friends, who will readily complete the sketch, no matter how imperfectly executed, which I may offer for their contemplation. I know, moreover, that you will all appreciate the difficulty of my task, and pardon the indistinctness with which my thoughts reflect the beauty and the symmetry which you have so frequently admired in the honored and beloved original.

While the principles of social and constitutional law were always among the most interesting subjects of study to Mr. Goddard, the practice of the legal profession could never have been congenial to his tastes. Permanently enfeebled by sickness, he was unfitted for the labors of the forum; while his soul was too sensibly alive to the beautiful, to become wedded to an intellectual pursuit of which the pervading element is logic. He, therefore, relinquished the practice of the law, and chose the profession of an editor, . . . and, at the time of his death, was Professor of Pulpit Eloquence in the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass.

He had formed very just conceptions of the moral and social obligations devolving upon the conductor of a public press. He believed it to be the duty of an editor not merely to abstain from outraging the moral sentiment of a community; but still more, by holding forth examples of pre-eminent virtue, and inculcating the principles of everlasting truth, to elevate the standard of public manners, and teach the wayward passions of men obedience to conscience and reverence for law. He believed, that by constantly presenting, to the eye of the public, images of beauty, the press might exert a powerful influence in forming and purifying the national taste. He thought it incumbent upon him, on all suitable occasions to rouse the spirit of the state, to combine together good men of every name, in the promotion of every enterprise by which the ignorant might be enlightened, or the vicious reclaimed; by which vice might be deprived of its means of fascination, or virtue endowed with new elements of attractiveness; by which the intelligent and the wealthy might be excited to beneficence, and the poor and uncultivated be encouraged to self-dependence.

His editorial writings were remarkable for the high spirit of individual and social morality, which breathed in every line, no less than for the pure, yet sparkling and epigrammatic English, in which every sentence was clothed. Though he espoused with youthful ardor the political opinions he ever afterwards professed, yet, as I have been informed, he never in a single instance forfeited the personal respect of his warmest opponents. To every judicious effort to promote the welfare of his fellow citizens, he gave his willing and earnest support; and some of our most valuable public charities owe their origin to the editorial labors of this portion of his life.

His success as an instructor excelled in unfolding such general views as illustrate the principles of a science, by tracing their effects upon the condition and changes of society, and by exhibiting their influence in the formation of individual character. He labored to enkindle in the bosoms of his pupils a love of truth, of virtue, and of goodness.

He was a diligent and profound thinker upon all subjects of religion, morals, general politics, and human civilization. But even here, he appeared to arrive at the result in which he rested, rather by a moral intuition than by any process of reasoning. His spiritual discernment seemed to indicate to him what the law should be, and, upon investigation, he found his opinions confirmed by the highest authorities. Hence, in his reading, he rather sought for the truths which our great teachers have discovered, than for the processes by which their discoveries have been effected. To theological controversy he paid but little attention; but of sermons, or other religious writings, which lay bare the human heart, or reveal to us the precepts of duty, or present the scriptural motives for well doing, he was a diligent and earnest student. Of the various theories of social order, he knew but little, and he cared even less. Let a case, however, be presented, which involved the essential principles either of individual or social right, and he would seize upon it in an instant; and it would not be long before he had formed a definite and earnest opinion in respect to it. He might not be able to give a logical reason for his opinion; but the opinion would be, with singular certainty, correct, and he would so present it to the public as to leave an impression which no argument could readily efface.

During the political agitations a few years since, he stood forth the unwavering advocate of justice and truth, of liberty and law. His essays for the daily press, during this period alone, would fill a moderately sized volume. Day after day, he explained to his fellow citizens the principles of rational liberty; he laid bare, with a masterly hand, the distinction between liberty and licentiousness; and when at last the crisis arrived—with an eloquence that fired the soul of every true hearted man, he urged us all to unite in defense of that heritage of civil and religious liberty which God had bestowed upon our fathers. In this cause he labored on, amid sickness and infirmity, through good report and through evil report, until the efforts of patriotism were crowned with triumphant success. All the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's. He desired nothing, either for himself or his friends, which he did not equally desire for the humblest citizen amongst us. He labored to sustain a government which should secure to every citizen the rights conferred upon him by his Creator, and which should guard those rights with equal vigilance, both against the oppressions of the many, and the tyranny of the few.

The manners of Professor Goddard were courteous and refined. His personal habits, without being painfully exact, were scrupulously neat, and in perfect harmony with the character of a literary citizen. His conversation, sometimes playful, never frivolous, was always instructive, and at times singularly forcible, captivating and eloquent. His tastes were simple and easily gratified; and I think that he preferred a book in his study, or a conversation at the fireside with a friend, to any form of more exciting and outdoor enjoyment. He was, both from nature and principle, eminently, but with discrimination, charitable. To the judiciously benevolent institutions of our city he was a liberal and frequently an unsolicited contributor. Nor did his charity exhaust itself in making others the almoners of his bounty. He sought out the poor and infirm, the disconsolate and the forgotten, and specially those who in age were suffering from the mutability of fortune; and while he relieved their wants by pecuniary aid, soothed their sorrows by his sympathy, and animated their hopes by his cheerful encouragement. One of his last visits, only a few days before his death, was made to an aged widow, who has since followed him into eternity, to whom he communicated alms; while, as she herself told me, he consoled her sinking spirit by the humble piety of his conversation.

The religious opinions of Professor Goddard were those of the divines of the English reformation. He believed most fully in those doctrines which teach the moral corruption of the human heart, the necessity of the influences of the Spirit to our moral transformation, and that our only hope of salvation rests upon the atonement by Jesus Christ. He was conscientiously attached to the Episcopal Church; but, making a wise distinction between spiritual religion and the various modes in which it may be manifested, he loved true piety, wherever he discovered it, "with a pure heart fervently." He carried into daily practice the sentiment which he uttered only a few days before his death. "The longer I live," said he, "the more dearly do I prize being a Christian; and the more signally unimportant seem to me the differences by which true Christians are separated from each other."

The death of such a man, at any time, is always felt to be an irreparable loss. I, however, remember no instance, since my residence in this city, in which this sentiment has been so deep and universal. The sphere of eminent usefulness, which Mr. Goddard filled, was peculiar and uncommon. It rarely happens that affluence is granted to men of so varied learning, so cultivated taste, and so elevated moral principle. Still more rarely are these advantages combined with the leisure and the will to use them with disinterested zeal for the benefit of the community. But it was while thus employing his varied talents, that Mr. Goddard was so suddenly removed from the midst of us. At no time of his life had his influence been so widely acknowledged and so beneficially felt, as at the very moment when it all ceased forever. When we think of the intellectual and moral light which he diffused, of the trusts which he held, of the courses of thought and action which he directed, we seem to look in vain, I do not say for the *man,* but for the *men,* by whom his place is to be supplied. Our only hope is in God. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth ; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

But what, let us inquire, are the sentiments which it is becoming in us to cherish on the occasion of so mournful a bereavement ? In the first place, let us bow in submission before the face of our Father in heaven, who, in inscrutable wisdom, and yet parental goodness, has inflicted upon us this sore calamity. He endowed our departed associate and friend with the intellectual powers and the spiritual graces which made him, for many years, a burning and a shining light. At the time which He had chosen, and in the manner that He himself had selected, He has removed him from this world of trial, and raised him to his sanctuary of rest. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

A high-minded and public spirited citizen, who has, for many years, devoted a large portion of his eminent ability to the promotion of every design by which we and our children could be rendered wiser and better, has ceased from his labors. A more solemn and urgent responsibility is devolved upon every one of us who remains. Let us cheerfully assume those public burdens which our associate and friend laid down only with his life.

Let his example teach us that the cause of truth and justice, the cause of liberty and law, of charity and piety, are well worth living for. Highly as we esteem the various gifts of our lamented friend, it is for the use of which he made of them, that now we chiefly venerate him. Though we may not be able to supply the loss which the community has sustained in this calamity, yet if each one of us labors with an honest and earnest spirit, our humble offering will be acceptable to the Master.

And lastly, how solemn an admonition does this event bring home to the bosom of each one of us. We are most impressively reminded, that no pre-eminence of usefulness, no ties of affection, no gifts of nature or advantages of fortune, can offer to us the least assurance of length of days. The sun of Mr. Goddard went down while it was yet high moon. Nay more: how solemnly are we taught, that every one of us is walking upon the borders of eternity, and that the very next footstep may be planted within the limits of the world unseen. We commence a week in health, but where shall we be at the end of it? We rise in the morning, buoyant with hope, but God only knows who of us shall look upon the shadows of the evening. We arrange our plans for the hour, but ere they are half completed, we are numbered with the dead. We commence a conversation, but while the words yet linger on our lips, we are in eternity. Can there be one among us who mistakes the lesson which these conditions of our being are intended to inculcate? They surely teach us that we can only live wisely as we live in habitual preparation for death. Let us then give all diligence to make our calling and election sure, for so an entrance shall be abundantly ministered to us, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A PHYSICIAN.

MEMORIAL SERMON OF H. H. GREGORY, M. D.

REV. WESLEY R. DAVIS,

PASTOR OF ST JAMES' M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Upon the top of the pillars was lily work.—1 KINGS vii : 22.
Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.—REV. iii : 12.

THERE is a manifest connection between these passages. The first reveals to us the polished columns of Jerusalem's temple; the last is significant of another temple in a New Jerusalem of which the old was the magnificent type.

In this divinely planned structure I know of nothing, outside the Holy of Holies, more impressive than the pillars built by Hiram. These were of the finest brass, of great height, splendid in symmetry and crowned with lilies.

It is a law of art that the most perfect and enduring effects are produced by a combination of things unlike each other. A painter throws into his picture the darkest shadows that he may intensify his clearest lights. A sculptor carves for the top of his columns, capitals of delicate design. An architect relieves the heavy masonry of his walls with items of exquisite device and forms of sculptured beauty. God himself is our original teacher; for whilst he "setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power," he hath woven around their summits tender vines, and rooted in their crevices sweet-scented flowers, that warmly clasp and color the cold grey cliffs.

Observe that the strength was first and the beauty of lilies afterward. We have here the uplifting of those two qualities which are worshipped by the soul of man the world over. Power and beauty alike win his homage, but not unfrequently he yields himself to that which is but the sham of strength and renders service to that which has but the semblance of beauty; to power ungifted with love and to beauty unadorned by holiness. It is the lie of the world often uttered and often believed, that the righteous must needs be the weak, and the pure the uncomely. God declares the right to be the only strong, and the good the only beautiful. The power that enters human life to rule it within and without, must be a power of conquest, having the inherent qualities, of stability. Man is born in battle. His cradle is rocked by his own strugglings. His history is that of a shifting factor in a shifting world. He can neither command himself nor control his surroundings. Antagonisms swarm on his path. Struggling alone he can have but one experience: the shame that comes of perpetual impotency and the confusion that arises from continued defeat. Sooner or later he learns this truth, that "all power is of God," and that the strength that conquers for the spiritual, that takes hold of eternal things and abides, that elevates life into firmness of character and adorns it with real beauty, *is possible only through the patient, helpful, regenerative ministry of Jesus Christ.*

A man having this Christ for his Saviour and friend, and developing thereby a character that was like a column, has just been called out of the stir and bustle of our midst. The beginnings of such a life are of special interest.

I cannot speak of the sudden darkness and inner pain that smote my heart on the morning when a messenger entered my room with the tidings, briefly told "Dr. Gregory is dead." I felt as though one of the central foundations of the earth had been removed. I *knew* that a pillar in our temple had fallen; that a life on which hundreds of lives leaned was shattered. Looking beyond the shadows of the finite I behold a shining, stately shaft set up on high, and read the destiny he has gone forward to realize;—" Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out."

What was the ground-work of this life? At such a time as this, these questions naturally determine the drift of our thoughts.

The classification of men is a very difficult task, and yet it is one we almost unconsciously perform. It is not simply the result of our judgment after a careful analysis of character. It largely belongs to our intuitions. What a man is, is the final impression he makes on the world rather than what he seems to be. His seeming may be adroitly managed, but the instinctive and necessary influences of his real self, will sooner or later tear off the mask. Genuine manhood is as certain of recognition as hypocrisy is of detection and scorn. . . .

Making search for the foundations of this character, I ask you to mark the Faith which shaped and sustained his history.

He was a man of convictions, a man compacted of positives; invariably clear in opinion and firm in attitude. When he came to apprehend the realities of life, illuminated by the realities of divine truth, it was in no negative mood, but with a vivid experience and seizure of soul that made them his own. . . .

I ask you to consider also his Fidelity. He was open to conviction, if wrong could be convinced and swayed to the right path, for the right with him was ever the supreme; but once settled in purpose he could not be moved. He was not a rover or a shifter, playing fast and loose with duty, but an earnest man who having found truth planted himself on it with a firmness invincible. Faithful to his professions, he was a column morticed in rock, find him where you might.

Because he thus stood immovable on things accepted, we have the rounded effect of his entire life; which was that of strength.

He was strong because *sincere*. He had all the tenderness of real strength and all the strength of real tenderness. Nevertheless he was poorly endowed with patience for many things. He would burn and flare against pretence and hypocrisy with an energy that was startling. He could no more bear a sham than be a sham himself. The meannesses that eat integrity out of character were specially smitten by his sarcasm or shriveled in his scorn.

He could not dissemble. He had no hiding place even for his faults. These were reported on the very surface of his action, and were the excesses of virtues rather than their perversion.

An experience of safety belonged to every one that knew him, for he was without guile. To the worth of sincerity he added the Christ-like spirit of *self sacrifice.* Two brief passages, often on his lips, revealed his philosophy of life—"No man liveth unto himself"—"Ye are not your own." How clearly were these words written on the pages of his history. Influence consecrated to Christ was the end of his desire and of his deed.

Self forgetful, he was above envy; rejoicing in the success of others and hopeful for the unpromising. His record with the younger physicians of Harlem cannot be written. The good cheer, the genial help, the steadfast fellowship, the common sense counsel and liberal hospitality, which they have received from the "old man," as they fondly called him, can never be repeated. May the dignity and charm of his memory bind them to that faith, which bore fruit in the warmth and beauty of his example.

Again, he firmly enthroned himself through *sympathy* with human life in its every stage and experience. The sorrows and struggles of others became his own. He was the sheltering refuge and the trusted friend because of his instant appreciation of your trouble. His consolations were swift to offer all his resources. His helpfulness verified these words—

"Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would reach;
It needs the overflow of heart,
To give the lips full speech."

This trait of character did not blur moral distinctions. He could see wrong and condemn it, but he was like his Lord in this also, that he pitied and yearned to restore the wrong doer. The secret of failure in the ministry of many is littleness of heart; not want of intellectual or expressional gifts, but meagerness of sympathy. Their views of life are narrow. They know men after one type. They surround themselves with frigid proprieties that repel the affectionate impulses and deep questionings of souls. He was not of that class. He believed the Gospel to be God's spell for man, charmful with power and vigorous with hope. Able to win and able to save because straight and fresh from the bosom of an everlasting Love. Under the sway of this faith he would not despise any soul that might fall into the disgrace that brought suffering. Rejected by others there was forgiveness and help in him.

His sympathy was the emphasis of that *wealth of humanity,* which he threw into all his undertakings. This became the source of an enthusiasm that was magnetic and led captive the doubting and the irresolute.

Wherever his name was mentioned you seemed to hear the beat of a big heart. Time and again in the history of this church, when the outlook was dark and the future uncertain, he would become the prophet of the morning and of the clear path to be revealed in its light. Sanguine in temperament and faithful in duty, he was always an inspiration. As one upon a steamer's deck feels the throb of the engine and knows that he is near a force that helps him over the waves, so the friends of this man were carried by a power that often propelled against adverse currents and across the crests of maddening difficulties.

What a nature ! thus to continuously pour itself forth ; only asking that you take freely, abundantly of its fullness ; only content when the best had been given. If I could chisel upon his tomb the symbol of his free and generous spirit I would carve a "flaming heart upon a broad and open hand."

The pillars of Hiram were strong because firmly based and magnificently proportioned, but "on the top of the pillars was lily work." In the ordinary goings of our friend's life you might not have guessed that he carried a crown of flowers. He had more than these—the sweet charities of life and the beauty which best adorns strength.

Perhaps the most manifest, was his cheerfulness. This shone through his countenance, and rang in his voice and was the elasticity of every movement. His company was as exhilarating as a sea-breeze. Said one of his patients to me, "To have him come into a sick room was to be better right away." His glad vitality gave a new spring to your own powers of enjoyment. His laugh was like the gush of a full fountain, joyously breaking into freedom, satisfying the thirsty and quickening dry life-roots.

His nature, like a revolving mirror, reflected everything around it; the grass by the wayside—the clouds of the sky—the sun-set and the stars—the little child with its laughter and the old man in his weariness—the sick under the fire of fever and the well under the glow of health—the bereaved by the ruins of love-altars, and the unsmitten rejoicing without fear; all were reported to this genuinely tender and greatly true soul.

Again, he had an exquisite appreciation of everything that was natural, that had the worth of being what God intended it to be. This directed his estimates of men and things. This decided his tastes; made him quickly responsive. This formed the standard of his criticism whether in poetry, or art, or history, or character. If he should take up a book and read a sentiment of special energy or peculiar pathos, it would duplicate itself in his own spirit, so swiftly, that his face would flush or his eyes fill with tears.

This was not a weakness but a source of invigoration to his manhood. It is not the weakness of an oak to carry the light foliage that elaborates strong roots, stout trunks and giant arms. The work of the leaf is as important to it as the qualities of air and dew, the bath of sun-floods and the wrestling of tempests.

Every class in this community has been stricken by his death. The laborer, who fights want from his door-sill to-day, but knows not from whence the bread for to-morrow will come, has lost a kind helper and healer.

The weak woman, wasting under disease, is conscious this night that a form has passed from her bedside that cannot possibly return, and no other will take his place; whose arm "was the strongest on the longest day," and whose mind was filled with soothing thoughts, as his spirit with sympathies.

The stanch, brave soul, standing full-breasted against the storm-tides of the world, shakes with sobs, because the unfailing feet of a braver brother-soul, may walk with him never again through dark waters and under tempestuous skies.

I behold but one sorrow, which is everywhere breaking forth in tears, because the strong man sleeps in his grave.

He fell suddenly. There was no dying scene of which I may speak to you. Just before the Angel of the Dawn opened the gates of morning on May 1st, the Angel of the Lord overstooped his pillow and whispered the summons of departure. Of that going he had apprehensions. He said to a friend of mine, the week before he was cut down, "I shall be snuffed out some day," and to another, "I expect to die with the harness on."

When his brethren of the profession searched for the cause of his sudden death, they discovered that the right auricle of the heart had been worn thin by the pressure of the blood, so thin, that it was but a piece of fine tissue. This was ruptured. The life currents had broken their channel and in a moment he was gone. This is significant to me in a peculiar sense. The Sunday morning before he died, he sat in his pew, listening to the sermon, with that kindly and helpful attention which made him the best of hearers. I closed with a quotation from an humble English poet, concerning the veil that hangs between us and the eternal home. He said to a friend afterward, "I felt that it was only a veil; indeed, I almost got a glimpse of heaven." For him sitting there the partition was very thin. Before a second sunrise came, a life-throb rifted the veil and he passed through to the perfect vision. His warfare is ended. The armor has been unclasped and the helmet exchanged for the crown. He is now and ever the rightful heir of all that heaven holds.

But he does not simply inherit; he has also something to give, out of the riches of his immortal life. When Benjamin Parsons, of England, died, a friend carried the news to John Pulsford, who lowered his head for a moment in deep sorrow, then suddenly answered with a smile, "He is gone; yes, but he has gone to make the heavens stronger." Likewise our kinsman and brother, having triumphed in Christ, is henceforth a pillar in the higher temple of God. The great frame of life is made firmer because of his entrance. The heavens are stronger *for us.* A fresh magnetism streams past the stars and takes captive our thoughts and desires. A voice from the "house not made with hands" calls us to be true to the laying up of treasures incorruptible, and to the elements of character that make for it an enduring good. What can take precedence, or be of greater import to you or to me, above the powers that matured our translated friend for his reward? Humboldt has said, "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man." Such fruit Christ seeks and hungers for in your lives, and shall He find at last nothing but leaves?

May His consolation to this stricken household be greater than their anguish; may this darkness bring to them the closer pressure of His bosom; may they be sheltered there, through all years, until one after another shall be lifted higher, to find broader light, sweeter peace, and the abiding fellowship of him, who has been taken from their arms.

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OUR TRIALS.—Trials are medicines which our gracious and wise physician prescribes because we need them, and he proportions the frequency and the weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in his skill, and thank him for his prescriptions.—*John Newton.*

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL STEWARD.

ON THE DEATH OF WILBUR FISK, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

NATHAN BANGS, D.D.

"*Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make rule over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?*"—Luke xii: 42.

WE mourn to-night, my brethren, the loss of no ordinary man! Dr. Fisk, whose thrilling accents you heard for the last time in this church, when he so feelingly and eloquently plead the cause of missions, is no more! Did I say, no more? I correct myself. He is no more among us.

Yet he lives! He lives in the recollection of thousands, to whom he was endeared by the strongest ties of affection, and who will long venerate his memory as an able minister of Jesus Christ. He lives and will long live and speak in those volumes which he has left as records of his worth, and as an evidence of his deep devotion to the cause of God—of his ability to expound and defend the truth, while he stretched his thoughts over a wide field in search of theological, moral, and philosophical science.

But he lives in a still higher sense. No longer shrouded by that mortal body, nor impeded in its expansive powers by its sluggish nature, nor dependent upon its functions either for the reception of its ideas or for the exercise of its energies, that undying soul, purified by the blood of the Lamb, is now enjoying the fruits of its labors and sufferings in the full fruition of that life which shall never end.

But, though in this sense he lives, and will for ever live, he is in another sense dead to us. And without anticipating evils which we may never live to realize, permit me to call your attention,

I. To a brief exposition of the text.

II. To show by a short account of the life and character of the Rev. Dr. Fisk, that he comes under the denomination of a "faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord appointed ruler over his household."

The text directs our attention to the following particulars:

1. *The household.* By this expression, I shall understand the Church of the living God. This is composed of various members, of different ages, sexes, capacities, dispositions, and pursuits in life. These require *food;* that is, instruction, admonition, reproof or encouragement, suited to their respective ages, capacities, dispositions, and their several callings. It is the business of a *faithful and wise steward* to seek out these several members of God's household, to ascertain their wants, and to furnish them with the needful "food."

2. *The faithful and wise steward,* I shall understand as designating that minister or pastor whom God hath appointed over his household. That man may be denominated *wise* who perfectly understands the peculiar duties of his profession.

A wise minister of the gospel is one who is "thoroughly furnished unto every good work"—fully understands the law and the gospel—is able to explain and defend them, and suitably to apply them to the variety of cases which may come within his observation.

A *wise steward,* therefore, is one who has so applied himself to the study of divine truth that he has a comprehensive knowledge of the economy of salvation, of the law and the gospel, and of all those helps afforded by the providence and grace of God for the furtherance of his cause among the inhabitants of our world.

3. A *faithful* steward is that minister of Jesus Christ who applies his wisdom to experimental and practical purposes. Fidelity in the improvement of time, in the right application of attainments, whether intellectual or spiritual, is the "one thing needful" to entitle a minister of Jesus Christ to become "a ruler over his household."

The faithful steward watches with diligence over the several members of this household, adapts his instructions to their different ages, circumstances, variety of dispositions, and peculiarity of callings in life. He dilligently employs all his time and talent in *doing* good. His knowledge he uses for practical ends. He makes his theory have a practical bearing upon himself and others. He watches over those intrusted to his care with the tender solicitude of a father, giving them all a "portion of meat in due season."

4. Such a man is rewarded by being made a *ruler* over the household of God. Being eminently fitted by both *wisdom* and *fidelity*, for this high and responsible station, God puts him in his place, and makes him a ruler over that portion of his family where his talents may be most usefully employed for the improvement and salvation of immortal souls.

By a *ruler*, I understand one that takes an *oversight* of some particular department of the church, and is therefore held responsible for whatever may be transacted by those placed under his care. Here his wisdom and fidelity are eminently brought into practical operation.

II. Whether or not Dr. Fisk was thus qualified for a "faithful and wise steward," whom God made ruler over his household to give them their meat in due season, will appear from a review of his life and character. . . .

On his return from Europe, he re-entered upon the duties of his station with the same distinguished zeal and eminent ability by which he sustained himself from the time of his entrance upon that important trust.

I need scarcely say to you that he died as the Christian dieth, "full of faith of the Holy Ghost." "Having served his own generation by the will of God, he has fallen asleep," and now rests from his labors among the blessed and illustrious dead.

Thus ended the labors, the sufferings, and the mortal existence of the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University—a man who united in himself the graces of the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar, as well as the purity and dignity of the minister of Jesus Christ.

It now only remains to present some of those excellent traits of character by which he was distinguished.

1. His learning, though, perhaps, not so deep and thorough as that of some others, was nevertheless sound, various, and of the most useful character.

2. His religious experience was deep and genuine. This was fully evinced by the uniformity of his piety, the humility of his mind, and his ardent devotion to the cause of his Divine Master.

His efforts to do good were limited only by his means. On a certain occasion he was heard to say, "As I have no children of my own to provide for, I feel it my duty to do all I can for the benefit of others." Acting on this principle he devoted all his energies of soul and body to the best interests of his fellow men.

3. Though deeply interested in the cause of education, yet he considered it only so far important as it was made subservient to the spiritual and eternal welfare of men.

The holy influence which was collected around the

Wesleyan University, by the power of his precept and example, seconded as he was by his associates and the official board, was extensively felt on the surrounding population, and gave it a commanding character in the community.

His invariable maxim was, that *sanctified* learning only can be useful to mankind.

4. His talents as a preacher of the gospel were of a high order. He entered deeply and systematically into theological truth, and was thoroughly Wesleyan in his views of the gospel, and the methods of diffusing its blessings among mankind. Though never boisterous in his manner, but calm and collected he was energetic, plain, and pointed, and evinced that he spoke from the fulness of his heart—a heart thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his Divine Master.

He was an original thinker.

His manner in the pulpit was solemn, graceful, and dignified ; his enunciation clear and impressive ; and all his gesticulations corresponded to the purity and importance of the cause in which he was engaged.

5. Dr. Fisk wielded a powerful pen. The few printed sermons he has left behind him bespeak for him the sound divine, the able advocate of revealed truth, and the fearless defender of experimental and practical religion.

6. Instead of towering above his fellows by an exhibition of any one talent of superior strength and brilliancy, in him were concentrated that cluster of excellencies which constituted a nicely balanced mind, admirably adapted to the variety of calls which were made upon his time and abilities. This concentration of excellencies created the symmetry of character which so beautifully displayed itself on all occasions, and so eminently fitted him to move in the various circles of usefulness in which

he was called to exercise his gifts. And in the exercise of these gifts, it was evident that he studied to be *useful* rather than *great,* though it is equally manifest that his greatness of character resulted from the usefulness of his life and labors.

7. But that which characterized Dr. Fisk among his fellows, and rendered him so eminently useful, was the deep vein of evangelical piety which ran through all his performances, and exerted a hallowing influence over his own mind and the minds of others. This blended itself in his private studies, mingled in his social intercourse, graced and sanctified all his public administrations, whether in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the discharge of his duties as president of the university.

8. In his social intercourse he sweetly blended the meekness of the Christian and the gravity of the minister with the urbanity of the gentleman and the graces of the scholar. To the common courtesies of life he was never inattentive, well knowing that Christianity distinguishes her children no less by the "gentleness" of their manners, and the delicate attention to the niceties of relative duties, than she does by the sternness of her requirements in favor of purity of motive and conduct.

9. Though inspired with that spirit of catholicism which embraces all denominations as constituting one Christian brotherhood, he was, nevertheless, cordially attached from principle to the doctrine, discipline, and usages of the church to which he belonged, and of which he was such a distinguished ornament. Wesley he venerated as the first man of his age, as the greatest of modern reformers, as a sound divine, and as one of the most evangelical, laborious, and successful ministers of Jesus Christ.

10. It remains only that we look at him as the head of the Wesleyan University. Here he seemed to be the

center of attraction to all connected with the institution, whether as professors, directors, or as students. His counsel was respected, his precepts observed, and his example considered worthy of the imitation of all. He ruled more from the love and respect which were felt and entertained for his character, than from a fear of his frown, though the latter was dreaded in exact proportion to the esteem felt for his exalted worth.

Finally, we may say, that "Whatsoever things were lovely, pure, and of good report," in religion and morals, in learning and science, in spirit and conduct, were, in an eminent degree concentrated in him, and sweetly and harmoniously blending their united influence in his heart and life, gave a symmetry, a finish and polish to his character, worthy of love and admiration ; and although as a human being he must have felt and exhibited the common infirmities of our nature, yet, having been disciplined by education, refined by grace, and improved by reading and extensive observation, he may be safely held up as an exemplar for the imitation of the Christian, and the minister of Jesus Christ, as well as those to whom are committed the interests of the youth of our land.

The doctrine of the text then has had an illustration in the life and conduct of Dr. Fisk. He furnished the most indubitable evidence of being a *faithful and wise steward* in whatever relation he sustained to the church ; and hence he became, in the order of divine providence and grace, a ruler over God's household, and he gave them their portion of instruction suited to the various relations and circumstances in life, until his Lord said unto him ;—" Well done, *thou* good and faithful servant ; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

A BISHOP.

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE ON REV. E. S. JANES, D.D., LL.D.,

LATE SENIOR BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

THE first Napoleon, when crossing the Alps, saw an old peasant woman hastening through the mountains, and he asked her, "Whither are you hastening this sharp morning?" She said, "To yonder pass to see the emperor." He asked, "What have you gained in him more than in the Bourbons? Have you not simply exchanged one despot for another?" The old peasant woman stopped, thought a moment, and then answered, "The Bourbons were the rulers of the rich and great; Napoleon is *our* ruler." We are here to-day, to pay a tribute of greatful remembrance to the cherished and honored dead, because Bishop Janes was *the bishop of the common people.* With a scholarship that made him at home in the company of the learned and philosophical, with tastes that could revel in the refinements of a select few, with every social circle welcoming his approach, and with resources sufficient to make these varied advantages a delight and not a burden, he still remained, in his convictions, in his habits, in his home, in his sympathies, and in his affections, the brother of the laborer and the friend of the poor; and the very last business act of his open right hand was to answer to a cry for help. As a Missionary Society we have lost a mighty friend, who labored and planned and lived for us, who cared for our souls, and who sought the society of the wealthy only for our sakes. He is our dead, therefore, are we here. . . .

The elements out of which Bishop Janes' greatness was constructed were simple and easily apprehended.

They are on the surface of his transparent character. They are open to the gaze of the common observer. It is difficult to grasp a sphere. It slips from the grasp. We must encompass it to hold it. This is the problem before us. Thus it happens that a man is comprehended only by his peers. We need not add that Bishop Janes must wait for a biographer. Let us catalogue the component parts of this character.

Let us place *reason* at the head of the list, next his Common sense . . . . his Conscience . . . his Ambition . . . his Courage . . . his Affection . . .

So rounded and complete was his character that, approached from almost any side, it seemed to be greatest. At first sight he seemed not so great ; but as we worked up into his abilities they grew to the limit of our comprehension. His powers were like groups of mountain peaks towering up side by side, and so close together as to reduce each other's apparent height. Only the accurate tests of science show their great elevation above the sea. The group of the exalted peaks in this wonderful man I would call his common sense, his conscience, his will, his concentration, his ambition, his industry, and his economy of power. Other peculiarities, seen in themselves, would have made him a marked man ; but I think these are the peaks with which he held up the crown of his greatness.

The elements were so evenly mixed in him, and the powers so nicely poised, that he seemed able to do his best on all occasions and under any circumstances.

As a *preacher*, he had few superiors. As a *platform speaker*, he could come in any part of any programme, and be heard, enjoyed, and remembered.

As a *pastor*, he was methodical, exact, easy, and without a blemish.

He was *an orator*, of superior parts. "He was eloquent."

He was a *thinker*, able to trace and reveal the hidden relations of truths.

He was a *writer* of great ability.

He was a *statesman*, measured by his papers and by the wisdom of his administration.

He was an *organizer*, handling with ease and ability the system of superintendencies that constitute Methodist polity.

He was a *leader*, not rushing into revolution, but steadily moving up toward the advance line as rapidly as it became reform instead of schism.

He was an *administrator*, when it became necessary for him to assume responsibility he did it so gently that all felt relieved to have it finally determined.

As a *bishop* he was a model.

Bishop Janes must be ranked among the great men of the Christian Church, and his greatness must endure. We hardly call the ephemeral great; we want our greatness to abide. Meteors that flash out upon the darkness only long enough to reveal the gloom and oblivion into which they rush are not types of greatness. Suns that shine on forever rather impress us thus. Bishop Janes will stand this test.

The only man who could give any exhaustive catalogue of the duties and work of Bishop Janes is now voiceless in the grave. We can figure the weight of the atmosphere on a square inch, or on the surface of the city, or on the earth itself; but no man has found the outside spot on which to correctly measure the weight of "the care of all the Churches." Gethsemane is the type of that outside spot. We can go with this little man of great achievements through the ceaseless round of his duties, watch him on the wing, like the bee gathering honey for the marriage-supper from every field on earth; yesterday seeking to steady some wavering brother in the streets of Boston, to-day journeying on foot among the camps of the miners near the Golden Gate, to-morrow searching in the crowded cities of heathenism for the picket line of Christianity, crossing oceans, scaling mountains, traversing continents, till the surface of the world seemed more familiar to him than the retreats of his home, and the faces and wants of the great army of workers in all lands were more definitely fixed in his memory than the faces of the neighbors of his family. We can watch him working right on, year in and year out, knowing no vacations except the quiet of the lightning express, or the repose of the midnight jerky of the frontier, and asking no rest but hard work.

The life of Bishop Janes had but one purpose, and his death could leave but one testimony. The light that is brighter than the noonday sun, that had been shining into his life for nearly fifty years, could not fail him in the dark valley. He has walked with God so many years, and so often pointed the dying and sorrowing to the city with gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and palaces of fire, and thones of light, that all these things are familiar to the eye of his faith. He enters heaven, from the harvest-field of the world, with the quietness of perfect repose. I know of nothing grander in the history of the race. In thought I have gone out through the Gate of the Martyrs in Rome with Paul as he went forth to kiss the headsman's ax. "I am now ready to be offered. . . . I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Only such a soul as Paul could use such an experience. I have walked yonder with Elijah, and caught the rapture of his soul as he neared the Jordan; I have watched this grand old prophet of the mountains, who had lived in the solitude of nature's grandest scenes, who had gazed with eye undimmed on the clouds of fire that wrapped the mountain summit, and stood with courage unabated, with his foot on the heaving bosom of the earthquake ; I have seen this man step into the chariot of Israel, and ascend in a whirlwind of fire, and I have been awed, as in the presence of God. But to my mind there is something unlike these, indeed, but in its kind not inferior in calm sublimity, in the dying of Bishop Janes. At the end of his worldly journey he pauses a moment in the bed of the Jordan, and, looking straight up into the face of God, he says, "I am not disappointed."

Brothers, the substantial part of this life we may repeat. Most of its greatness lies within the reach of a holy ambition and consecrated will. Average gifts, concentrated into power, exercised into greatness, purified into strength, glorified into beauty, vitalized by the divine Spirit, and driven by an absolute, despotic, resistless, omnipotent will, can repeat the wonders of this character as often as the world needs such leaders. May the mantle of this man fall upon the young men entering the ministry till every ear on earth hears the good news, and every seat in heaven by the side of Paul is occupied!

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"WHEN I get to Heaven, I shall see three wonders there. The first wonder will be to see people there that I did not expect; the second wonder will be to miss many persons whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."—*John Newton.*

A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A WISE AND FAITHFUL RULER.

JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., LL.D.

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, IN ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, N. Y.

Remember them which have the rule over you, . . . whose faith follow.—Heb. xiii : 7.

IT is the Lord; His will be done. The blow has stunned the nation. Had we no trust in Him who conquers even the last enemy, the "victory of the grave" which calls us together to-day would fill us with despair. and even with all the light which the word of God affords, and with all the strength which our faith in God gives us, we can still only say, "His way is in the sea, and His path in the deep waters." We shall know hereafter what He doeth; but we know not now.

"*Remember,*" says our text, and "*follow.*"

There is little fear of our forgetting—there is little fear of the world forgetting the name of Abraham Lincoln. It was the remark of Heine, the German poet and satirist, that "men preserve the memory of their destroyers better than that of their benefactors; the warrior's name outlasts the philanthropist's." There is some truth in this, taking the world's history as it has been. But it is one of the best signs of the times that men's hearts are more than ever attracted by moral greatness, and that all laurels are not stained with blood. The day is dawning, even though its rising sun be dimmed by clouds, and struggles up amid gloom, and tears, and blood, in which the glory of the reformer shall outshine that of the conqueror—in which the

Saints of humanity, strong, yet tender,
Making the present hopeful with their life,

shall be held the true heroes in men's thoughts, as they are the true heroes in the progress of humanity, and before the eye of God. And to this heroic class belongs the name of Abraham Lincoln, who fell, if ever man did, fighting the battles of humanity.

The bullet of the assassin has done the work of an age. To-day that name stands as high before this whole people, of all parties, of all sects, of all classes, as it would have stood in half a century, had the blow of the assassin never fallen. Party spirit, for the time at least, is dead. Who thinks of party now ?

The streets of the city of New York, and of every city in the Union, from Portland to San Francisco, are clad in mourning. I have been struck, in going through the poorer streets of this city, to find the emblems of sorrow more general, if possible, on the abodes of the humble and the lowly, than on the stately dwellings of the rich in the grand avenues. All over this land, and over all the civilized world, I dare say, there shall be grief and mourning in the hearts and homes of those who are called the "common people"—of whom was Abraham Lincoln. The "ruling classes" abroad will grieve also, but for a very different reason.

But, while there will be real grief among the ruling classes, there shall be sorrow of another sort among all who have hoped and struggled for the future equality of the race, and who, these four weary years, have been watching the issues of our great war for freedom, with an intensity of feeling only next to our own.

And now let us ask why all this sorrow ? Whence this universal love ? Certainly it was not intellectual grandeur that so drew all hearts toward Lincoln. But it is stupid to talk of him as a man of mean intellect. He had a giant's work to do, and he has done it nobly. Even in his speeches and writings, where defects of form reveal the want of early culture and give room for the carping of petty critics who can see no farther than the form, I do not fear to say that the calm criticism of history will find marks of the highest power of mind. With such gifts as God gave him, he was enabled to pierce to the very core of a matter, while others, with their fine rhetoric, could only talk around it.

Yet it was not for the intellect, but for the moral qualities of the man that we loved him. It is a wise order of Providence that it is so that men are drawn. We never love cold intellect. We may admire it; we may wonder at it; sometimes we may even worship it, but we never love it. The hearts of men leap out only after the image of God in man, and the image of God in man is love. Oh! what a large and loving heart was stilled last Friday! How fine, how tender, how all-embracing was the love of that old man! Men of all classes were alike won by his personal magnetism. Those who have traduced him most, and those who have been most carried away by the blind fury of partisan hate, and have gone to Washington to see him, have always come away disarmed.

The entire absence of vindictiveness, either personal or political, was one of the ripe fruits of Lincoln's native tenderness. Did you ever hear of his saying a hard thing of his opponents? After all the vile calumnies heaped upon him at home and abroad, did you ever know him to utter a single word showing personal hate, or even personal feeling? It is a marvelous record. He lived as he died: the last of his public utterances closed with the words, "With malice towards none, with charity for all." This phrase will fall hereafter into that small number of phrases, not Scripture, but which men often cite, unwittingly, as though they were.

Another striking element of his moral nature was his profound faith—a faith not like that of the man who now stands at the head of the French people, a blind fatalistic confidence in his own destiny, or in the destiny of the system with which he is identified. Nor yet merely an uncalculating faith in the wisdom, virtue or steadfastness of the American people. Abraham Lincoln had this, indeed ; but it was not all : he had a profound religious faith : not simply a general recognition of the law of order in the universe, but a profound faith in a Personal God. Of his personal religious experience I can not speak of my own knowledge, but we have more than one cheering testimony about it. I have been assured that ever after the battle of Gettysburgh he was daily in the habit of supplicating in prayer the throne of divine grace, as a believer in Jesus Christ, and that from that time he classed himself with believers. Oh ! what prayers those must have been in the dark days of '63, and how wondrously has God answered them.

I shall not speak of the patriotism of Abraham Lincoln, though it is one of the points of which I had intended to speak, but you know all about it. You know what a tremendous duty fell to him, and how he did it all the way through ; seduced by no blandishment, frightened by no threats from the steady pursuit of his one duty—to restore the integrity of the government. How far he succeeded is known to you all. The "forts and places" which he said he would retake are all ours to-day, and the main army of the rebellion is scattered and gone !

The manners of Abraham Lincoln have been a matter of a great deal of comment, and of snobbish comment too. If unaffected simplicity, the most entire ease, and the power to put one's visitor at ease, and do it unconsciously ; if these are the ultimate results and the final tests of refinement, as they unquestionably are, then was he the peer of any nobleman in manners. When you shall learn to be as easy, as gentle, as truly unaffected, as free from all thought of yourself, as Abraham Lincoln was, then indeed will you have finished manners. What if there were a few accidental remnants of his former habits? Of all people in the world, we are the very last that should think of these.

We had no fear about Abraham Lincoln, except the fear that he would be too forgiving. Oh! what an epitaph—that the only fear men had was that he would be too tender, that he had too much love; in a word, that he was too Christ-like! In coming ages, it shall not be the least idea of his titles to the veneration and love of mankind, that his compeers found no fault with him, except that he had *too much* love.

Dear friends, the life of Abraham Lincoln is closed. After a very, very stormy voyage, the ship has reached her harbor at last. And how after all these tempests, these fierce blasts, these rising floods, how did the ship sail in? Shattered and sinking, with sails all torn and rent? No, dear friends, God ordered it otherwise. Not a mark of the storm was on the noble vessel; the hull was sound, the spars were strong, the sails were spread, with the broad flag flying again as it never waved before, and with pennants of red, white and blue streaming gloriously and triumphantly over all, the ship sailed into port, and the angels of God said their glad "All hail!" So now say I—and I venture to speak in your behalf, as well as my own—Abraham Lincoln, Patriot, Philanthropist, Christian, Martyr, Hail! and Farewell!

And now, what are to be the results of this tragedy to the country and mankind? It is God that rules, and already we see that, even in this terrible crime, He has made the wrath of man to praise Him. One thing is clear—even now the American people are united as they were never united before. The Republic is not gone, thank God, but stands out in grander proportions, is established upon a firmer foundation than ever before. In the four days that have passed since the shot that laid Abraham Lincoln low, the work of fifty years in the consolidation of the Republic has been done. The morning of the same day that saw one President die, saw another quietly inaugurated and as quietly performing his functions.

Another lesson we have learned is this: that in our government no one man is essential. The Harpers have just published a book by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on the Life of Julius Cæsar. Its object is to teach the world that it must be governed by its great men; that they make epochs and not merely mark them. How suddenly that book has been refuted, and what a blow has been given to this gospel of Napoleon, by the assassination of Lincoln and its issues. Here is one greater than Cæsar, struck down as Cæsar was, and yet the pillars of the Republic are unshaken. What a pitiful anachronism does the Imperial plea for Cæsarism appear, in presence of the dead Lincoln, and the mourning, yet living and triumphant Republic!

Let us now gather one or two practical lessons for ourselves and our children. Hatred of assassination is one of these lessons, if, indeed, we needed to learn it. The work that Brutus did to Cæsar was just as bad a work as that of Booth to Lincoln. It was centuries before humanity recovered from the poisoned wound it received from the stroke of the dagger that pierced the breast of Cæsar. Teach your children, moreover, not only to hate assassination, but treason as well; for treason breeds assassins, as it breeds all other forms of crime and wrong. You cannot be too severe upon it in your thoughts or in your talk; you are severe upon the robber and the assassin ; shall you be lenient toward the treason which has begotten both robbery and assassination ?

Remember, too, that as treason is the parent of assassination, so slavery has been the parent of treason. Is it necessary for me to exhort you to teach your children to hate slavery too ? In this one thing I ask you to join with me this day. Let us bow ourselves before Almighty God, and vow that so far as in us lies, none of us will ever agree to any pacification of this land, until slavery be utterly extirpated.

One more lesson, and not the least. If anything I have said, or anything that you read or hear in these sad days, breeds within you a single revengeful feeling, even towards the leaders of this rebellion, then think of Abraham Lincoln, and pray God to make you merciful. Think of the prayer of Christ, which the President said, after his Saviour, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Let there be no place for revenge in our souls ; justice we may and must demand, but revenge, never. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I counsel you also to discountenance all disorder, all attempts by private persons to avenge the public wrong, or even to punish sympathizers with treason. The region of slavery was the natural home of such things as these ; let us have none of them. And soon, when the last shackles shall have fallen, and throughout our land, from sea to sea, there shall be no master and no slave, the blessed Peace shall come, for which we have looked, and prayed, and fought so long, when the Republic shall be established upon the eternal foundations of Freedom and Justice, to stand, we trust, by the blessing of God, down to the last syllable of recorded Time.

A WIFE.

JESUS "THE RESURRECTION."

ALBERT S. HUNT, D.D., IN BROOKLYN.

AT THE FUNERAL OF MRS. MARY C. FOSS, WIFE OF BISHOP FOSS, BROOKLYN.

"*Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"
—John xi: 25.

A FRIEND has been removed. Eight days before God received her to himself she took her little child by the hand, and walking in a meditative and thankful mood to a graveyard, upon one of the hillsides of her native town, seated herself in waiting for a funeral procession, which was to accompany, from the village a few miles distant, the remains of a young patriot, who had given his life to Christ and his country.

It is "a joy forever," to look upon the landscape which was spread before her, on that bright Sabbath afternoon.

She waited long for the funeral train, but the hour of her waiting was not lost. Aside from the numberless associations of her early life, which could have been awakened only to do her good, the praises which then and there ascended to God, must have moved her soul like a grand choral service. The prophecy was verified —"The mountains shall bring peace."

But the bearers of the dead are at hand. They enter the gateway. Slowly, silently, and with that peculiar thoughtfulness which makes a funeral in the country so unlike a funeral in the city, the sad train moves toward the grave. The silence is broken by the voice of the minister of Christ. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The soul of our sister was thrilled as it had never been thrilled before, by the peerless glory of this central doctrine of the Gospel. Tears started in her eyes. Then He, whose way it is to "still the enemy by ordaining strength out of the mouth of babes," put it into the heart of her child of two summers to pluck a flower, and with cheering words, place it in her mother's hand, as the answer to those tears.

We discover something in the lessons of the hour in the graveyard, culminating as they do in such touching symbolism, which illustrates better than studied devices, Paul's sublime argument concerning the resurrection of the dead.

And these words of Jesus, "*I am the Resurrection and the Life!*"

This is the central word of one of the most simple, lucid, and affecting narratives of the Gospel. It implies that the dead shall be raised at the last day, and more, it declares that the power of this final resurrection, even then encompassed the sorrowing Martha, and her sleeping brother. He is the Resurrection and the Life—"the Resurrection" because he is "the Life." Herein rested her hope, and his glory.

Let us name some familiar ideas concerning Jesus, upon the consideration of which we may enter with the hope of reaching a position from which our faith may readily lay hold upon him as "the Resurrection." They are these: *His Wisdom; His Tenderness, and His Power.*

I. **Very many are the evidences we have of the Wisdom of Jesus.** He so selects and arranges his proofs, that the heart of humanity opens healthfully under their light and warmth. He does not blind and bewilder us with the glory of the miracle in Bethany, because we have been prepared for it, by less dazzling displays of his power over death. The "ruler's daughter" opens the way for the coming of the "widow's son," and it was needful that both should go before the loved one of Bethany. But more than this, the raising of Lazarus did not furnish full proof of His avowal, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." This miracle, also, was preparatory, and thus humanity was not withered, but cheered by the brilliant testimony which afterward came from the tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea.

Thus, beginning with a meditation upon his Wisdom, we are led in a few steps to his grave, and feel how truly he is "the Way" to himself as "the Resurrection."

II. Let us seek another path. **Here is the Tenderness of Jesus.** It is always manifesting itself.

But here in the narrative concerning the sickness and death of Lazarus, are words which give a shock to our faith in his tenderness. The sisters send a message to Jesus. "He whom thou lovest is sick." No more is said. This surely would be enough. It would be a waste of words to add, "Come and see him." They were confident that he would come at once, as the friend and the healer. And do you not hope with them? Would you not have expected that the narrative from this point would read something in this way:—Now Jesus loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and therefore he hastened to Bethany? But it tells us that he loved them, and therefore he tarried for two days where he was. What can explain this apparent inconsistency? The answer is here. "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." In other words: The sickness was not unto death, but unto the resurrection from death.

Gladly would he have hastened to Bethany, but he denied himself that he might open a way in which he could lead humanity to a better understanding of his words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Thus beginning with the tenderness of Jesus, our established views are first violated by a strange delay, and then by a gladness still more strange. We seek an explanation, and find it at the grave in Bethany, where he teaches us by a preparatory miracle, to look on toward him as "the Resurrection."

III. We seek still another path and would come near to Jesus as "the Resurrection" **by the way of his Power.** I know of no display of his power which more amazes me than that which was needful to subject himself, as "The Life," to the power of death. How expressive are his own words! "I lay down my life that I might take it again." Who doubts now that he is "the Resurrection and the Life?" Not only has he come forth from the grave himself, but even while his power was in exercise, to the end that death might have a temporary hold upon him, he was so truly "the Life" that from his very tomb currents of vitality were issuing which found their way into the graves of many, and quietly put them in readiness to go forth with the Lord of Life.

Are you ever perplexed in your meditations upon the resurrection of the dead? Come back from your vain speculations! The mystery is too great for you. Come bury your face in the bosom of your risen Lord. You are risen already!

This is what the Saviour meant when he said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." It is what Paul had in his heart when he talked of the power of the resurrection" as something he could know, and when he addressed the Colossians as those who were already "risen with Christ."

O, for faith in Jesus "the Resurrection!"

The friend whose sudden death has called us together knew the power of the resurrection in this highest sense.

It is time that I should speak of her.

She was born in the town of Salisbury, in the State of Connecticut, in the year 1832. Her parents, who still survive her, are worthy representatives of a consistent, prayerful, cheerful type of Methodism. Unlike many, they have ever acted under the promptings of a conviction that religion should be a power and a joy at the fireside.

The consistent living and the prayers of these parents, more probably than all other agencies combined, have been instrumental in leading a large family of children, of which our friend was one of the youngest, to know the bliss of a personal trust in Christ. Our sister was never able to mark the precise period of her conversion. When a child, only eight or nine years of age, she was often seen at the altar of God seeking his favor. Afterward she was greatly moved under the ministrations of Dr. Davis W. Clark, who was stationed in her native town, but it was in the quietude of her own home and in conversation with her mother, that she was first awakened to the consciousness of God's personal favor.

The leading lesson of her life is one concerning *the blessedness of Christian nurture.* She was trained for

God and grew up into Christ. Now this was a gain not only because it blessed her with a longer day of Christian service, but it was a gain also, because the impressions made upon the heart of Childhood by the holy living and words of parents, are more potent to uphold, restrain, and comfort in after life than any other class of influences. Our departed friend never knew how to be sufficiently thankful for the religious atmosphere and sway of the home of her early days. Among her first wishes, as she began to recover from sickness a few months ago, was that her parents should be informed "how richly she had been reaping during the most serious illness of her life, the fruits of the excellent Christian training she had received at their hands." Passages of Scripture which had been impressed upon her heart in the home conversations of her childhood were the abiding benedictions of her sick room, and even passages of the family prayer offered long before, came back to bless her. Fathers and mothers! the choicest blessing you can bestow upon your children is a pure Christian nurture.

Another point demands our thought as it finds illustration in the life of our departed friend. Her religion was not a garment worn, but an influence absorbed, and the result was that her life was not only luminous but uniform. It seemed easy for her to pass from the common topics of conversation to the higher themes of faith.

And now shall I attempt to sketch her as she appeared at her own fireside? I could not if I would, and I would not. There are sacred memories of the loved and gone which are all our own. Enough for me to say here, She was a Christian mother and a Christian wife. My brother! you shall keep the rest. We have no right in it!

Her death was sudden, but she was ready to die—ever ready! When she came down to the borders of the grave a few months ago, she was abundantly supported by grace. Her sick-room seemed to her "like the very temple of God, and her bed an altar." Her soul was elated with a buoyant hope. She was not simply willing to go, but jubilant in view of the heavenly glory. Jesus was to her faith "The Resurrection and the Life," and she was glad to entrust herself and her dearest friends to his wonderful keeping.

She has left us. Do not let us say that her life was incomplete, for in the light which streams from the sacred page, we see that there can be no such thing as an unfinished Christian life.

My brother! I think I have some true sympathy for you, but just because it is true it will find some more fitting place than this to express itself.

Cling to the Cross! and forget not that "a full hand has the loosest grasp, and withered tendrils cling closer than the green."

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace! Amen.

◆

"'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died,
And memory flowed with lava tide—
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek.
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair."

A FIREMAN.

THE LAST FIRE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. BRAIDWOOD,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

JOHN CUMMING, D. D.

IN THE SCOTCH NATIONAL CHURCH, LONDON.

Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness.—2 PET. iii: 1.

I DO not intend to pass eulogiums on those that are gone, but simply, practically and plainly, to illustrate facts that have occupied a place, and stirred the souls, and awakened interest in almost every inhabitant of London.

"All things," infidelity observed of old, "must continue as they have been from the beginning." It needs but common sense, and a fair and impartial survey of our world, to come to a very opposite conclusion. There is nothing in the world permanent but what belongs to heaven. Change, deterioration, or improvement is the experience of every man.

There are evidences of change taking place everywhere. On the great earth itself a vast change will take place. Just as there was a flood, we are told, so a day will come, when the Lord "will come as a thief in the night," (unexpectedly) "in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." I always rejoice to quote science, not to authenticate the Bible, which would be absurd, but because it is always refreshing to be able to quote science as elucidating and bearing out the exact minute accuracy of the Bible. We are told in the 7th verse of this chapter, "the heavens and the earth which are now by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Literally translated, "stored with fire are reserved unto judgment." What a thought is that! A core of fire in a crust of deposits composed of dead fossils, the remains of extinguished and buried dynasties constitutes the strong earth on which we tread.

The flood annihilated nothing; it changed, it desolated, it deteriorated, but it destroyed, or annihilated nothing. What is the law that every scientific man knows? Fire destroys nothing; it makes matter enter into new combinations. It was found in that great conflagration which seemed to be permitted just to teach us what a precarious tenure after all is our wealth, our greatness, our property, that the fire took the iron, the stone, the metal, the silver, everything that was there, and threw them into new combinations, but it annihilated nothing. So I believe the last baptismal fire that shall wrap this earth in its flame shroud, will destroy nothing but sin, imperfection, decay, and that everything that God has made, everything that Christ has redeemed shall emerge frem that baptism more beautiful, more glorious, and more radiant than before.

This last fire may change the structure of things. That fire invariably does. The most precious manuscripts have perished in the flames—paintings, each of which would be an estate, have perished in the flames—sculptures, the admiration of ages, have been calcined in the flames—and as we saw warehouses where two millions and-a-half of property were stored, have been reduced to ashes, and rendered utterly and for ever worthless—a rehearsal on a small scale of what will one day be universal. This is not my statement, I am but the echo of the voice of Peter. We had a faint foreshadow of that last great conflagration, when we saw the Thames glow as if it were molten brass—when the flames seemed in their awful and mad ecstacy as if they were living things, and rose and laughed at the mightiest efforts of the mightiest master who had ever laid his hand on them and made them still, and triumphed over all his efforts to oppose their fury, and to save the property—and the property would be nothing but for the life that accompanied it—until all perished in the flames. But what will this be—what will these burning warehouses be—what will be the burning of the Parliament Houses—of the Royal Exchange—of our next door neighbor, Covent Garden Theatre—what will all combined be when compared with this world's last fire! when this earth shall be in a white heat, with a blazing atmosphere, with melting rocks, with dissolving metals, and with detonations, such as have never yet been heard, a picture of terrific grandeur, such as we have never yet seen?

But let me now take the bright side of the picture. The last fire that burns our orb, and sets fire to our atmosphere, cannot, dare not, may not touch the humblest Christian's immortal soul. The humblest Christian is safe there. The flame dare not enter the sacred chancel where the soul is. It can laugh at the drawn dagger. It can defy the spear point also. It triumphs over all that dares or attempts to assail it:—

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But it shall flourish in eternal youth
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

It cannot be annihilated. The poorest Christian in this assembly has a soul that is fire-proof, and flood-proof, and death-proof, because it has been sprinkled with the precious blood, and clothed with the glorious righteousness of the Son of God !

And in the next place, the last fire will not even destroy a Christian's body. It may be crushed by the falling of the walls of a broken up world, it may, as many a brave soldier's has been, be torn into pieces and buried beneath the green sods of the Crimea, or under the burning sands of India—and many families in this country, and not a few in this congregation, have links that knit them to the burning sands of India—but not one atom of that body will ever perish. You say, how can what has been burned in the fire, what has been torn in pieces, or lost in the sea, be discovered ? I answer, if a chemist, when a person has been poisoned, can follow and hunt that poison into every retreat into which it can go, and can produce it before a Judge and Jury, will not the great Chemist of the universe be able to trace out every stray atom of every disintegrated frame, and he who said, "let there be light, and there was light," has only to say, "let Abney Park Cemetery restore the crushed dead" we laid in it, amid the sympathies of hundreds of thousands yesterday, and every atom of that dust will be restored, and the grave shall open, that face shall be seen again, that voice will be heard again, that noble and manly form shall be visible again, and then shall be said, "O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?"

That last baptismal fire will not destroy one good deed you have done for Christ's sake. People are so fond in the present day of building beautiful churches—and there is nothing so beautiful—but I believe if we had more common sense we should think less of building beautiful churches and more of collecting living stones to build a living church, whose foundation is the Rock of Ages. A cup of cold water that you have given to a poor thirsty widow—a visit you have paid to a mourner, sitting under the shadow of death—the sympathy you have expressed—the help you have given to a poor ragged boy or girl, to educate, to cheer, to help them on the rough, hard way of life—these shall survive the last fire, and they shall be mentioned at that day, when the very words shall be music indeed—"inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

My dear friends, these are your noblest glory. Let your ornaments not be the beautiful things of this world, but those imperishable things which the fire cannot consume, which death cannot destroy, which will be reproduced at the great white throne, not as merits—God forbid—not as your claims—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Their happiness is because "they die in the Lord," then it is added, not that their works go before them, but their works do follow them.

And my dear friends, let me here say where death finds us is of very little consequence, or at what time we die, is of very little consequence, if we live and die in Christ. That's the main thing. I don't believe there's the least accident in anything that befalls us. I don't believe in chance at all. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." You've often heard me say, when trying to comfort those who had relatives in the far-distant fields of battle, that "every bullet has its billet," and when that calamity occurred the other day, that swept away perhaps one of the most useful members of this Church, there was no chance there. The scythe was peculiar, but the wheat was ripe for the master's garner. He who has gone, I am sure was ripe. In our committees connected with our schools, ragged schools, day schools, Sunday schools, his presence was welcomed by all his brethren, and his combination of good sense, of true piety, of thorough efficiency were such that I fear we shall not soon see his like again. But what is lost to the Church below we rejoice to say has gone to the Church above, and instead of speaking and speculating about the past, and what cannot be recalled, let us draw the inference—"What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

The ranks of our congregation have been thinned by translations to the skies. Fill up the ranks. Many soldiers are now listening to me. You know that when a comrade falls the rest must close up, and those to whom the battle is bequeathed must act with the greater energy. We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. You will not think me superstitious when I say that the spirit of our departed brother may be the spectator of those that are left behind, and if so, if one wave of bliss can rise from so poor a place to so rich a heritage—it will be to hear that you have taken up with greater zeal and greater energy the good work in which our brethren, who have gone before, have been so usefully employed. I have read in the stories of my country—and I for one hope its ancient traditions will never be forgotten—that one day, in a great battle, the chief of one of the powerful clans of the Highlands, fell back, and lay on his side. The blood ebbed from him, and his clansmen thought he was killed, and they began to fall back disheartened—and you know that, be it a regiment or a fire brigade, let the chief fall, how faint are all hearts, how feeble are all arms—raising himself, with the blood ebbing from him, upon his elbow on the green turf where he had fallen, as his countrymen always fall, with his back to the field and his feet to the foe, he said, "Macdonald, I'm not dead, but I'm watching how my children fight." My dear friends, the great captain of the brigade is not dead, but is watching us, his children, and seeing how they walk worthy of those "who by faith have inherited the promises."

A FISHERMAN.

READY? OR NOT READY?

REV. ALBERT BIBBY.

PREACHED AT A SEAPORT TOWN, ON OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF A FISHERMAN WHO HAD BEEN DROWNED, AND BEFORE MANY OF THE SAME CRAFT.

"*Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.*"—LUKE xii: 40.

THESE words occur at the end of a very solemn sermon preached by the Lord Jesus Christ to a numerous congregation; for we read—"There were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another." If you read the chapter carefully, you will be able to trace the various links in the chain of thought.

These words demand from us more than ordinary attention. God speaks to men in two ways, through the Holy Scriptures and by his dealings with men. When a friend or relative dies, we feel it is the voice of God calling to us to prepare to meet Him. And has not God been speaking to us, my brethren? Only eight days ago a respectable fisherman, well known to most of you, left his wife and three children at home and went forth in his little boat to gather from the deep those treasures which it had often yielded to his industry, and which afforded him his daily bread. The day passed swiftly on, and the little boat and its owner came not at the usual hour of returning. Sad fears began to chill the hearts of that mother and her little ones. The dreary hours dragged slowly on, and fears grew into anguish and distraction, only to be succeeded by the heart-rending certainty, that the wife had become a widow: for her little ones were fatherless. We are told to "weep with them that weep;" and there should be no heart among us that does not sympathize with the afflicted family. It is not, however, a solitary case. Within the last twelve months three times has such an event happened; three times it has been whispered in our streets, "A man is drowned;" three times the report has proved a fact; three times has death visited us in this unusual way. Death has not stopped only at the lowly cottages of the poor. I ask you solemnly to consider these dealings of the Lord with ourselves as inhabitants of this parish, and then say if you do not feel God is speaking to us, te each of us, to young, to old, to rich and poor? If there is one class amongst us to which God speaks more particularly, it is to the fishermen and sailors. Does not God seem to say to us—"Behold, three I have taken away from you; be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not?"

I. The lesson is, **that Jesus Christ will come again.** We are taught this in those words—"For the Son of Man cometh."

When, however, Christ next comes, it will be in His glorious majesty. Nor will he come for the same purpose as at the first. Then He came to procure salvation; when He next appears, it will be to inquire who amongst men have sought His salvation and accepted His offers, and to pronounce sentence accordingly. When Christ came the first time, only a few saw His real dignity and character; when he comes the second time, His glorious majesty and power will force themselves on the attention of all. There will be a little flock who love his appearing. But what frightful consternation will there be among those who cared not to be found ready! What terror, dismay and anguish will seize them as they behold the Son of Man coming! Thus is that awful moment described in God's Word—" And the kings of the earth, &c." (Revelation vi: 15–17.) In that day every secret shall be made known, every hidden deed brought to light.

II. **Christ will come when we do not expect him.** "For the Son of man cometh at an hour *when ye think not.*"

In the scripture the coming of the Son of Man is compared to a flash of lightning, or the coming of a thief in the night. In this way we are taught its suddenness. It will find the world generally unprepared ; for thus it is declared concerning that day in the Holy Scripture— " And as it was in the days of Noe," &c.—(Luke xvii : 26–30.) As the flood came when men though not, so will " the Son of Man come at an hour when ye think not."

Do not such instances as those I have alluded to solemnly tell each of us we " know not at what hour the Son of Man cometh ?" This last case was that of a young man not yet thirty years of age. In the morning he left his house and family, probably with no more serious thought of not seeing them again than any of you had on coming here; before the night closed in, the cold waves were rolling over his lifeless body.

III. We now proceed to notice, thirdly, **the necessity of being prepared to meet our God when He cometh.** In the language of the text it is thus expressed—" Be ye therefore ready."

It is the same as saying, " Because you must stand before the judgment-seat, and may be called to do so at any hour of any day, take care and be prepared. Be ready to meet God every day." Remember, too, that these are the words of Christ.

And this will lead us to inquire, **What is meant by being ready for the coming of the Son of Man?** In other words our inquiry is, Who is prepared to die?

First, *Are you forgiven?*

All men need forgiveness, because all men are sinners. Sinners we are born, and sinners we have been all our lives. There is not a commandment which we have not broken.

2. Are you holy?

Scripture says, "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." To be holy is to have a mind like God—that is, to love what He loves, and to hate what He hates. A holy man will endeavor to shun every known sin, and to keep every known commandment. He will feel just what Paul felt when he said, "I delight in the law of God, after the inward man." By means of prayer made in the name of Christ, and efforts made in reliance upon the grace of Christ, the Christian will be able to overcome the solicitations to sin which surround him on every side, and lurk in every corner of his heart.

Fishermen! for many hours almost every day you are separated from a watery grave only by a few inches of board: do you ever think, that without holiness you cannot see the Lord? Of some few of you there is a hope that you do; but of a very large number there is, at present, no hope at all. Do not say this is uncharitable; God says, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and by swearing, by drunkenness, by lascivious conduct and conversation, by bickering and dishonest dealing, by the neglect of the Sabbath, by idleness and disregard of your families, too many declare, as plainly as if they said it in so many words, that they are the servants of the devil, and not of God. And some who are more decent in their conduct at home, leave all their care of the Sabbath behind them, when they go to fish elsewhere. In a few weeks you will again be leaving, and exposed to the same temptation. Let me intreat you wherever you may be, to leave your nets on the Sunday and follow Christ by worshipping Him in His house.

A MERE PROFESSOR.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE AND END OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

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"It had been good for that man if he had not been born."—MATTHEW xxvi: 24.

SUCH is the alarming and astounding language of the Lord Jesus Christ respecting one of his disciples and apostles. The Messiah needed not that any should testify to him of man; for he knew what was in man. He searches the hearts and reins. He declares the end from the beginning. "Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believe not, and who should betray him." Christ's ministers are often deceived; Christ, never. He knows all things. He never was overreached. His eyes are as flaming fire. He easily detects the most specious pretenses. He knows all men, all hearts, all destinies.

The person here spoken of is Judas, whose surname is Iscariot. Let us consider the life and end of him of whom the words of the text were spoken.

1. There is no evidence that Judas Iscariot was a man of bad countenance. Most men are much influenced by looks, and many think they can tell a man's character by the physiognomy. This may often be true; but there are many exceptions.

2. There is no evidence that, up to his betrayal of his Lord, his conduct was the subject of censure, complaint,

jealousy, or of the slightest suspicion. Until the night when he committed the traitorous deed, his reputation seems to have been fair, and without the shadow of a blemish. He was not ambitious, as James and John on one occasion were. He was free from the characteristic rashness of Peter. His sins were all concealed from the eyes of mortals. He was a thief; but that was known only to Omniscience.

3. There is no evidence that, during his continuance with Christ, he regarded himself as a hypocrite. Doubtless he thought himself honest. He knew no other kind of sincerity than that which he possessed. He may have had solemn and joyful feelings under the preaching of Christ. He may have had very awful and tender thoughts when he himself was preaching. Such is man's self-ignorance, that it is probable not one in ten thousand, who are hypocrites, firmly believe that such is their character. Nay, it commonly happens, that the worse men are, the better they think themselves to be.

The first mention made of this man is entirely creditable to him. He is introduced to us as one of the twelve, whom Christ chose as disciples and confidential friends, to be with him and hear his instructions, both public and private. We are not told that Christ ever availed himself on the absence of Judas to make any communications to the eleven, until the night of his betrayal.

The Lord ordained him with the other eleven to the office and work of an apostle. Since the birth of Christ this is the highest office to which any mortal could attain. The gifts requisite for the performance of its duties were extraordinary and miraculous. They belong to no man now living. The proofs of an apostle were in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds. . .

The next account we have of Judas respects his apparent regard for the poor. When the affectionate Mary anointed the feet of the blessed Jesus, Judas was there. Being treasurer of Christ's family, and acting without auditors, he had dishonestly used some of the funds for his own private purposes. Hence he is called "a thief."

When Judas went to the chief priest, he probably expected to obtain several thousand pieces of silver, and thought thus to make his fortune. Possibly he intended to get his money, fulfill his bargain, and put his Master into their hands; but expected Christ immediately to deliver himself out of their power. Thus the traitor would have become a swindler.

The bargain being made, the difficulty with Judas now was to fulfill his part of it. "And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him." Wickedness is troublesome. Probably Judas gave frequent assurances of fidelity in his covenant with the Jews, and would have pretended to be grossly insulted if any had charged him with a design of fraud. Sin fearfully blinds the mind, and hardens the heart. The devil seems now to have had full possession of Judas. He took no time, he had no heart for reflection. He may have kept up some form of prayer, but there was no sincerity in him or his devotions. . . .

The aggravations of the sin of betraying Christ were many and great. The traitor was eminent in place, in gifts, in office, in professsion; a guide to others, and one whose example was likely to influence many, and if evil, to give great occasion to the enemy to speak reproachfully. His sin had for its object the Lord Jesus Christ. It was an attack on God himself.

This subject is full of instruction, and teaches many salutary lessons. Let us not so far separate ourselves from Judas as to suppose that we are naturally better than he, or that if left to ourselves we will not prove that we are ready for any deed of wickedness. A monster of depravity was he. But all sin is horrible. And God would have us learn wisdom from the fall of the worst men in the world. Thus we may profit by the overthrow of the most infamous.

From the history of Judas we learn, that when a man is once fairly started in a career of wickedness, it is impossible to tell where he will stop. God's grace may arrest one in the maddest career, as it did Saul of Tarsus. But left to himself, man will dig into hell. The good providence of God mercifully restrains even the wicked, else existence on earth would not be desirable. Scenes of violence and blood, deeds of outrage and atrocity, words of hatred and blasphemy, and looks of fierceness and terror would appall us every hour, but that God lays his almighty hand upon the hearts of men and commands them to be still. Unrestrained, every heart would show its possessor a monster of wickedness. Passions, which now lie smothered, would, if let loose, rage and sweep everything before them. Natural affection, the voice of conscience, public opinion, regard to reputation, and fear of the law, are hapily employed by providence to hold men back.

All men should especially beware of covetousness. "The love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." (1 Tim. vi : 10.) Of the truth of this teaching Judas was a fearful witness. No tongue, no pen can describe the sorrows which rolled over his soul. When men are eagerly heaping up riches, they are doing work for bitter repentance in this world, or in that which is to come. Even on earth "the covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty; and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate as any man can be without it."

Oh! that men would hear the warning words of Richard Baxter: "Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer and the murderer of the world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls."

Nor should we forget that character may as well be learned from small as from great things. Judas' petty larceny was as good an index to his character as his treason. A straw will show which way the wind blows. Human character is not made up of a few great acts, but of a multitude of little things. Every-day conduct shows the man. Great events, in which we are actors, will fully expose us, if in small affairs we are unable to act well. "He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little." (Eccles. xix: 1.) The failure of our virtue on great occasions is but an announcement to the world that we have been habitually coming short in our more private behavior. Little rills form the greatest rivers. The ocean itself is made up of drops of rain or particles of mist. A man is what his habits make him. He who can not resist a slight temptation will never gain the mastery over a grievous one.

It is also manifest that bad men may for a long time appear well. To do so may cost them trouble, but may still be practicable. Through life they may have such a fear of exposure, and be so studious of appearances, as to deceive all around them. Even suspicion may not soil their fair name, and yet they may be in the gall of btiterness. Eschewing the devices of the debauched, they may practice the sins of devils. It is true that this class of transgressors have a hard task. They are always like one who has a rent in his garment, which he finds difficult to conceal. A life of deception is full of hardship and uncertainty ; and at its close, when amendment is impossible, the truth comes out, and in a moment damnation flashes in the face, and the poor soul enters on an existence full of misery. When God tears away the mask, disguise is no longer possible. * * *

How small a temptation to sin will at last prevail over a vicious mind. For less than twenty dollars, Judas sold his Lord and Master. Those temptations commonly esteemed great are not the most sure to prevail. The ribaldry of the Philistines did not move Samson from his fidelity, but the blandishments of Delilah overcame him. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Many a man consents to lose a friend for his wit, yea, to lose his soul for a quibble. Men may sin until the mere force of habit, without any apparent inducement, seems sufficient to impel them to great enormities.

Nothing prepares a man faster for destruction than hypocrisy or formality in actions of a religious nature. The three years which Judas spent in the family of our Lord probably exceeded all the rest of his life in ripening him for destruction. So many, so solemn, so impressive truths were presented to his mind, that he must have become very rapidly hardened.

It is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment. The judgment of God, it shall stand ; it is righteous, it is always according to truth. Man judges of the heart by appearances. God judges of appearances by the heart, and he judges of the heart by itself. The tribunal, from which there lies no appeal, will reverse a vast number of decisions made by the tribunals of earth. Public opinion often errs. Individual judgments are as often erroneous. If men condemn and God approves, all is well. But if men acquit and God condemns, all is lost. He that judgeth us is the Lord.

We should never forget that official character is one thing, and moral character another thing. *All* official characters may be sustained without any real grace in the heart. Balaam's prophecies were as true and as sublime as those of Moses or Isaiah. So far as we know, Judas' performance of the duties of the apostolic mission was as acceptable and as useful as that of the majority of his brethren. Even success in preaching is not proof of piety. It is the message, not the messenger; the truth preached, and not the man who utters it, that converts the soul. Piety is of infinite importance to every soul of man; but a man who has no piety may yet do good.

The history of Judas shows us how man will cling to false hopes. Hypocrites hold fast their delusive expectations with the utmost tenacity. There is no evidence that during years of hypocrisy Judas ever seriously doubted his own piety. There were many sure marks, indeed, against him; but what cares any hypocrite for evidence? His own blind confidence is to him more powerful than all the truths of God's word. Because he is determined to believe his state good, nothing will convince him to the contrary.

If men thus self-confident forsake their profession, and openly apostatize, we need not be surprised. "It is impossible but that offences will come." (Luke xvii: 1.) "There must also be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1 Cor. xi: 19.) Open defections from truth and righteousness are no strange things. It has been so from the beginning. Jesus had his Judas. Peter must deal with Ananias, Sapphira, and Simon Magus. Paul was in perils among false brethren, and Demas quite forsook him. We must expect those that are not of us to go out from us. If they were of us, they would no doubt continue with us. The wicked will do wickedly, though for a while they may seem to be righteous.

The case of Judas gives us the rule of admission to church-membership, and, so far as moral character is concerned, to church offices. We may require a credible profession of piety. Infallible evidence of love to Christ is not attainable. A profession of piety, accompanied by such evidence as a consistent life affords, is as much as we may demand. Our Savious knew Judas from the beginning to be a bad man, "a devil;" but his omniscience, not the overt acts of Judas, taught him thus, and so he received him into the church, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. Our Lord judged of the members of his church, not by what he as God knew of their hearts, but by their credible profession. The Master never did evil that good might come. He practiced on the true rule. Let us seek no other. However painful our fears respecting the real characters of men, we must respect a profession of piety, not contradicted by the life.

Thus, too, we have a full refutation of the objection made to a connection with the visible church, because there are wicked men in her communion. The apostles certainly knew that among them was one bad man; but they did not therefore renounce their portion among Christ's confessed friends. And Christ himself held intercourse with Judas just as if he were all he professed to be. So that if one certainly knew another to be an enemy of God, and yet could not prove it to the satisfaction of impartial church authorities, this should not debar him from the Lord's table. If dogs will sometimes get the children's bread, that is no reason why a table should not be spread for the children.

How difficult it is to bring home truth to the deceitful heart of man. Nor could one do a wiser thing than to inquire whether he has better evidence of piety than the great traitor had during his apostleship. Judas could heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils. He was first a disciple, and then an apostle of our Lord. He often heard Christ preach. He held the only office of trust among the apostles. His reputation for piety stood as fair as any man's. His persuasion of his good state seems to have been so firm, that he hardly felt inclined to look into the grounds of his hopes. He was not a drunkard, nor a swearer. He was not a captious hearer of the Gospel. Without a murmur he bore all the fatigue of his apostolic mission. He was not an envious man beyond others. He was not a slanderer, a reviler, a backbiter, a whisperer. He displayed no inordinate ambition. He was not a brawler, nor a violent and outrageous man. And yet he was not a child of God. Mere negative goodness, mere freedom from open vice, proves no man an heir of glory. It is true there was sufficient evidence against Judas, but he willingly overlooked that. If many men had as good evidence against their enemies or their neighbors, as they have against themselves, they would speedily pronounce them hypocrites.

In the case of Judas we have also a fearful example of the terrible judgment of God against the wicked. As he loved cursing, so it came unto him ; as he delighted not in blessing, so it was far from him. As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so it came into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones. God's judgments are still abroad in the earth. Of all judgments, those which are spiritual should most alarm us. To have eyes and not see, to have ears and not hear, to have hearts and not understand, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, to be forsaken of God, to be given over to believe a lie—these are among the direst curses that fall on men in this world ; and they are sure forerunners of God's sorest plagues in the world to come. And how fearful must it be to fall into the hands of the living God, when on earth a drop of wrath will make men choose hanging rather than life. And how dismal must be the prospects of all who die in their sins, when they shall have for their companions Judas and all evil-minded men, the devil and his angels. The society of the damned is good ground of earnestness in fleeing from the wrath to come.

All temporal suffering can be gauged. But who can fathom the sea of love, the ocean of bliss, made sure to all believers ? And eternal misery is as dreadful as eternal glory is desirable. Oh ! how fearful must be the doom of the incorrigibly wicked, when in their case existence itself ceases to be desirable, or even tolerable ! It is true of every one who dies without repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that IT HAD BEEN GOOD FOR THAT MAN IF HE HAD NOT BEEN BORN.

THE SCEPTIC ;

OR, HAPPINESS APART FROM THE HOPE OF RESURRECTION.

PARIS EXHIBITION SERMON.

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"*If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.*"—1 COR. XV : 19.

IT was the intention of the Apostle, to establish in the minds of Christian converts at Corinth, the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. A greater or more important doctrine could not be submitted for their consideration or for ours, as it is the groundwork and foundation of our holy religion. Without this the sufferings and death of Christ, undergone for sinful men would be in vain, and the system of instruction which he came to deliver, would be better in degree only, than that of any wise teacher of the ancient world. Without this, our hopes and expectations must have been confined within the narrow sphere of our present earthly state. . .

The whole chapter deserves the most serious and attentive consideration. In it you will see the certainty of a future resurrection enforced by the closest reasoning, and in plain, yet eloquent language, such as must have produced a powerful impression on those to whom it was addressed. Among the errors which appear to have crept into the Corinthian church, and against which this great teacher had to watch and to warn, was that derived from the Sadducees, who denied the doctrine of a resurrection. Some of the early professing Christians at Corinth had probably belonged to the sect of the Sadducees, and had insinuated some of the poison into the Corinthian church. . . .

This doctrine of Sadducees, which represents all who sleep in the grave as utterly and for ever dead, holds out a cheerless and melancholy prospect to all, but especially to us, the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, for if in this life only we had hope in him—if we could not look beyond this vale of tears to a brighter and more animating scene, then we who are exposed to so many and great calamities for his name's sake, were of all men most to be pitied ; amidst such evils as we are summoned to endure, nothing could support and comfort us except the blessed hope of everlasting life which God hath given us in his Son Jesus Christ.

We must be strictly careful lest our outward security in religion should lull us into disregard and forgetfulness of that inward and spiritual part which constitutes the very life of religion, or lest, while we admire the happy and beneficial effect produced by Christianity on nations and individuals, we should lose sight of that to which precept points, and which is the end of practice, the blessed hope of everlasting life. To show the necessity of the same principle extending to daily life, and shedding its gracious influence upon the scenes through which we are passing, it will be found that the very blessings and comforts of which our state is susceptible must, in order to be genuine, have this mark upon them, indicating futurity; and experience will abundantly prove that amidst the reverses of life, in deep and lowly poverty, in sickness and bereavement, there must be some better remedy proposed than the skill of this world can suggest, some more lively hope than present restoration from pain and sorrow, and from the bitterness of desolation. Constituted as we are, there must be within us for our happiness, that hope in Christ hereafter, which will not only regulate and adjust our joys and difficulties, and prepare the soul for better and permanent things, but will act with good results upon our behavior and conversation, while in this world we are partakers of God's gifts and the subjects of his afflictive dispensations; for viewed independently of this hope, what is man with regard to his joys and to his sorrows? His enjoyments are transient and unsatisfying. There are few without a certain alloy of a trouble and anxiety, and many are quickly followed by sorrow and regret.

In contemplating the enjoyments and pursuits of mankind in general, we must acknowledge, that the situation and circumstances of the poor naturally deprive them of many of this life's satisfactions, and their present enjoyment will be found to lie in but a narrow compass. If, then, they are living without God in the world, if they bestow no settled thoughts on their eternal state, if in this life only they have hope in Christ, their state is deplorable indeed ; but if they rely with humble trust on their crucified and risen Saviour,—if they respect the Sabbath and are constant in prayer, setting a good example to their neighbors—if, in proportion to their acknowledged want of wordly joys below, they look forward with a sure and ardent hope to a state in which they shall receive the promised reward, then "blessed are the poor, for they shall be blessed in the day of the Lord."

Yet there are enjoyments and satisfactions of this life which all can experience and understand, namely, those which spring from social and domestic happiness. Of all the cordials which heaven in mercy has poured into the cup of life to cheer us on our pilgrimage here, few are so sweet and refreshing as these. To look upon those who are indeed our friends, who compose the circle of a peaceful home, imparts the liveliest feelings of joy. But here the Christian hope must have its play. Without this, the bond of affection must soon be broken, and all enjoyment derived from it be but as a shadow. It is this which will pervade with its soothing influence our thoughts and conduct ; will consecrate each mutual office of paternal kindness and filial respect ; will, with God's grace, check the angry passion ere it rises from the heart to the lips ; and will point to a state of perfect and unalloyed bliss beyond the grave. * * *

I am not going to dwell on the advantages of wealth and talent, because the possessors of these gifts, when unblessed with higher hopes, have been like beacons to warn us from the rocks of offence, rather than the subjects of envy or admiration. Nor need I, when turning to the reverse of the page of man's life, and to the trouble which every one labors under, in a greater or less degree, enlarge upon a field familiar to us all. The sketch must be imperfect, but it will avail for my argument. How many diseases are there, some lingering and others sudden and acute, which are sufficient, without this hope in Christ, to make life a weary burden. Reckon the difficulties which many have to encounter in seeking just and honest ends, the cares necessary for arriving at some point of desired success, and, in certain instances, even for securing a hard-earned competency ; in one case the threatening form of poverty coming after better days, and approaching as an armed man ; the growing infirmities of age ; the ill conduct, or the losses, or the distresses of those who are dear to us ;—any one of these would have its weight in depressing the soul, and much more so, if they shall be found to follow up one another in sad and swift succession. On such a survey, how is it possible to pronounce man's state on earth a happy state, unless at the same time we view him as inly conscious of that within him which was not born to die ; as endued with some secret support, which can give strength and cheerfulness to his spirit, and qualify him to go through more than human strength or human reason could do of themselves ; as possessed, in short, of that hope on which he can always confidently lean, which encourages him to look upward as the waters of affliction roll over his head, and to exclaim at the approach of his last hour, "O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

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"Our home in heaven ! Oh, the glorious home,
And the spirit joined with the bride, says, 'Come.'
Come, seek His face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven."

A BLASPHEMER.

LESSONS FROM THE DEATH OF NABOTH.

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> "*And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him: and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died.*"—1 KINGS xxi : 13.

THE scene recorded in these words exhibits one of the most lamentable and cruel deaths on record. It occurred about seven years after the destruction of the discomfited priests of Baal on Mount Carmel. The signal punishment of the wicked on that occasion ought to have converted Ahab from his evil ways, and brought him to "repentance not to be repented of." The signal deliverance of the kingdom from famine, which followed, ought to have knit his heart for ever to Him who delighteth in mercy and goodness. And he appears to have been for the time convinced and softened by the indisputable testimony of what he had seen and heard and felt. But the impression soon wore off under the bad influence of his irreclaimable queen Jezebel. He relapsed into idolatry, and became again the sport of all the evil passions to which our evil nature unchecked by true religion is prone.

The evil passion which now worked in the heart of Ahab was covetousness. There lived at Jezreel a righteous man of the name of Naboth, whose vineyard bordered on the grounds belonging to the royal palace. Ahab, not content with his already ample domains, in disregard of the tenth commandment, coveted that possession of his neighbor, and wished to annex it to his own property, It appears that he was not so unjust as to expect it without a price. He offered even to give a better vineyard in exchange for it, or to pay its full value in money. But Naboth said unto Ahab, "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

Ahab, who had sinfully set his heart upon this property, was greatly chagrined and disappointed at Naboth's refusal. But displeased as he was, and despotic as he was, he durst not by force seize upon another's inheritance, as it would have been a flagrant breach of the constitution of the country, and perhaps, by creating a universal panic respecting the security of property, would have endangered the stability of his throne. Neither could he alter the law upon the point, the Israelitish kings had no authority to alter, annul, or enact a single statute of the realm, the code of Moses being the alpha and omega of the national legislation. Under these circumstances the evil passion of covetousness, and his inability to gratify it, caused him excessive annoyance, embittered all his enjoyments, and appears to have seriously affected his health. "He laid him down on his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread." What sources of misery are capricious appetites and ill-regulated desires! Here is a man already lord of ten-twelfths of the country, the king of Israel, and the recent conqueror of Syria, made wretched because he could not obtain possession of a poor man's vineyard. What a proof of the vanity of worldly things, and their inability to "minister to a mind diseased!" . . .

She adopted a most infamous scheme for the purpose —a scheme the more abominable in the sight of God and upright men from it combining with robbery and murder the odious vices of hypocrisy and perjury. She wrote letters in Ahab's name to the elders and nobles of Jezreel, and commanded them to procure two men, sons of Belial, that is, two men who were unprincipled enough to take a false oath, and for a bribe to swear away the life of a fellow creature. She ordered that Naboth should be charged with treason and blasphemy, for which, according to the Mosaic law, the punishment was death by stoning. She ordered a fast to be proclaimed in the place, to intimate the deprecation of a great calamity impending over the nation for its toleration of such a crying evil as the existence of such a traitor and blasphemer within the city. . . . Justice and religion are themselves made the pretexts for perpetrating the most atrocious crimes. The very seat of justice is corrupted, and the very sanctuary of religion polluted. The handmaids of virtue become the abettors of vice, and the daughters of heaven are changed into ministers of hell, the angels of light into the emissaries of Satan. Under such circumstances the decay of moral and religious principles is rapid beyond calculation. Profligacy, fear, treachery and sycophancy bear uncontrolled sway. It was precisely so on the present occasion. There was not among all the magistrates and counsellors of Jezreel so much of regard for righteousness and purity as in the single breast of the God-fearing Naboth. We do not hear that the innocent accused attempted a word of defence. Her charge against him was similar to that against a greater One, who was "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." In the one case as in the other, the power of evil under the auspices of Jezebel was triumphant, as it triumphed at the instigation of those who cried out, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" And, like Jesus, Naboth was overwhelmed by the force of injustice and malignity, and consigned to execution. "They carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died." . . .

How short are the triumphs of the wicked! and how vain the attempt to increase our enjoyments by crime! In the very scene where Ahab expected an augmentation of happiness, there was presented to him the greatest source of mental disquietude and suffering. There Elijah told him from the Lord that ample vengeance would be taken upon him, his wife, and family, for the atrocity connected with that vineyard; that he himself should die a violent death, and that the dogs should lick his blood as they had licked the blood of Naboth; that Jezebel should die a violent death, and that the dogs should eat her up, so as to deprive her of the honor of a burial; and that his whole family should be extinguished, and no posterity left him in the land. Just retribution for extirpating Naboth and his house! All this terrible judgment, though part of it was delayed on account of Ahab's humiliation under the reproof, so that it was not fulfilled in his lifetime, was ultimately brought to pass to the uttermost extent of its meaning. Ahab died in consequence of a wound received in battle; and they washed his chariot and his armor in the pool of Samaria, and the dogs licked up his blood according to the word of the Lord. His son Ahazia, who succeeded him on the throne, came to a premature end by an accident, which, by the judgment of God, proved fatal on account of his persisting in idolatry. His son Jehoram. the next in succession, fell by the hand of Jehu, and his bleeding body was cast into that very vineyard which his father and mother had criminally taken from Naboth. How awful a fulfillment of the threat against the idolatrous and the wicked—"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me!"

But a far more common, and not less fatal, though not apparently so atrocious a working of avarice, is found in the common walks of life around us; and I notice it as a disgrace to our country. I mean the oppression of the weak and innocent by the strong and unprincipled, through the medium of litigation, by the quibbling instrumentality of legal forms. Many are they who give up their just rights for fear of the ruinous consequences of an expensive law-suit; many are they who avail themselves of the apprehensions of the timid to appropriate what is not their own. Some have thought it their duty to resist injustice, and have been ruined in the attempt by the force of superior wealth, and brought desolation on their families, and premature death on themselves.

Let me conclude the subject with a word of admonition to the wordly-minded, and a word of consolation to the afflicted people of God. Ye worldly-minded men, see the end of worldly-mindedness in Ahab and his house. "How are the mighty fallen!" It has slain its thousands and tens of thousands. It will certainly slay, yea, everlastingly destroy thee, whosoever thou art who are led captivity by it; for "the wages of sin is death." "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished" Methinks I hear you say, "The subject is too gloomy for the present. We have other concerns to attend to. At a future time we will consider the subject. Now, or 'to-morrow, we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy, and sell, and get gain;' 'and to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.'" To-morrow! When to-morrow comes, time may be with you no more; when to-morrow comes, your fair form may be a ghastly corpse. Come, and take a turn with death. Behold him riding on his pale horse, to meet you in your mad career. Perhaps he is now about to seize the healthiest in the assembly. The passing bell, which may have just tolled for a departed brother, may next be heard for you; the feet of those who lately carried his remains to the silent grave, may next carry you thither. "How long, ye simple ones, will you love simplicity?" How long will you resolve to enlarge your borders, to "pull down your barns and build greater," when ye know not but the Lord may blast all your expectations with the withering sentence, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Will nothing rouse you from carnal security? "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many." Though the sinner die a hundred years old yet shall he be accursed. Can you trifle here? Is it a matter of indifference whether you are happy or miserable? Is it a matter of indifference whether you are saved or damned? How will you endure "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, saying, Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment?" Will you not then in wild confusion cry to "the rocks and mountains to fall upon you, to hide you from the the face of Him that siteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb?" But then that cry will be vain.

"The sea shall cast the monsters forth to meet their doom,
And rocks but treasure up for wrath to come."

May the Lord enable you to call upon Him by fervent prayer now that He is seated upon a throne of mercy, that so, when He is seated in judgment, you may stand before him with boldness among the happy heirs of a blessed immortality!

THE WICKED MAN'S LIFE, FUNERAL, AND EPITAPH.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON, LONDON.

"*And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this is also vanity.*"—ECCLESIASTES viii: 10.

WE shall this morning want you, first of all, to *walk with a living man;* it is said of him that he did "come and go from the place of the holy:" next, I shall want you to *attend his funeral;* and then, in conclusion I shall ask you to *assist in writing his epitaph*—"and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done: this also is vanity."

I. In the first place, HERE IS SOME GOOD COMPANY FOR YOU; some with whom you may walk to the house of God, for it is said of them, that they did come and go from the place of the holy. By this I think we may understand the place where the righteous meet to worship God. God's house may be called "the place of the holy."

Shall we just take the wicked man's arm and walk with him to the house of God? When he begins to go, if he be one who has neglected going in his childhood, which perhaps is not extremely likely, when he begins to go even in his childhood, or whenever you choose to mention, you will notice that he is not often affected, by the sound of the ministry. He goes up to the chapel with flippancy and mirth. He goeth to it as he would to a theater or any other place of amusement, as a means of passing away his Sabbath and killing time. Merrily he trippeth in there; but I have seen the wicked man when he went away look far differently from what he did when he entered. His plumes had been trailed in the dust. As he walks home there is no more flippancy and lightness, for he says, "Surely the Lord God has been in that place and I have been compelled to tremble. I went to scoff, but I am obliged, in coming away, to confess that there is a power in religion, and the services of God's house are not all dulness after all." Perhaps you have hoped good of this man. But, alas! he forgot it all, and cast away all his impressions. And he came again the next Sunday,, and that time he felt again. Again the arrow of the Lord seemed to stick fast in his heart. But, alas! it was like the rushing of water. There was a mark for a moment, but his heart was soon healed, he felt not the blow ; and as for persuading him to salvation, he was like the deaf adder, "charm we never so wisely," he would not regard us so as to turn from his ways. And I have seen him come and go till years have rolled over his head, and he has still filled his seat, and the minister is still preaching, but in his case preaching in vain. Still are the tears of mercy flowing for him ; still are the thunders of justice launched against him ; but he abideth just as he was. In him there is no change except this, that now he groweth hard and callous.

But it is not strange that, though wooed by love divine, man will not melt ; though thundered at by Sinai's own terrific thunderbolts they will not tremble ; yea, though Christ himself incarnate in the flesh should preach again, yet would they not regard him, and mayhap would treat him to-day as their parents did but yesterday, when they dragged him out of the city and would have cast him headlong from the summit of the mount on which the city was builded. I have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy till his conscience was seared, as with a hot iron.

But now we are going to change our journey. Instead of going to the house of God we will go another way. I have seen the wicked go to the place of the holy, that is to the *judgment bench.* We have had glaring instances even in the criminal calendar of men who have been seen sitting on a judgment bench one day, and in a short time they have been standing at the dock themselves. I have wondered what must be the peculiar feelings of a man who officiates as a judge, knowing that he who judges has been a law-breaker himself. A wicked man, a greedy, lustful, drunken man—you know such are to be discovered among petty magistrates. We have known these sit and condemn the drunkard, when, had the world known how they went to bed the night before, they would have said to them, "Thou that judgest another doest the same thing thyself." There have been instances known of men who have condemned a poor wretch for shooting a rabbit or stealing a few pheasant's eggs, or some enormous crime like that, and they themselves have been robbing the coffers of the bank, embezzling funds to an immense extent, and cheating everybody. I have seen the wicked come and go from the holy place, until he came to think that his sins were no sins, that the poor must be severely upbraided for their iniquities, that what he called the lower classes must be kept in check, not thinking that there are none so low as those who condemn others whilst they do the the same things themselves ; talking of curbing others and of judging righteous judgment, when had righteous judgment been carried out to the letter, he would himself have been the prisoner, and not have been honored with a commission from government.

But the third case is worse still. "I have seen the wicked come and go from the place of the holy"—that is, the *pulpit.* If there be a place under high heaven more holy than another, it is the pulpit whence the gospel is preached. This is the Thermopylæ of Christendom; here must the great battle be fought between Christ's church and the invading hosts of a wicked world. This is the last vestige of anything sacred that is left to us. We have no altars now; Christ is our altar; but we have a pulpit still left, a place which, when a man entereth, he might well put off his shoes from his feet, for the place whereon he standeth is holy. Consecrated by a Saviour's presence, established by the clearness and the force of an apostle's eloquence, maintained and upheld by the faithfulness and fervor of a succession of Evangelists who, like stars, have marked the era in which they lived, and stamped it with their names, the pulpit is handed down to those of us who occupy it now with a prestige of everything that is great and holy. Yet I have seen the wicked come and go from it. Alas! if there be a sinner that is hardened, it is the man that sins and occupies his pulpit. We have heard of such a man living in the commission of the foulest sins, and at length has been discovered; and yet such is the filthiness of mankind, that when he began to preach to the people again, they clustered round the beast for the mere sake of hearing what he would say to them. We have known cases, too, where men, when convicted to their own forehead, have unblushingly persevered in proclaiming a gospel which their lives denied. . . .

II. **And now we are going to his funeral.** I shall want you to attend it. You need not be particular about having on a hat-band, or being arrayed in garments of mourning. It does not signify for the wretch we are going to bury. There is no need for any very great outward signs of mourning, for he will be forgotten even in the city where he hath done this: therefore we need not particularly mourn for him. Let us first go to the funeral and look at the outward ceremonial. We will suppose one or two cases.

There is a man who has come and gone from the place of the holy. He has made a very blazing profession. He has been a county magistrate. Now, do you see what a stir is made about his poor bones ? There is the hearse covered with plumes, and there follows a long string of carriages. The country people stare to see such a long train of carriages coming to follow one poor worm to its resting-place. What pomp ! what grandeur ! See how the place of worship is hung with black. There seems to be intense mourning made over this man. Will you just think of it for a minute, and who are they mourning for ? A hypocrite ! Whom is all this pomp for ? For one who was a wicked man ; a man who made a pretension of religion ; a man who judged others, and who ought to have been condemned himself. All this pomp for putrid clay. At the head of the mournful cavalcade is Beelzebub, leading the procession, and looking back with twinkling eye, and leer of malicious joy, says, "Here is fine pomp to conduct a soul to hell with !" Ah ! plumes and hearse for the man who is being conducted to his last abode in Tophet ! A string of carriages to do honor to the man whom God hath cursed in life and cursed in death ; for the hope of the hypocrite is evermore an accursed one. And a bell is ringing, and the clergyman is reading the funeral service, and is burying the man "in sure and certain hope." Oh ! what a laugh rings up from somewhere a little lower down than the grave ! Trust to a bubble, and hope to fly to the stars ; trust to the wild winds, that they shall conduct you safely to heaven ; but trust to such a hope as that, and thou art a madman indeed. . . Oh ! if we judged rightly, when a hypocrite died, we should do him no honor. Ah ! when a godly man dies, ye may make lamentation over him, ye may well carry him with solemn pomp unto his grave, for there is an odor in his bones, there is a sweet savor about him that even God delighteth in, for "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." But the gilded hypocrite, the varnished deceiver, the well accoutred wolf in sheeps' clothing—away with pomp for him!

Bad men die out quickly, for the world feels it is a good thing to be rid of them; they are not worth remembering. But the death of a good man, the man who was sincerely a Christian—how different is that! And when you see the body of a saint, if he has served God with all his might, how sweet it is to look upon him—ah, and to look upon his coffin too, or upon his tomb in after years! Go into Bunhill-fields, and stand by the memorial of John Bunyan, and you will say, "Ah! there lies the head that contained the brain which thought out that wondrous dream of the Pilgrim's Progress from the City of Destruction to the better land. There lie the fingers that wrote those wondrous lines which depict the story of him who came at last to the land Beulah, and waded through the flood, and entered into the celestial city. And there are the eyelids which he once spoke of, when he said, "If I lie in prison until the moss grows on my eyelids, I will never make a promise to withhold from preaching." And there is that bold eye that penetrated the judge, when he said, "If you will let me out of prison to-day, I will preach again to-morrow, by the help of God." And there lies that loving hand that was ever ready to receive into communion all them that loved the Lord Jesus Christ: I love the hand that wrote the book, "Water Baptism no Bar to Christian Communion." I love him for that sake alone, and if he had written nothing else but that, I would say, "John Bunyan, be honored for ever."

III. **We are to write his epitaph**; and his epitaph is contained in these short words: "this also is vanity." And now in a few words I will endeavor to show that it is vanity for a man to come and go from the house of God, and yet have no true religion. If I made up my mind to hate God, to sin against him, and to be lost at last, I would do it thoroughly, out and out. If I had determined to be damned, and had calculated the chances, and made up my mind that it would be better to be cast away for ever, I know there is one thing I would not do, I would not go to the house of God. Well may we write over him, "This also is vanity!" But, sir, you will be more laughed at for your pretensions than if you had made none. Having professed to be religious, and having pretended to carry it out, you shall have more scorn than if you had came out in your right colors, and have said, "Who is the Lord, that I should fear him? Who is Jehovah, that I should obey his voice?" And now, are there any here who are so wicked as to choose eternal wrath? if thou art choosing self-righteousness, if thou art choosing pride, or lust, or the pleasures of this world; remember, thou art choosing pride, or lust, or the pleasures of this world; remember, thou art choosing damnation, for the two things cannot but go together. Sin is the guilt, and hell is the bread beneath it. If you choose sin, you have virtually chosen perdition. Think of this, I beseech you.

"O Lord! do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state;
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late."

A GOOD MINISTER.

A SERMON PREACHED IN TABERNACLE CHURCH, (BAPTIST) PHILADELPHIA, BY GEORGE E. REES, PASTOR, ON THE DEATH OF W. T. BRANTLY, D. D., A FORMER PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

A good minister of Jesus Christ.—1 Tim. iv: 6.

I WILL speak of Dr. Brantly under the guidance of the text that I have read: "A good minister of Jesus Christ." There are many ministers in the church. Every one who enters upon the service of the brotherhood for Christ's sake is a minister—the teachers, the visitors, the givers, the helpers—all who go on the Lord's errands, all who do good unto men, are ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. But a minister of Jesus is chiefly known as one who devotes himself to the preaching of the Word, and to the oversight of the Church of God.

I. The essential elements of a good minister of Christ are found primarily in his personal character.

There is no work in life in which fitness depends so largely on character as that of the ministry. Genius might set her zeal on the spoken word, and commonplace truths may shine with new lustre; knowledge might buttress the truth with facts and arguments; imagination might clothe the Word with beauty, so as to kindle the delight and awaken the emotions of hearers; zeal might bring system and efficiency into every department of ministerial labor, yet these, separated from genuineness and goodness of character, do not render one a good minister of Christ.

A lawyer's argument in a court of law is not vitiated because the speaker may be an unjust and wicked man; there is no connection between his professional calling and his moral character. A physician ministering to the sick prescribes his remedies, and nothing in his character or bearing can possibly change the effect of his prescription on the health of the patient. But, when we come to the work of the ministry, we find that the effect of spoken truth is dependent on the character of the speaker. The truth indeed, is as shot fired from a cannon; but the force that sends it forth with effect lies hidden in the heart of life.

Reverence for the dead and sorrow at their departure, I know, dim our vision as to faults in their character, and bring into vividness virtues that had been hidden through life; and so it should ever be; scars and flaws and blotches make deleterious fare on which to feed our eyes, even when they are on the living, how much more so when they are upon the dead. Let us ever remember that infirmities are transient and will pass away; but virtues are eternal. Infirmities are the accidents of Christian manhood; virtues are woven into its very texture. Infimities are the lingering traces of a corrupt nature fast sinking into death; virtues are signs of the germinating and budding of that immortal life which Christ gives us, and which will grow and bloom and ripen in the after-world.

But it is one of our chastened joys to-day that we can trace the life of this revered friend without being disturbed by memories of glaring faults and deficiencies. Often we have to forget, to forgive, and to extenuate, while we speak of even endeared and worthy friends; but it is our privilege to review a life which suggests no memories but which are pleasant, ennobling, and assuring. To pronounce his life perfect would be to deny that it was human; but to say that it was pre-eminent among other lives, is only to give it the tribute which it merits. There is no higher eulogy that we can give at such a time as this than to say, *He was a good man and a Christian.* Intellectual greatness, social distinction, and worldly success will elicit praise and admiration ; but it is goodness which compels the heart to render the homage of its affection,and perpetuates itself in the loving memories of the living.

Dr. Brantly's character was not marked by any one conspicuous, overshadowing excellency, but by the blending of many ; so that there was symmetry in his life. There was in him the grace of proportion. His life was orderly, systematic, harmonious and balanced. There were no corners and crevices and angles in him. The intellectual did not overtop the moral and emotional. Strength blended with gentleness. Strictness was softened by charity. Self-assurance, which is an element in every successful life, was allied with humility. Fervor was controlled by sobriety. He was, therefore, not an enthusiast, but an earnest man ; he was not a reformer sent to destroy, but a wise builder. He was not isolated from his fellow men by reason of any great, extraordinary gift—like a high mountain peak standing apart from the lesser hills—but he touched them at many points, and walked with them in familiar fellowship, for he had so much in common with other men.

II. The essential elements of a good minister are found in his gifts and consecrations.

His wide success was reached, not, by one particular gift—not by his gift of utterance alone, not by his pastoral skill alone, not by his scholarship alone,—but by his varied powers and devotion working in harmony towards one specific end. His sermons instructed, quickened, and comforted his hearers ; never perhaps rising to sublime heights in eloquence, and never falling into weakness or commonplace ; thoughtful and graceful, spoken with benign countenance, and couched in happy diction.

Perhaps he owed as much of his success in the ministry to his pastoral gift, as to his pulpit. In fruitfulness, this is the greater gift of the two, and, perhaps, the rarer. The solid abiding work in the church is mostly done in this way. Here his gracious nature came into loving contact with other natures, and all felt the touch of a holy presence. Two needed elements for pastoral work are the power of sympathy and godly conversation; both of these were possessed in an unusual degree by him. Through pastoral work, a connection is established between the preacher and the hearer, a connection like to that in the great system of telephoning; the living voice speaking from the platform, vibrates in the hearer's heart. Not the least of his powers was that of Christian conversation. One, in writing to me said: "It almost paid to be sick to have him come to see you, and to speak of Jesus, and pray with you."

I must omit speaking of other elements of a good minister of Jesus Christ, and will now refer to his work while pastor of this church. . . .

His peaceful, Christlike life is ended. And within five brief hours after the Sabbath-evening benediction fell from this lips he opened his eyes on scenes in the eternal world. An angel from God touched the mortal chains that held him here, and his spirit rose, ransomed and liberated, to walk in the light of God's face. The conflict lasted but a moment; his spirit quickly yielded; and with a meekness already possessed, it entered upon the inheritance of the saints in light.

It was a *sudden death*. Some may covet it, dreading lingering pain and wearisome watchings; some may covet it to escape the torment of fear; some call it the best and happiest of deaths. We know not, except this;

that it fills the mind with holy awe. So near the other world we live that we pass the dividing line in so brief a time; so little hold we have on life that in a thoughtless moment it drops like a slender thread from our hand.

"Sudden death." We know not what it means; we gauge not its power to alarm and shake the soul, unless some fellow-pilgrim has fallen at our side, in a moment we thought not, some loved one hastened away without having time to say to us "farewell."

He passed away in a moment, before friends could gather to witness the last scene, to say their good-bye. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, his spirit "glided into the company of the great and mighty angels, passed into the dread light and amazement of eternity, learned the great secret, and gazed upon the awful splendors of the eternal world."

Your friend will speak to you no more; his last counsel has been spoken, his last visit has been made. *Yet he speaks.* There are echoes of his words still in your memories; the imprint of his influence is on your life. Many of you are what you are through his life and teaching. Some of you were brought to Christ by him; keep his memory sacred by renewing your covenant with his Lord to day. Some of you walked in very near and tender fellowship with him; keep remembrance of him by cherishing his spirit and emulating his example.

But especially do I look on some of you to whom he preached the gospel of Christ—and *preached it in vain.* By personal entreaty and public address, he sought to lead you to the Saviour, *and he sought in vain.* Twenty-five years have flown, and you are still without the kingdom of God, with the accumulated guilt of a wasted life and of perpetual rejection of the Son of God upon your head. You cherish his memory with tender sorrow.

Do not slight his Master, do not refuse his testimony, for he longed after you as "a good minister of Jesus Christ."

A STATESMAN.

TIMES OF MOURNING.

REV. ALEXANDER FLETCHER, D.D.

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"*A time to mourn.*"—ECCLESIASTES iii : 4.

THE inspired writer of this Book designates himself "*the Preacher.*" The Book is entitled "the *words* of the Preacher." The royal author was Solomon, the wisest of men.

By the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I shall, first, mention some chief reasons of mourning; secondly, introduce to your notice illustrious men presented in the Holy Scripture, over whose death mourning was made; and lastly, some remarks on the sudden death of our illustrious statesman, calculated to promote our mutual improvement.

I. **Of all reasons of mourning, sin is the chief.** Our own sins, and the sins of others; our personal, and our family sins; our sins as a church and congregation; our sins as a city, and as a nation, loudly demand our penitence, our mourning, our tears! In mourning over personal sins, may Divine grace teach us to follow David as a pattern! Observe Psalm li : 3, 4—"For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and clear when Thou judgest."

If our hearts are properly affected, we cannot behold the sins of others, without feelings of grief, and expressions of sorrow. David said (Psalm cxix), "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they kept not Thy law. I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved; because they kept not Thy Word." Jeremiah breathed David's spirit, and he also shed floods of tears over the sins of his people and nation.

Oh! how peculiarly touching were the mournful lamentations which our Lord uttered over sinful, guilty, doomed Jerusalem! Matthew xxiii: 37, 38. "O Jerusalem."

The *death of relatives* calls for sorrow and mourning When the wife is deprived of her husband, or the husband of his wife;—when parents are deprived of their children, and children of their parents;—when brothers die, or sisters are removed by death;—when ministers are taken away from their people, or valuable active church members laid in the grave, these are times for mourning and sorrow! There are many in this assembly in mourning over departed relatives.

When relatives die, without leaving behind any evidence of their safety in a future world, oh! it is particularly a time to mourn! Absalom died a depraved rebel, thirsting even for his father's blood. Never, never did father mourn over the death of a graceless son, as holy David mourned over the death of Absalom. 2 Samuel xviii: 33.

II. **Eminent saints mentioned in scripture, over whose death mourning was made.**

Jacob when dying was evidently encircled with a *halo* of glory! After he had poured out prophetic blessings on the head of his twelve sons, in regular order, one by one, with the utmost composure, "he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." Joseph, more than all his brethren, mourned over his beloved father's death.

Genesis l : 1—"And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him." To show the veneration in which the memory of this departed patriarch was held, "the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days." When Jacob died, his sons had reason to say in the language of the psalmist (Psalm xii : 1), "Help Lord ; for the godly man ceaseth ; for the faithful fail from among the children of men !" Moses life from its commencement to its close, was certainly unexampled ; from the time of his appearance as a babe in the ark of bulrushes, to his position on the summit of Pisgah, when his spirit took its flight to the glories of heaven. Before his departure to the heavenly Canaan, God gave him a panoramic, and we may add, miraculous prospect of the earthly Canaan, "the goodly heritage of the host of nations." When he saw the fairest and richest portion of the globe, which Israel was destined soon to possess, he instantly dropped down dead. The Jews say, "with a kiss from the mouth of God !" Happy expression, descriptive of a death, most happy and honored and blessed !

There was great mourning at his death. "And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab, thirty days."

Stephen. His early, sudden, violent, cruel death called forth great and unfeigned lamentation. Acts viii: 2—"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Certainly, speaking after the manner of men, the church sustained an immense loss, by the death of Stephen, the Proto-martyr ! His qualifications for the holy ministry, were of a distinguished character, and in a distinguished degree. He was eminently, a most gifted servant of Christ, both as to natural talents, and as to Divine graces. His labors were attended with the most marked success, which excited the enmity of the adversaries of the Cross, and accelerated his death. His course was short. There is no evidence that it lasted so long as twelve months. The church could "ill spare" a man, a saint, a minister of such piety, such zeal, such usefulness.

When Stephen was removed by death, the mourning church found great reason to pray to its Divine Head and Saviour, "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth and the faithful fail from among the children of men!"

III. **Our illustrious statesman.**

He was born in Lancashire, on the fifth of July, 1788, during the very heat of the first French Revolution, when the thrones and dynasties of Europe were threatened with extinction.

His talents, learning, industry, persevering activity, studious and contemplative habits, varied and extensive experience crowned with commanding senatorial eloquence, qualified him for filling with honor to himself, and especially with benefit to his country, the highest offices of the State.

He had a large share of the amiable virtues.

It is with great satisfaction that I record the following circumstance. It was the practice of Sir Robert, before leaving home for the House of Commons, regularly to enter his closet, and supplicate Divine counsel and assistance. This leads us to conclude, that the mind of this eminent statesman was not only adorned with natural virtues, but enriched with grace. True Religion alone teaches "to acknowledge Him in all our ways,"who has promised "to direct our steps." (Proverbs iii : 6.)

Few men have been held in such universal esteem. Throughout the whole land there is an excitement manifested by a determination to raise memorials in every part of our Island, as lasting testimonies of the nation's respect.

We must not omit to observe that our departed statesman had a deep-rooted aversion to worldly pomp, and every description of gorgeous ostentation. He has left an admonition to his descendants, never to accept of the honors of the peerage, as a reward for any services, however great, which they may be enabled to render their country.

The statesman's abode was a temple consecrated to the worship of God. Family worship was regularly observed, and the head of the household acted himself as chaplain and priest. Psalm cxviii: 15—"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."

He has earned the honor, and the title of PATRIOT. The cheap loaf of bread in loudest sweetest accents proclaims his patriotism. While his memory lives, he shall be held in admiration as the poor man's friend. How true of the merciful patriot,

"Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid."

His death. The event was sudden and unexpected. It was by a fall from his horse. In the very meridian of his mental vigor, activity and usefulness, he was removed by the hand of death. He had labored long, and much, and usefully. But his time was come, his work was done. Britain's God had no more work for him to perform. And now, amidst a nation's mournful, thankful, and affectionate remembrance, he "rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." (Rev. xiv: 13.)

Concluding reflections. This event calls on us to sympathize with the excellent surviving widow who sustains an earthly loss that can never be made up in this world. Oh, may she cleave to Jesus as her everlasting Husband, who is willing to comfort her under this heavy bereavement, by the consolations of his Gospel, and the blessings of His fellowship!

"He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the mourner sends relief."

This dispensation calls upon us to adore the sovereignty of God. Let us say in the words of the Chaldean monarch—(Dan. iv: 35)—"None can stay His hand, or say unto him, what doest Thou?"

Is human life so uncertain? In the very midst of life, are we in death? Then, what wisdom to be in readiness at our Lord's call!

Have we fled for mercy to Jesus? Oh! let us say now, and may the Holy Spirit enable us, "I flee unto Thee to hide me." (Psalm cxliii: 9.)

Slumbering sinner, flee! Escape for your life. If you flee *now* to Jesus, your salvation is sure. If you *delay*, your perdition may be sealed! How sweet the voice of mercy. "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi: 28.) "Him that cometh unto Me I will no wise cast out." (John vi: 37.)

It is my affectionate wish and earnest prayer, that when we are removed to the world of spirits, the following most lovely and animating words may be applicable to us all—(Rev. xiv: 23)—"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." AMEN!

A CALAMITY AT SEA.*

REV. S. R. CATTLEY, M. A., ENGLAND.

WITH SOME NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SEKELTON, ESQ., FIFTY-THREE YEARS A DIRECTOR OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"*And all flesh shall see that I the Lord have kindled it; it shall not be quenched.*—EZEKIEL XX: 48.

OCCASIONAL references to some of the passing events of life produce more lasting effects upon the mind than eloquent and persuasive exhortations to holiness, or lucid disquisitions upon the doctrines of the gospel. Exhortations, however powerful, cease to excite, —doctrine, however forcibly illustrated, fails to interest the soul. But when we contemplate an event of Providence, we feel that we ourselves might have been its actors; that we might have recently occupied the alarming position of those of our fellow-creatures who were so circumstanced, that their choice of death was of two kinds, and those two kinds the most terrible. The choice lay between a deep and salt sea wave, or a fierce and agonizing flame.

This accident, in which many of our countrymen have perished, and which has produced such a convulsion of feeling, that "all faces from the south to the north" may be said to be "burned therein." It seems therefore desirable, that we should turn aside this morning, and contemplate such a sad spectacle, especially tracing the event alluded to its great and mysterious Source, and endeavoring to derive such profit as a merciful God has ordained that it should afford.

The public channels of intelligence will already have informed you, that, on Thursday week, the ship "Ocean

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* The "Ocean Monarch" burned at sea with nearly 400 lives.

Monarch" safely left the Mersey and sailed for America. Her passengers, most of them, were emigrants. This class of persons surely demand alike our sympathy, our best wishes, our sincere prayers. In their native land they have too frequently felt the pressure of poverty. At home the times are hard, prospects gloomy, friends are few! Sad perhaps at first, but rendered familiar by necessity, and the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, the proposal to leave their land becomes the mournful subject of their discourse. Necessity decides the question! They collect the remnants of their once comfortable fortune—all at home is hopeless; all beyond the sea, at least is uncertain, and may be prosperous. They and their children join the crowded ship—the last affectionate embrace, and the last heart-felt benedictions are given and received with friends on shore; the anchor is weighed; the expanding canvass invites the breeze: and the emigrants seek in the new world, and in strange and foreign lands, that provision denied them in their own; though still enjoying that privilege, of which circumstances and situation cannot deprive them—"being heirs together of the grace of life."

And what are we all but emigrants? What is our land but one, which, if we would make it our home, and if we would enjoy all its good things, it will be but for a short season; and all those good things are incapable of affording permanent relief. Do we never feel this? Though earth be the place of our nativity, it is neither our native home, nor a state that can satisfy our souls. This home must perish. Its honors, hopes, riches, crowns, sceptres, all must fail! Oh! why then do we struggle against impossibilities; and try to attain here, that which only belongs to another country, a new and eternal state?

And if we are emigrants, you see builded for your transmission over life's troubled sea, that spiritual ship, that ark of Christ's church, in which you have been recognized by baptism! That ark is composed of Christ and His members all fitly framed together, a habitation of safety. Cemented with love, united in hope, preserved in redemption, this spiritual ark has ever sheltered one blessed family of the faithful. Attach yourselves to the real members of this communion: bid farewell to many things which you have made your friends: your sins; your temptations; your anxieties; and your over-careful mind;—much which human nature esteems, and much which human infirmity loves;—this day come thou and all the house into the ark, and with Christ as the "Captain of your salvation," emigrate "to a better country, even a heavenly."

"Watch and be ready!" Are there not some here, whose prospects are equally fair as were those of the "Ocean Monarch!" You are saying, "the wide and varied sea of life is before me; I am happy; my bark is trimmed; my sails are filled; I feel life's breezes wafting me on; admiring eyes and friendly salutations accompany me; I will bound from wave to wave, from joy to joy; I care not for the future; the present happy moments are enough for me!"

Some of us, perhaps, have been startled by similar alarms from our midnight slumbers. Terrible it is to see and here the raging and crackling enemy, consuming, with relentless power, the house which was once our home, and the rooms in which we had passed such happy days. But far more terrible is it, without a hand to aid, or a neighbor to shelter us, to stand upon the deck of a crowded ship, and see the livid and curling streams, ascending from below, and shrouding in a canopy of fire the fair white sails, the heavy and threatening spars, and the once beautiful network above. At such a moment all thoughts and recollections seem to vanish in the despairing reality of the present. The ocean around, the heated and blazing deck, alike bespeak approaching death ; and approaching death consumes the mind with indescribable dismay ! That fear of death is twofold. The dying agony from fire or water to the gasping and writhing body, and the fear of that future doom, arising from the consciousness of sin, which fire could not purify, and water could not purge.

The bravest would be pallid at such a moment. Even the resigned and sincere Christian could not fail to enter into the terrors of the calamity ; and though he woul feel, "I the Lord have done it," and though he would bow to God's high and mysterious decree, yet who would not feel that it were sweeter "to sleep in Jesus," in a calmer death, and leave the world in peace, than to sink amid the terrible cries of the dying, with no friend to soothe our pillow : or perish in the flame, with none to moisten our parched lips ?

We might have been actors in the calamity of the "Ocean Monarch," but we must be actors in that great shipwreck of creation, and participate in its glories and its grandeurs, or in its sorrows and its sighs. Let us be as eager for our soul's salvation, as the poor sufferers in that ship, were for their lives ! Remember how eagerly they strived to save themselves—what energy—what effort—what frenzy ! Mothers cast their children to the waves ; or leaped from the burning ruin with their infants embraced in their arms ; husbands, whom affection could not separate from those they loved, wildly followed their frantic wives. . . .

Our late venerated friend William Skelton was an example of activity and industry. From very early years he excelled in the execution of works of art ; and his masterly hand may be traced in those numerous engravings which will long commemorate his talents. As his frame was unbent by years, so his eye retained its power, and his hand its nerve; so that, within a short period of his death, he passed many hours of his blessed and tranquil life, in the use of his graver and his pencil!

He was also an example of friendship and kindness. He entered with peculiar pleasure into the employments and amusements of the children of this Asylum. The records of the Charity show, that, during his long life, his contributions from time to time, have been very considerable. When in his eighty-fifth year he was a frequent and welcome visitor in society, walking to the residences of his most distant friends. At my own fireside, I have witnessed the ready and lively interest which he took in the affairs of manhood, or the merry joys of children. And he was much esteemed by the elder members of the illustrious house of Hanover, all of whose portraits, I believe, he delineated!

But above all, he was an example of quiet and unpretending practical religion. His faith was manifested in actions, not in words. His own home, little known to the world, was one in which godliness, kindness, charity, and purity predominated! His views and conversations upon religious subjects were clear; but he was diffident and humble; and on holy things, his feelings were deep, his words were few! His latter years, like his protracted life, smiled in peace and friendship; he was mercifully permitted to enjoy the heaped-up measure of his fourscore years, exempt from "labor and sorrow." He thanked God for it; till, his long, healthy, regular, and contented life was shaken by a sudden seizure, from which he nearly recovered; but a repetition of which, closed his days, in the faith of Christ, "in a good old age, and full of years,"

Such was the end of our departed friend. With it I gladly close, in happy contrast, the exciting subject which has principally occupied our attention!

But let us "watch," and "be ready:" so that, when our voyage is over, and we are cast upon the shore of an eternal state, in the mingled and awful wreck of this world, we may be prepared to commit ourselves into the ocean of God's mercy; or, if weak and wavering in that trying moment, we may be able to seize upon some of the promises of the Gospel, or support our souls with some of the assurances of grace, that so, as they of old did, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship," we may all "escape safe to land" through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

A COAL MINE CALAMITY.*

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

REV. T. BINNEY, ENGLAND.

"*Thy judgments are a great deep.*"—PSALM xxxvi: 6.

WE were lately called to sympathize with our Queen, and we are doing it yet; our sympathy is as real and as deep at this moment as ever, though it may not have such public and visible expression: and now that illustrious mourner, that Royal widow, is summoned by God, with us, to sympathize with the humble and lowly, who in such numbers have been made widows and fatherless. I don't know that we could do better this morning than meditate a little upon this event, with which you are all familiar. Anything that will soften the heart, anything that overcomes our selfishness, anything that makes us think of others and feel for them, is medicinal and for our good.

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* By the breaking of a coal mine shaft, 219 men are suffocated.

The catastrophe is such a one as never happened before. Many disasters have happened in coal mines, but the present was something very extraordinary. There was no preparation. Sometimes men have reason to apprehend danger. Women have to see them go to their work under the consciousness of some special peril, which has to be braved; and then there is tremulous apprehension, and a sort of preparation for anything that may occur. It was not so here. There were no special circumstances—nothing to excite apprehension; the men and boys had finished their work, and were about to return to their homes, when they were suddenly overtaken by this terrible event, and those who waited to welcome them are now widows and orphans. There was apparently nothing but the ordinary peril of a miner's life, which custom makes to be thought but little of. When soldiers and sailors go to war people are prepared to hear that many of them are killed—they expect to learn of a battle and its results; and so there is a tremulous anxiety, which is a preparation. There was nothing of that sort here. Suddenly there was a crash, and then a fearful rumor spread from house to house along the row of little habitations, and women and children were seen hurrying out, wondering and anxious to know what had really occurred.

Then came a long and terrible period of suspense. The obstacle could not be got through.

At length the mine is penetrated, discovery made, and intelligence brought up. "Well." "ALL DEAD. ALL DEAD; lying dead in groups." "Did you see John?" "I saw him with the three boys, all lying together. They seemed perfectly calm." And so one after another was indicated. The men went down again, and the awful truth was confirmed—"not a single man or boy alive;" men and lads, husbands, fathers, sons, nephews, grandsons, all dead; apparently having died more from the noxious gases than from anything else. Most of them seemed to have died calmly; but some strong men bore upon them the marks of intense agony, as if to the very last there had been with them a desperate struggle for life. But they were all dead. "Thy judgments are a great deep."

Why there should be suffering and sorrow in the world has been, you know, a question pressing upon humanity in all ages. If God be omnipotent, why? If God be benevolent, why? If there be a God at all, why? Read the oldest book in the Bible, and you find a constant argument upon these mysterious, deep, and dark judgments, and how to reconcile them with just conceptions of Deity and of providence. Into the question of moral evil, the existence of sin, we will not go; but it may be remarked, that much physical evil is the direct issue of sin. There are many forms of suffering in the world that would not be here but for sin; yet there are other cases, like the present, that seem to have no relation to moral evil, being separated entirely from the will of any man; and are what we call accidents," or the "visitations of God." The anti-supernaturalist may be found objecting to our Bible *because it contains so much that is mysterious;* but we would say to him, "There is as much that is mysterious in your Bible as there is in ours." Suppose him to be one who believes in a personal God, a personal Governor of the world, and he says, "I cannot receive your Bible because I read in that book such extraordinary things, about what God has done and said, that I am shocked." My dear friend, have you read your own Bible? Do you meet with no mysteries there? Can you understand all the pages and passages in it? Are there no terrible facts occurring on the surface of this earth? Is everything that happens in harmony with your conceptions of a benevolent Governor? Would *you* allow that gallant vessel to be dashed to pieces on those rocks? Would *you* have permitted twenty tons of iron to descend the shaft of that pit? Your God did not prevent it; the God of your Book—the only Book you acknowledge—this world. It is not a fine and beautiful page always. You may talk about fruits and flowers, and admire them, but do not shut your eyes to the great and terrible facts that confront you. Do you pretend that your Bible, the Book of Nature, will explain these things? I do not tell you that I have got a Bible to explain all these things. I have got a Bible to teach me a great deal more and something higher; and it may be that the Bible comes to me with parallel, and analogous things in it just that I may understand and know that it comes from the same God—that the Creator of the world is the speaker in the Book; and that it is for me to listen and to obtain the higher revelation. And perhaps through that I shall come to understand the mystery. In reading the one book or the other, we had better just stand dumb and thoughtful, endeavoring to extract from the great mystery a religious advantage. There are things which we cannot comprehend by our understanding, but in which we may acquiesce by faith.

Of course we can understand that *the world is governed by great general laws.* Great general principles and laws are ever at work, and we may depend upon it that they will not be suspended for us. There is a young mother on a beautiful spring morning, sitting there by an open window; she is looking at and enjoying the landscape—and something far more lovely than that, for she has her beautiful baby, her first-born upon her arm. She turns her eyes for a moment, and the little child, chirping and cooing, makes a sudden movement, and is out at the window; it falls down upon the pavement below, and is picked up bleeding and mangled—maimed for life! If you had been the Governor of the world, with your particular affections, with your attention to the little, and the individual, you would have interfered to save the child. God could have done it, but that would have been a miracle—that would have been to govern the world upon the principle of miracle. But the law exists, and it must act, in spite of everything. If the twelve apostles were walking upon a railway when the train was rushing along it would go over them if they did not get out of the way, and the whole twelve apostles would be crushed to atoms. God would not interfere. You are to understand, then, that that is the general law. If we go back to the question, "Why should things be so constituted?" we may ask further, "Why should there be a world like this at all?" Enough for us, however, to know that it is so. But we believe that along with these general laws there is a place for prayer, there is a sphere for God's agency; but we are to remember that there is a constant operation of these laws. If every time we got into danger or trouble there was to be a Divine interposition—as a poor, silly, indulgent mother always comes in between the child and the consequence of its fault—we should never be anything.

Hence we can understand the great lesson of our Lord, when he said to those that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with there sacrifices, "Suppose ye that they were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?" No; they were standing there when the tower fell, and they were killed; it would have been the same whether they were saints or sinners. We are not to judge of God as if the calamities that happen to men were indications of peculiar Divine sentiments, and were judgments upon individuals. But these things may well teach us *our own littleness, and the necessity of humility, that we may have to adore where we cannot comprehend.* "His judgments are a great deep," which we cannot fathom, and yet, when we look up our religious faith may help us to say, in the words that immediately precede these, "Thy righteousness is like the mountains;" our consciousness of the rectitude of God stands out like the mountains in the sun, visible even in spite of this dark tumultuous ocean which we cannot fathom. We are sure that there is a God who ruleth and governeth, whatever the mysteries that may surround his operations. Hence you have *religious faith.* You have it in Job, when he says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." There is the child's heart uttering itself from beneath the man's understanding. Though his understanding was perplexed and baffled, his faith remained firm. You hear it in David. Was there ever anything sublimer in this world than that little sentence of David—which may teach us all to look at distress, calamity, and the terrible judgments of God—"I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it"? I cannot understand it, I cannot comprehend it; if I was to open my mouth at all I should speak foolishly. It is to me a great deep, and so I will lay my hand upon my mouth, and be dumb, for it is God: Thou didst it. Ah, there is the sublimity of religious faith—*the universe is not a machine.* It is not a number of wheels grinding out its results, without feeling, without thought, without purpose, and grinding me in the midst of them. No. THOU—a personality with feeling, thought, purpose, my Father—"THOU didst it." And I will wait till the time comes when in Thy light I shall see light—shall know what I know not now—and my mouth shall then be opened with praise and adoration, because Thou hast done all things well. You hear this sentiment of religious faith again in Asaph. He was sadly perplexed once. The poor man was plunged into a great deep, and he thought he would find the bottom, but he only sank down deeper and deeper. He was mercifully brought up again, but his perplexities continued until he went into the sanctuary of God, and there, in the exercise of religious faith, he said, "Well, I will give it all up; I will not attempt to comprehend it, but Thou shalt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. I will be a religious man if I cannot be a philosopher. I will be led as a little child by the hand of God if I cannot comprehend the incomprehensible." A wise man that. Do you not see this religious faith also in the prophet whose words I read to you in the lesson? That "although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls"—what could be worse? Widowhood, orphanage, destitution; true, but here everything, every necessity, and every enjoyment—flocks, herds, fruit, everything gone, nothing but destitution—"Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Let this truth be also impressed upon us, that *all duty involves sacrifice in one form or other*. There will be something to be borne, something to be endured, something to be foregone. It is the law. God has sent us into the world to do something, and to do it in danger, in peril, in temptation, in trial and tears. This being so, it is a grand thing to look upon all the circumstances and events of life as what, indeed they are, not so much important in themselves, as they are important as instruments of discipline, and in relation to the man. The greater matter is, have we learnt the lesson? Have we got out of the events of life what it was meant we should? Poverty, riches, prosperity, calamity, are alike instruments to an end. The world is a great school, life is a grand discipline; and we have to look rather to the results than to the means.

Then there is another thing we should not forget—*the way in which a calamity like this calls out the human sympathies.* Who can tell whether a far greater number of hearts have not been softened and bettered by this calamity, than have been caused to suffer by it?

"One touch of nature"—

and when it comes in the shape of sorrow, one touch of *sorrow,*

—"makes the whole world kin."

How many a heart has been moved by the account of the mother, with the little babe upon her arm, whose husband and five sons, and a foster son—a child on whom they had had compassion—were under the earth, starving, suffering, dying! Who can tell what a sermon that may preach to many a soul! It is God's teaching. It is God's picture book for us children, who continually need such aids—principles embodied, invisible facts. And so I cannot but think that much benefit results in this way, from these disasters, to very many.

I know very well how Skepticism, a mechanical rebellious understanding, will come up and say, "Why should it be? Why should we have sin even if we have redemption? Why should we have a curse even if it be ultimately removed? Would it not be better just all at once, directly, like the angels in heaven, to come forth from the hand of God perfect, upright, pure! Why this circuitous route, the permission of sin just for the purpose of redemption and removal?" Why? I cannot tell all the whys, but my faith enables me to say, I believe it is better that things should be as they are. Without evil, without sin in the universe, without a personal Redeemer, without the intervention of mercy, without God's wonderful manifestation of himself in relation to sin, and evil, and death, God's creatures could not have known perfectly what God is; there could not have been a complete, perfect development of the Godhead. Therefore I do not ask that question, but I can understand that God tells me that by the Church, through the process of redemption, he is showing to the heavenly intelligence his manifold wisdom, and revealing the attributes of his character, which could be revealed in no other way. "Thy judgments are a great deep." Yes; but out of great mystery will come ultimately a great manifestation, and then we shall rejoice and adore in the light, as we now adore in the darkness.

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SUDDEN DEATH BY A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

D. L. MOODY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. & MRS. P. P. BLISS.

I EXPECTED to enjoy, this afternoon, coming around here and hearing our friend Mr. Bliss sing the gospel and our friend Mr. Whittle preach. I was telling my wife when I got home Friday night that I was really glad I didn't have to work so hard on this Sabbath. I cannot tell you what a disappointment it has been to me. I have looked forward to those two men of God coming to this city. I had arranged, made my plans to stay over a few days in order to hear and enjoy their services. Ever since I heard that I would have to take their place this afternoon, there has been just one text running in my mind. I cannot keep it out: "Therefore be ye also ready." You who have heard me preach the past three months I think will bear witness to this, that I haven't said much about death. Perhaps I haven't been faithful in this regard. I'd always rather tell about life; perhaps there's not been warning enough in my preaching. But I feel that if I should hold my peace this afternoon and not lift up my voice and warn you to make ready for death, God might lay me aside and put some one else in my place; I must speak and forewarn you.

To-day has been one of the most solemn days in my life. The closing hours of every year, for the past ten or twelve years, have been very solemn to me. I think I never spent such a day as I have to-day. This world never seemed so empty, and men never looked so blind away from God, as they do to-day. It seems as never before that I cannot understand how life can go on in madness, how a man can keep away from Christ, when in just a stroke he is gone to eternity, and there is no hope. Those men I mean that really believe, intellectually, that the Bible is true, that if they die without regeneration, without being born again, they cannot see God's kingdom. How it is they can believe, and how they can still stay away from Christ when such judgments are brought near to them, is a mystery to me. I hope the words of the Lord Jesus will find their way to your hearts as they have to mine; I hope you will hear Him this afternoon saying: "Therefore be ye also ready." He had been warning them; for in the verse preceding this text he said, "As in the days of Noah they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away." It came suddenly. How often the judgments of God come suddenly upon us. I want to call your attention to a few words we find in the Old Testament in the sixth chapter of Jeremiah at the tenth verse: "To whom shall I speak and give warning that they may hear? Behold their ear is uncircumcised, and they cannot hearken; behold the word of the Lord is unto them a reproach; they have no delight in it." Also in the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, fourth, fifth and sixth verses: "Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchmen's hands." Do you ask me now why I am so anxious to warn you? Because, if I don't, the blood of your soul will be required at my hand.

I want to warn you to-day; I want to plead with you to-day. And it is because I love you that I come to plead with you. I am sure there is nothing else that could induce me to speak this afternoon. I felt, rather, like going into my room and locking the door and trying to learn what this providence means. I don't expect to find out yet—I'm not sure I'll ever know. But—(the speaker paused in deep motion), I just felt I'd got to come down here this very afternoon and cry out: "therefore be ye also ready!" make ready before the close of this sermon! just ask yourselves this question, "am I ready to meet God this moment?" If not, when will you be! God would not tell us to be ready, if he did not give us the power,—unless it was something within our reach.

The thought is put into some of your minds that I am trying to take advantage of the death of this good man to frighten you and scare you; and I haven't any doubt Satan is doing this work at this moment. Right here let me notice that some say I'm preaching for effect. That's what I am doing. I want to affect you; I want to rouse your death-sleep, when I warn you to prepare to meet your God; for "in such hour as you think not the Son of Man cometh." It is just from pure love, pure friendship to you that I warn you; the thought that I am trying to frighten you from selfish motives is from the pit of hell. You take a true mother; if she does not warn her child when playing with fire, you say she's not what she professes to be, not a true mother. If a father sees his boy going to ruin and don't warn him, is he a true father? I say it is the single power of love that makes me warn you. Suppose I walk by a house on fire with a man and woman in it, and their seven children. If I don't call out, hammer on the door, smash in the windows if necessary, and cry out, "escape if you can," what would you say? You would say I ought not to live. If souls are going down to death and hell all around me—I verily believe such live to-day, and some are in this building—how can I hold my peace and not cry out at the top of my voice: "therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

There is a legend that I read some time ago of a man who made a covenant with Death; and the covenant was this: that Death should not come on him unawares,—that Death was to give warning of his approach. Well, years rolled on, and at last, Death stood before his victim.

The old man blanched and faltered out, "why, Death, you have not been true to your promise, you have not kept your covenant. You promised not to come unannounced. You never gave any warning." "How, how!" came the answer, "every one of those gray hairs is a warning; every one of your teeth is a warning; your eyes growing dim are a warning; your natural power and vigor abated—that is a warning. Aha! I've warned you—I've warned you continually." And Death would not delay, but swept his victim into eternity.

That is a legend; but how many the past year have heard these warning voices. Death has come very near to many of us. What warnings have come to us all. The preacher's calls to repentance, how again and again they have rung in our ears. We may have one or two more calls yet, this year, in the next few hours, but I doubt it. Then how many of us in the last twelve months have gone to the bedside of some loved friend, and kneeling in silent anguish unable to help, have whispered a promise to meet that dying one in heaven. Oh why delay any longer! Before these few lingering hours have gone, and the year rolls away into eternity, I beg of you, see to it that you prepare to make that promise good. Some of you have kissed the marble brow of a dead parent this year, and the farewell look of those eyes has been, "make ready to meet thy God." In a few years you will follow, and there may be a reunion in heaven. Are you ready, dear friends?

When visiting the body of my brother just before he was put in the grave, I picked up his Bible, of the size of this in my hand, and there was just one passage of scripture marked. I looked it up and I found it read; "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." As I read it that night the hand that wrote it was silent in death. It was written in '76. Little did he think when he wrote it that in that same year he would be silent in the grave. Little did he think that the autumn wind and the winter snow would go roaring over his grave. Thank God it was a year of jubilee to him. That year he found salvation ; it was a precious year to his soul. That year he met his God. How often have I thanked God for that brother's triumphant death ! It seems as though I could not live to think he had gone down to the grave unprepared to meet his God, —gone without God and hope. Dear friends,—dear unsaved friends,—I appeal to you that you will now accept Christ. Seize the closing hours of this year ; let not this year die till the great question is decided. I plead with you once more to come to the Lord Jesus. Oh hear these blessed words of Christ as I shout them again in your hearing : "therefore be ye also ready."

Now death may take us by surprise. That's the way it has taken our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Little did they know as they rode towards Cleveland last Friday night what was to be the real end of the journey. About this time I was giving out notice last Friday night of their being here this afternoon, they were then struggling with death. That was about the time they passed into glory-land. It was a frightful death, by surprise. But, beautiful salvation ; star of hope in that time of gloom, darkness and death ; they both were ready. They were just ripened for the kingdom of God. I do not think I ever saw two persons who had grown more in Christ than these dear friends had in the past four or five years. I do not think a man walks the streets of Chicago to-day who has so few enemies as P. P. Bliss. He was a man we will love in another world. When the summons came, it must have been terrible, it must have brought cruel pain for a few minutes. But it lasted only a few minutes and—they were in glory. Only a few minutes—and they were all together in that world of light, perhaps raising the shout of praise, "Alleluiah, what a Saviour." I think the heavenly choir has had a great accession to-day. I doubt whether many around the throne of God sing sweeter than P. P. Bliss. I doubt whether many have loved the Son of God more than he. With that golden harp of the glorified how sweetly shall he sing!

But my friends, while we are mourning here, are we ready? We cannot call them back. We may mourn for them; we may mourn for the sad misfortune that has befallen ourselves. But what is our loss is their gain. It is better for them there than here; it is better to be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Shall you join him in that blessed land? Say, are you ready?

Now there are three things which every man should be ready for in this world; ready for life, ready for death, and ready for judgment. Judgment after death is as sure as life; judgment is as sure as death. There are three sure things. "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment." It is of very little account how we die, or where we die, if we are only prepared, if we are only ready. We don't know what may happen any day. It seems to me we ought to be ready any hour, any moment; we know not what may happen any moment. Oh, let us get ready! It seems sheerest folly to delay this matter a single moment. Look at that train where great numbers were ushered into eternity unexpectedly. Little did they think that there time was so near at hand. Little did our friends, Mr. Bliss and wife, think that they were going to be ushered into eternity as they stepped lighthearted on that railway train. It would seem that people ought to resolve never to step aboard a railway train again until they're ready to meet their God. It would seem as though no one would lie down and go to sleep to-night until he knows he is ready to meet the bridegroom.

Dear friends, are you ready? This question this afternoon it seems to me ought to go down into all our hearts. And then, if we are ready, we can shout over death and the grave; that death is overcome, the sting of death is gone and the grave opens terrorless. Suppose we do go on and live thirty or forty years,—it is all only a little moment. Suppose we die in some lone mountain; like Moses on Pisgah, or like Jacob in the midst of our family, or like Joshua with the leaders of Israel around us; or suppose God lets us die surrounded with the comforts and luxuries of home; or suppose death comes on unexpectedly and suddenly as it did on Stephen; it may be we shall be called to die the death of a martyr and be put to death unexpectedly—but if we are only ready what care we just how our summons comes. If I am ready I would as soon die like Stephen or Moses on Pisgah. I would as soon die like our friend Mr. Bliss as like Jacob with all his sons around him, if only I am ready for my glorious inheritance beyond the grave. That is the main question. It is not how we die. It is not where we die. At the worst it may be but the sudden shock of a few minutes and all will be over; and we enter upon eternal joy, joy for evermore. Millions and millions and millions of years in this world will not yield the joy of one minute of heaven. Oh my friends, shall you have a place in that heavenly home? Oh! will you not each one ask this question just now, "Am I ready, am I ready?"

I believe that every man in this Christian land has had some warning; some John the Baptist to warn him as Herod had, some Paul as Agrippa and Felix had, some friend like Nathan, sent to warn him, as David had;

some friend to warn him such as Ahab had in Elijah. And, my friends, I think this is a day of warning to you. Are you not coming to God to-day? Will you not hear the Saviour's loving voice to-day, "Come unto me." God will forgive your sins and blot them out and give you a new heart. Oh, let not the sun go down to-night without being reconciled to God.

Little did those people on that train as it neared Cleveland on Friday night, little did they think the sun was going down for them the last time, and that they should never see it rise again. It is going down to-night, —as I am speaking, the last sun of the year—and some of you in this assemblage may never see it rise again. Dear friends, are you ready for the call if it comes to you between now and to-morrow morning? This very night you may be called away—your soul may be required by God your Maker. Are you ready to meet the King and Judge of all the earth? Let me put, urgently but kindly, these questions to every soul here to-night: can you say, "I have Christ; I have eternal life through Jesus Christ my Saviour." If not, dear friends, let me ask you what will you say when He shall come to judge you? If, this very night, He should summon you to stand before Him, what would you say?

Oh, how deceitful death is! Something may fall on us as we walk home to-night, or we may fall down and break some part of our body and be ushered into eternity. We may be seized by some fit, and we're gone. We may have some disease around the heart that is hidden from us and that we know nothing about, and this may be our last day on earth. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow;" we don't know what will happen even before to-morrow. And then, another deception; a great many people, you know, because their parents have outlived the allotted years, because their parents were long-lived people, think they're going to live long also. How many are deceived in that way. Then there is that lying deception, "Oh it is time enough to be a Christian.—time enough to cry to God—when He calls us." Look at that wreck! Look at those people being dashed down that frightful chasm to frightful deaths! That is no time to get ready; that is not the time! They have all they can do trying to get out of the wreck,—bleeding, burning, drowning, frozen! How many in eternity in five minutes! How many instantly! No time for prayer in such chaos as that: I would not say God is not merciful, —He may have heard even then, the penitent cry; but I would not dare to say: "put it off till some calamity overtakes you." The word comes now, at this moment, "prepare to. meet God." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Oh, that is the first duty and pleasure of this life, not its last! It is more important that you seek the kingdom of God to-day—just now, this very hour—than anything else, than anything else, in life! It is more important than going home to look after the highest earthly affairs; more important than if you could win the wealth and the honors of the universe! Let business be suspended and everything laid aside until this greatest question of life—the greatest question of time and eternity—is settled: "Prepare to meet thy God." Oh prepare!

My friends, I call upon you to come to the Lord Jesus Christ. I call upon you to prepare this day and this hour to meet your God. I lift up my voice in warning to all of this assembly. Would you not rather be in the place of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and die as they did, in that terrible wreck by that appalling accident—would you not rather choose that, than to live on twenty-five years or a hundred years, and die without God and go down in despair to dark rivers of eternal death! Oh, it was appalling! but I would rather a thousand times have been on that train that dark night, and taken that awful leap and met my God as I believe Mr. and Mrs. Bliss have met Him, than to have the wealth of worlds and die without God and hope! Oh, if you are not ready, make ready just now! I think a great many tears should be shed for the sins of the past year. If you take my advice you will not go out of this tabernacle this night until you have tasted repentance and the joy of sins forgiven. Go into the inquiry-room and ask some of the Christian people to tell you the way of life, to tell you what to do to be saved. Say "I want to be ready to meet my God to-night, for I don't know the day or the hour He may summon me."

I may be speaking to some this afternoon who are hearing me for the last time. In a few days I will be gone. My friends, to you I want to lift up my warning voice once again. I want to speak as to brethren beloved, hastening on to judgment: "Prepare to meet thy God." I beg of you, I beseech of you, this moment, don't let the closing hours, these closing moments of '76 pass, until you are born of God—born of the Spirit, born from death. This day, if you seek God, you shall find Him. This day if you, turn from sin and repent, God is ready to receive you. Let me say He never will be more willing than to-day and you'll never have more power than to-day. If you are ready, He is ready now to receive and bless you forever! Oh, may the God of our fathers have compassion upon every soul assembled here! May our eyes be opened, and all flee from the wrath to come! May the Divine warnings take hold on every soul! May we profit by this sad calamity, and may many be raised up in eternity to thank God that this meeting was ever held!

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, J. A. GARFIELD.

DEATH IN THE SIGHT OF ALL THE PEOPLE.

WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.

IN BROADWAY TABERNACLE NEW YORK.

They went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them on Eleazar his son ; and Aaron died there in the top of the Mount.—NUMBERS XX: 27, 28.

THAT is an old history ; but in some of its main features, it has just been repeated in the experience of this nation ; and so I have turned to it to find comfort and instruction in our hour of sorrow. Of our beloved President, too, it may be truly said that he has ascended the hill in the sight of all the people. His life has been a constant climb. From the log-cabin in the forest he went "still upward," until he reached the highest office which can be attained among us ; and although, while he was patiently and heroically threading his way up the earliest slopes, he was unseen, by the multitudes, yet the misroscopic inspection of his antecedents at the time of his nomination to the Presidency has made even the youngest among us familiar with his career from his earliest boyhood until the night when amid the tolling of bells and the tears of the nation, the sad words passed from mouth to mouth among us—"The president is dead !"

We have followed him from the cabin to the school-house ; from the school-house to the carpenter's shop ; from the carpenter's shop to the canal barge ; from the canal barge to the academy ; from the academy to the college—first as a student and afterward as a professor ;

from the college to the battle-field; from the battle-field to the halls of legislature: from the halls of legislature to the White House; and from the White House to that cottage by the sea, wherein the long alternation between relapse and recovery terminated in his dissolution. No Hebrew in all the host that day when Aaron went up Mount Hor watched the progress of the ascending high-priest with more interest than that with which we have scanned the history of Mr. Garfield; and we had all a glow of honest, thankful satisfaction when we saw in the Presidential chair a man who might be regarded as a typical representative of the best elements of the American character. But alas! like Aaron, he reached the summit only to die; and his death also was in the sight of all the people. The nation—nay, the world was admitted to his sick-chamber. For all these weeks each hand among us was upon his pulse, and each ear among us was at his heart. It was as if each of us had a beloved patient in his home. The "fierce light" which usually "beats upon a throne" is nothing to the radiant publicity into which the affection of the citizens insisted upon putting the incidents of that chamber of suspense; and in coming years there shall yet be made in song and story many a pathetic mention of his heroic sayings and his thoughtful solicitude for those who were most dear to him.

Now it is in the effects which this very publicity of his history and sufferings has produced, and is, I believe, destined in still larger measure yet to produce among us, that I find some of the richest elements of consolation under our sore trial.

I. For, in the first place, that **publicity has elevated into the view of the community a character every way worthy to become an example and an inspiration to us all.** And in speaking thus, I refer not so much to the perseverance and indomitable pluck by which he was distinguished, as to the moral and spiritual qualities which in him were so conspicuous. He was from the first characterized by conscience. From the day when on the canal barge he refused to take by stratagem or trick from another boat, the right of way to which it was fairly entitled, on to that of the Convention in which he stood unyieldingly up for a principle which he believed to be "everlastingly right," he was unflinching in his adherence to that which in his view was just.

And this conscience in him, I rejoice to add, was thoroughly Christianized. In his early youth he became on deliberate conviction, a disciple of the Lord Jesus; and in every sphere he filled, it might be said of him that he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." There was, indeed, no ostentatious parade of his devotion. He said little because he acted so much. His piety was that of principle rather than emotion; and it was too much occupied in conduct to have any energy to spare for display. He was more ambitious for excellence than for position. The only place he ever asked for he did not get, and every office which he filled was one to which he was called by others without any seeking of his own. And surely I am not wrong in saying that in the elevation and glorification of such a character by such a death we have an element of comfort which is well-nigh incalculable. We cannot mourn for him; for, being such a man as he was, we know right well whither he has gone—and we may be thankful that such a career has been so prominently brought before the eyes of the rising generation among us.

Young men, let it fire you with the noblest of all ambitions. Seek rather to *be* than to *get*. Labor not for office, but for character; and, to that end, cultivate through faith in Christ a conscience that shall spurn from it every thought of wrong; for in conscience is the main-spring of character, and as you act concerning it, you will become either a hero or a coward.

But it is not only in its public aspects that the history of our nation's second martyr is fraught with benefit There was a domesticity about him which strikingly illustrated the fifth commandment; and, in a day when some believe that our home-life in America is degenerating, I am thankful that he who has gone set such a noble example in this regard. What devotion he showed to his venerable mother? Who can recall without emotion that scene with his fellow students when, camping out with them, he took out his Bible and said: "Boys, I promised my mother to read a portion of the Scriptures every night, and I am going to read it now—shall I read it aloud?" and then, with their concurrence, not only read a chapter, but led them in prayer to the throne of the heavenly grace? Who can speak without pleasure of the kiss which he imprinted on his mother's lips immediately after he had taken the oath of office on his installation day? And who can read without tears the letter—the only one he wrote during his weeks of languishing—to the venerable woman, that he might, with his own hand, give her as much hope of his recovery as possible? What an example for the sons and daughters of the land! Oh, ye poor, paltry puppets, who, in the day of your prosperity, turn your backs upon your parents and think of them only as a burden and a disgrace—look at these beautiful indications of his filial devotion and go hide your heads for shame! That installation kiss! let it stand out in our history forever as an enforcement of the holy law—"Honor thy father and thy mother"—and let it serve to lift up the family among us to its ancient elevation.

But he was no less tender as a husband than he was faithful as a son. We got a glimpse of his conjugal devotion during the serious illness of Mrs. Garfield in the White House; and the impression made then upon us was deepened by the telegram which he calmly dictated to her immediately after he was shot; while, on the other hand, her noble calmness in that trying hour, coupled with her unslumbering watchfulness beside his bed, has given her a place in the nation's heart second only—if indeed it be second—to that in which it has enshrined him. While, in the bearing of Mr. Garfield toward his boys and his tender solicitude for his daughter, I feel persuaded that every father among us has been stimulated and benefited. How many homes in the land, I wonder, could bear the revelation made by the turning of the white electric light of publicity in upon them as the household of the President has done? This terrible affliction has made it a spectacle to all. Let us be thankful that it is of such a character that it may be an example for all.

But I find another element of consolation in the unification of the nation which has resulted from the publicity in which our President lived and died. When Aaron was ascending Mount Hor, no jealousy was permitted to alienate the tribes of Israel from each other. In sight of the venerable high-priest going up to meet his death, the envyings of Reuben and the rebellion of the sons of Korah were forgotten. Israel was once more a unit. One great grief swallowed up and into itself all minor things, even as the uprising tide overwhelms all the pools which the last ebb has left behind; and, in the thirty days of mourning which followed his dissolution there was no exception to the universality of the grief; for, as the historian tells us, "they mourned for Aaron, even *all* the house of Israel." So it is now with us. For the first time in many, many years there is no section in our land to-day. North and South—their differences for the time forgotten—are weeping in equal sorrow over Garfield's bier, and it looks as if the feuds of a quarter of a century were to be healed and the divisions cemented by his blood. No tributes to his memory are more sincere than those which have been uttered by Southern statesmen, and no tokens of grief are deeper than those worn by our fellow-citizens with whom formerly we were at war. Now that we have wept together, we shall begin to forget that we have fought.

I think, too, that among the consolatory effects produced by this trial I see the beginning of a spirit of indignation which shall at length sweep away the abuses that have gathered around that system of making public offices the rewards of party service which has become the shame of our American politics.

Unless I greatly mistake, there has been growing all through these sorrowful weeks a spirit of determination among the people to put to death the system out of which this murder sprung, and woe to the public man who shall attempt to stay that execution! It may take a long time. The struggle may be severe, for self-interest is always difficult to dislodge; but, depend upon it, its death-knell is rung, and the sovereign people will see that their will is carried through, no matter what official heads may be lopped off in the process. Over the bier of Garfield they have pledged themselves that he shall not die in vain, and a covenant in such blood will never be forgotten. The evil now has only smitten the nation's head; it has not yet corrupted the heart. The universal feeling of this hour is a proof that *that* is sound; and, when the people are in earnest, they can do anything. They are in earnest now. It seems to be the law of God's providence that no great advance can be secured in anything without a victim, and the value of the victim in this case is so great—for he was the best the nation had—that we may anticipate that the advance will be decided. Let us pledge ourselves by the memory of him at whose bedside we have stood for so many weeks, that, God helping us, we shall slay the system out of which his assassination sprung. If we do not succeed in doing that, it may be the assassination of the nation next.

But the effects of the publicity given to our President's character and death have not been confined to our own land. The nations have sat with us round his bed, and they are mourning with us now over his decease. Thus this calamity has brought the ends of the earth together, and knit the peoples in a brother-hood of bereavement. From all quarters and from every land, messages of condolence have kept pouring in upon us. In Great Britain, as I can testify from observation during my recent visit to my father-land, the President and his patient, self-denying wife were daily through his illness a source of interest to all, from the palace to the cottage. Queen Victoria never wrote anything so queenly as that message which came quivering over the wires to the stricken mourner; for it was the queenliness of the woman, rather than of the monarch—the sympathy of a widow, speaking from her own experience, with a widow just entering the valley of her loneliness—"May God comfort you as he alone can;" and the memorial wreath which she caused to be laid upon his coffin will flourish as an "immortelle" in the memory of this people.

But as another element of consolation under our sorrow, suggested by this text, I name the continuation of the nation's organic life. When Lincoln was murdered it was the voice of Garfield which stilled the surging crowd in Wall Street with the words: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about him; justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne . . . . God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." This is our consolation now ; and to-day, while we sympathize with the bereaved, and count ourselves among them, our prayers must also ascend for him who, in circumstances so solemn, and amid grief so profound, has been called to the duties and responsibilities of the Presidential chair.

But to mention only one thought more, we have the largest consolation of all in the fact that God is among the people. Aaron did not take with him the pillar of cloud and fire. The shechinah still hovered above the mercy-seat, and after the days of mourning for the high-priest were ended, Jehovah was as much the leader of Israel as He had been before. No individual is indispensable. It is as easy for God to carry on His work without us as with us, if only He be recognized and honored by those who remain behind. All individuals are but His instruments; and all instruments may be made alike mighty in his hands. Let us be only sure that God is with us and all will be well. And He will be with us if we will be with Him. As Lincoln said, when one spoke to him of the importance of having God on our side—"The great thing for us is to make sure that we are on God's side ;" and there are many indications now among us that the people are anxiously desirous that this shall be the case. What spiritual aspirations have been awakened in us all by the sorrows of these weeks, culminating in the sad climax of this day ! It is almost like a revival of religion over the land. Were ever prayers so numerous or so earnest offered as those which have been and are now being presented throughout the country ?

So let us take heart again and sing, "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved ; God shall help us, and that right early." As good John Wesley said with his dying breath, "The best of all is, God is with us;" or as the pious Scotch woman put it in her own vernacular, "The Lord's aye to the fore!" "God lives; blessed be our rock, and let the God of our salvation be exalted."

For the rest our loved one sleeps in Jesus. We have no doubts or misgivings about him. Already he has entered into the joy of his Lord; and great is the contrast between the gloom of our mourning and the gladness of his glory.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro:

And saying, as they meet, "Rejoice, another,
Long waited for, is come.
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home."

To that home may we also be admitted, in God's good time and way, through the merits and mediation of our great High-Priest. Amen.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

1. ON THE DEATH OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, the following preamble and resolutions, submitted by Rev. William Adams, D.D., of New York, were adopted, and cordially commended to the Christian people of this country :

Greatly afflicted by that mysterious Providence which has consigned to a watery grave Rev. Professor Pronier, of Geneva, and Rev. Antonio Carrasco, of Madrid, when on their homeward voyage from the recent Conference in this city; be it

Resolved, That, cherishing with great affection the memory of these brethren, who endeared themselves to so many during their recent visit to this country, we extend to their desolate families, in this sudden and terrible bereavement, our tenderest Christian sympathy.

As an expression of this affection and sympathy, and in cordial obedience to the Divine teaching, to "love not in word only, but in deed and in truth," be it

Resolved, That this Alliance, so far adopting under its care the widowed and orphaned families of these beloved brethren, will undertake to raise a memorial fund, to be held by the Finance Committee of the Evangelical Alliance in this country, who shall be empowered to expend the same or its (semi-annual) income, according to their best judgment, for the support of Mesdames Pronier and Carrasco and the education of their children.

Resolved, That all churches sympathizing with the Evangelical Alliance, be hereby requested to take a collection on the third Sabbath in January, or as near that time as possible, in furtherance of this object; confident that such an act will not only convey needful relief to the distressed, but will prove a means of promoting a new and greater interest in Christian brotherhood and Christian evangelism throughout the world.

2. ON THE DEATH OF A BISHOP AND COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

By the University Senate of Ann Arbor University, Mich.

At a meeting of the University Senate, held in the room of the President, August 5, 1881, the following testimonial of respect for the memory of Dr. E. O. Haven, Ex-President of the University, was ordered to be placed on the records of the Senate. It was also ordered that copies should be sent to the family of the deceased and furnished to the press for publication:

Rev. Erastus O. Haven, D.D., Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an Ex-President of this University, died at Salem, Oregon, on the second day of August, 1881.

Dr Haven held the chair of the Latin language and literature in this University in 1853, and that of history and English literature in 1854 and 1855, and the office of President of the University from 1863 to 1869.

This Senate has received with profound grief the intelligence of his death. Cut down suddenly, almost at the beginning of the sacred duties of the high and responsible office to which he had been called by the church of his choice, while still strong and vigorous, and, to all appearance, capable of doing good service in the cause of his Master for many years to come, he has left a record of great and manifold and fruitful labors to perpetuate his memory, and to console the multitude of friends, brethren, and associates who mourn his loss.

The uninterrupted successes of his life, from the day of his graduation at Middletown to the day of his death in Oregon, were due to his unwavering faith in Christ, his indomitable energy, his ready adaptation to circumstances, his versatility of talent and breadth and variety of attainment, his prudence and tact in administration, and, not least, his remarkable facility and felicity of expression in writing, and, especially, in public speaking.

He was elected to many and honorable positions, involving either educational, ministerial, or literary labor, but among all the high duties to which he was called, none did he discharge with more distinguished ability than those of the presidency of this University. During the six years of his administration the attendance of undergraduates was constantly increasing, while the institution was steadily progressing in its proper work, and growing in popular favor. Not less was his administration distinguished for the internal harmony and unity promoted by his large and kindly spirit, which at the same time attached all members of the University heartily and firmly to his person.

This University will ever cherish and honor the memory of President Haven, and while it mourns his death it is thankful for the good which a kind Providence has permitted him to achieve not only here but in many fields of beneficent enterprise.

The Senate, while thus expressing its sense of the loss sustained by education and religion in the death of Bishop Haven, desires most sincerely and respectfully to extend its sympathies to the family, so suddenly visited by a mysterious but wise and merciful Providence with this great sorrow and heaviest of earthly bereavements.

By order of the Senate.
——— ———, Secretary.

3. ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Brown University, held February 17th, the President announced the death of William Giles Goddard, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, and more recently of Belles Lettres, in the University, and, at the time of his death, a member of the Board of Fellows, and Secretary of the Corporation.

Whereupon, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be entered upon the records of the Faculty:

It having pleased Almighty God to remove from this life William Giles Goddard, LL.D., a distinguished Alumnus of this University, for many years one of its most successful instructors, and through life one of its most efficient friends, a gentleman eminent alike for rich and varied learning, elegant scholarship and refined taste, as well as for high attainment in all the graces of pure Christianity and enlarged philanthropy:

Resolved, That we cherish a profound veneration for the talents, virtues and services of our late associate and friend.

That we tender to the family of the deceased the expression of our sincere sympathy on the occasion of their irreparable loss.

That, as a Faculty, we will attend the funeral solemnities, and that the exercises of the College be suspended on the afternoon of the day on which they take place.

That the President of the University be requested to deliver a discourse in commemoration of the life and services of Professor Goddard; and

That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and published in one of the papers of this city.

F. WAYLAND, President.

4. ON THE DEATH OF A PASTOR.

At a special meeting of the official board of the ——— church, held June 28th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted;

Whereas, in the order of Divine Providence, our pastor, Rev. ———, has been removed from our midst by the hand of death, and our hearts have been deeply moved thereby; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That in his death we have lost one of nature's nobleman, a generous friend, a genial companion; a man of true and honest purpose, of pure mind, of sound judgment, prompt in action, faithful in matters of trust, an earnest Christian worker, and an ardent lover of Methodism.

2. That we treasure the memory of his blameless Christian life, his wise counsels, his faithful warnings, and his zeal for the cause of Christ.

3. That from the manner of his life among us, and from the positive character of his Christian experience and testimony during his illness, we are fully persuaded that our loss is his eternal gain; and that while we are mourning on earth, he is rejoicing with the redeemed and blood-washed in heaven.

4. That we deeply sympathize with the widow and children, who have been called to part with their chief earthly counsellor and support, and that we earnestly beseech the Father in Heaven to grant them the consolation they so much need, and which he alone can give.

5. That we tender to the widow the use of the parsonage, and the salary her husband would have received, for the remaining part of the conference year.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of the deceased, that they be published in *The Christian Advocate*, and recorded on the minutes of the quarterly conference.

5. ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

At a meeting of the School Committee of the city of Providence, R. I., holden at the City Council Chamber, on Friday, the 20th of February, on the announcement by the President, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be placed upon the records:

Whereas, it has pleased the Disposer of all events suddenly to remove from this life ———, Esq., who has been for the last nine years a member of this body; who cherished with equal ardor the interests of popular education and those of refined literature; and who was ever ready with his matured counsel, his liberal hand and his gifted pen, to co-operate with his fellow citizens in every enterprise for the advancement of good morals and social improvement; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. ——— this Committee has lost one of its most judicious and efficient members, the city one of its worthiest and most accomplished citizens, and elegant learning one of its greatest ornaments.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our unaffected sympathy and condolence in this their most afflictive bereavement.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of our lamented associate—a tribute demanded alike by his eminent private virtues and public worth—we will, in a body, attend the funeral solemnities, which are to take place this day.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be communicated to the family of the deceased, and that the same be published in the newspapers of this city.

———, Secretary.

6. ON THE DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

Whereas, It has pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove, recently, another of His workmen from the field of his earthly labor to His nearer presence and eternal rest, our beloved brother, Rev. Wm. S. Baird, late Editor of the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we recognize with feelings of sadness the inroads of death upon the ranks of the ministry in our midst, and the loss which the Church sustains in the vacancy of the important post of usefulness so recently filled by Brother Baird.

Resolved, 2. That we will cherish the pleasing recollection of his active service in the Redeemer's cause, and of his fervent piety and unsullied life; and that it shall be our aim to follow him as he followed Christ.

Resolved, 3. That our sorrow at the separation from one so long and so highly esteemed is softened by the joy of the assurance that in departing he has gone "to be with Christ, which is far better."

Resolved, 4. That we offer to the bereft members of the family of our deceased brother our sincere condolence; and for them our earnest prayer is, that He who has promised to be the Father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow, may afford them gracious consolation.

Resolved, 5. That the Secretary of this Conference be instructed to furnish for publication in the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist* a copy of the foregoing resolutions.

7. ON THE DEATH OF A PUBLISHER.

At a special meeting of the Book Trade of New York, on motion, Messrs. Seymour, Randolph, and Hurd were appointed a Committee on Resolutions, who reported the following:

Resolved, That we have received the announcement of the death of John Harper with the most profound sorrow.

Resolved, That in him our trade mourns its oldest as well as one of its most respected and honored members, and the business community in general a representative man, one whose long and distinguished career has identified his name with the history of our city, and done much to establish and maintain its reputation as the literary centre of our country. The record of diligence, industry, steadfast perseverance, thrift, and economy which marked his earlier years remains for the imitation of those who are entering upon business life. The determination with which he met and triumphed over almost overwhelming disaster stands as an encouragement to any who may be struggling with adversity. His unswerving love of country has our praise. We recognize the skill and foresight which he displayed in the prosecution of the large business in the control of which he took such a prominent part for so long a series of years. We should emulate his untiring energy and imitate the strict honor which marked his transactions, while his unfailing kindness of heart has our grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That we close our respective places of business during the hours of the funeral, and that we attend the services in a body.

Resolved, That we extend to the business associates and to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and that the Secretary be instructed to send them a copy of these resolutions.

8. ON THE DEATH OF A PHYSICIAN.

By a Medical Association.

Inasmuch as death has suddenly removed from our midst our highly esteemed and much beloved brother, G. H. H., M.D., while in the prime of life, apparently in the vigor of perfect health, in the crowning success of his cherished profession, in the unfeigned love of a large and rapidly increasing circle of friends, in the exalted appreciation of his patients, and in the unsullied respect and confidence of his church; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we have lost one whose presence in memory we shall ever be proud to recall as an active and zealous member of this Association, and an honor to its medical status, and an example to its associates of pure friendship, noble generosity and true manliness.

Resolved, That the medical profession at large have sustained in his death the loss of one whose qualities may be feebly grouped as the working, sympathizing, skillful, and gentlemanly physician.

Resolved, That the community in which he immediately moved have reason to bow in humble sorrow at the loss of a noble and exemplary citizen, a faithful friend, a respected physician, an ornament to the church, and a fit example of morality.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the grief-stricken family of our deceased friend, and assure them of the sincere fellow-feeling of all who knew of their great affliction.

Resolved, That in his sudden and unexpected death we deeply realize the shortness and uncertainty of life, and would learn afresh the lesson that we, like him, should so live that we may not be afraid to die.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the medical periodicals of this city for publication.

——— ———, Committee.

9. ON THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT OF A BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees of St. James M. E. Church was held in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, May 2d, 1877.

On motion, Brother D. J. D. was called to the chair.

The object of the meeting having been stated, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Board of Trustees of St. James M. E. Church, desiring to attest their sense of the loss sustained by this church in the death of their late President, H. H. G., their appreciation of his character, and their sympathy with his family, here record the following minute:

Resolved, That the death of our beloved brother, in the prime of his years and usefulness, is a dispensation of affliction incapable of consolation otherwise than by humble faith in the Omniscient One, who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

Resolved, That our departed brother was endeared to his official associates by his unfailing generosity, kindness and geniality, and to the entire church by his effective service and active benevolence; that his earnest Christian life is an assurance to us that our sudden loss is his endless gain.

Resolved, That we tender our sincerest sympathy to his esteemed wife and family, praying that in this hour of sore affliction they may find the Saviour near, and that "they may put their trust under the shadow of His wings."

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the family of our late President.

———, Secretary.

10. ON THE DEATH OF A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

In Memoriam—Sir Knight ——. Commandery ——, Knights Templars, in conclave assembled, having heard of the death of our late companion, Sir Knight ——, desire to place on record an expression of their deep sorrow for the loss they have sustained by his death, and the great esteem in which Sir Knight —— was held by the members of this Commandery, and to bear testimony of our high appreciation of his Christian character as a Knight Templar, and do hereby

Resolve, That the unsearchable wisdom of the Grand Master, the Templars' God, has called him to the asylum of rest, That we have unbounded faith in the safety of his Divine Power, by whose life our dead shall live.

That we tender our sympathy to his widow and children in their sorrow, and assure them of our love for their husband and father, who being dead is yet alive.

That a copy of this testimonial be recorded on a full page of our Book of Record, and be also suitably engrossed and sent to the family of our deceased companion.

—— ——, Committee.

11. RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY A MASONIC LODGE, COMMEMORATIVE OF THEIR LATE PAST MASTER.

Whereas, By the sudden and unexpected death of our Past Master, G. H. H., —— Lodge has suffered a great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That as an officer of the Lodge he faithfully and efficiently performed his work, displaying administrative qualities of a high order as a presiding officer, and commanding our respect and confidence by his impartiality and fairness.

Resolved, That he had endeared himself to us all by his genial, open-hearted and social disposition; that he was ever the kind and generous friend, the wise counsellor and devoted brother, and that in his death each member of Bunting Lodge mourns a personal friend.

Resolved, That it is not alone the recollection of his qualities as a Mason that we shall cherish with affectionate regard, but as an upright man he had entrenched himself in the hearts of this community, and the fond remembrance in which he is held by all will form the silver lining to the dark cloud which hangs over us.

Resolved, That, recognizing the depth of sorrow in which his family are plunged we extend them our heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the Supreme Architect on high, who maketh all things work together for good to those who love Him.

—— ——, Committee.

12. ON THE DEATH OF A FREEMASON.

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to summon from this terrestrial Lodge of F. & A. M., to the Grand Lodge on high, our beloved Right Worshipful Brother, whose faultless record, Christian character, genial nature, charitable and generous spirit, together with an earnest zeal, and untiring devotion in the interests of Lodge No. —, developed in our hearts for him the profoundest sentiments of affectionate regard and brotherly love.

Therefore, be it Resolved, That while we reverently and devoutly bow, in obedience to the behests of that being whose ways are inscrutable and who doeth all things well, in removing from this life our deceased brother, we desire to express our deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained in the death of one who, with eloquent tongue and exemplary life, always fittingly and impressively illustrated the cardinal principles that constitute the foundation stones upon which the grand superstructure of Freemasonry stands.

Resolved, That we share deeply in the sorrow of the widow, the children, and the relatives of our deceased brother, and hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the loving and tender care of him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and a "Helper to the widow."

Resolved, That this Lodge be suitably draped in mourning, as an expression of the grief we feel for the loss of our beloved brother and faithful Worshipful Master.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and that an engrossed copy of the same be transmitted to the widow of our deceased brother.

13. ON THE DEATH OF A MILITARY OFFICER.

At a meeting of the resident members of the Third Army Corps Union, held in New York, September 16, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The Third Army Corps Union has heard with deep regret of the sudden and untimely ending of the life of our much beloved and esteemed comrade, Captain ———, while in the discharge of his duty; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this sad accident has taken from us a comrade and companion who possessed rare virtues. He united intelligence with great courage, which, together with an earnest desire to do his whole duty, made him a most valuable and efficient public officer. He was a true and devoted husband, a fond and loving father. His wife and children honored and loved him. He endeared himself to all who came in contact with him by his honest, manly and straightforward conduct. He contributed his full share in aiding us in our deliberations when considering the welfare of our cherished organization.

Resolved, That in the death of our late comrade the Third Army Corps Union has sustained a loss of one of its most valued members, whose genial smile and cordial greeting was one of the promised gems of each "Diamond" reunion, and who, though at roll call missing, will hereafter be recorded amongst our cluster of heroes who willingly sacrificed life in the performance of duty.

Resolved, That in this their hour of trial and affliction, we tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect the members of the Third Army Corps Union resident in this city attend his funeral in a body and follow the remains of our beloved comrade to their last resting-place.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed, be furnished to the family of the deceased, and that the same be forwarded to the secretary for record on the minutes of our association.

——— ———, Chairman.

14. ON THE DEATH OF A DIRECTOR.

At a special meeting of the Directors of this ——— Company, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty, in his profound wisdom, to remove from our midst, so suddenly, our highly-honored and beloved friend; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely and deeply sympathize with the family and friends of the departed in their so unexpected and severe bereavement, and that we implore kind Providence to comfort them in this their hour of trial.

Resolved, That we express our heartfelt and most solemn regret at the loss of a gentleman so worthy of the highest honor and esteem among the commercial community, so devotedly beloved by his friends, tenderly attached to his family, and who for so many years, at the head of one of our first importing houses, by his strict probity and untiring industry, successfully weathered the many storms which swept from time to time with ruinous consequences over our industrial enterprises.

Resolved, That as a token of the high esteem and respect for the departed, the Directors of this Company attend the funeral of the deceased in a body.

Resolved, That these resolutions be engrossed and handed to the family, with the deepest and sincerest regards, and the same be published in the several daily papers,

15. ON THE DEATH OF A FIREMAN.

At a meeting of the officers of companies of the Fourth battalion, held on the 15th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we have received the painful intelligence of the untimely death of our Chief of Battalion; be it, therefore

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the will of an allwise Providence, it is due that we take this method of showing our appreciation of one who in the discharge of his every duty, requiring on all occasions the stern qualities of a disciplinarian, always possessed the noble instincts of a gentleman.

Resolved, That in the death of Chief ——— we are deprived of a genial associate, a brave commander, and the Fire Department one of its most faithful officers.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sympathy in their bereavement, and would console them with the belief that their loss is his gain, and he who doeth all things well has taken him to the home of eternal happiness.

Resolved, That out of respect to his memory we attend the funeral and wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; also, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family.

16. ON THE DEATH OF A DIRECTOR OF AN ATHENÆUM.

Whereas, an inscrutable Providence has suddenly removed from among us a member of this Board, from its organization, until his recent resignation, the Vice-President of this institution, and one of its principal founders; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply lament the loss which we have sustained in the death of one whose enlightened zeal and liberal and active exertions contributed to lay so broad and deep the foundation of this institution, and whose continued care and labor have been unceasing for the promotion of its usefulness and prosperity.

Resolved, That in placing upon record an expression of our sorrow at this afflictive bereavement, we cannot do justice to our feelings by a mere compliance with the forms which custom has prescribed. Such an expression would be far too inadequate to the occasion. Whilst we mourn the loss of a founder and a benefactor, we feel that by his death this community has lost one of its most valuable and patriotic citizens, a firm friend of constitutional freedom, whose mind, of rich scholarship, rare accomplishments and practical wisdom, was ever devoted to the cause of literature and science, and to the great work of social improvement.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to communicate a certified copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, as expressive of our sympathy in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Board, and be published.

——— ———, Secretary.

17. ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF A LITERARY SOCIETY. (Keystone State Normal School.)

Whereas, the hand of Providence has removed our beloved sister from the scene of her temporal labors, and from our society, and in view of the loss we have sustained by the death of our friend and sister, and of the still greater loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to her, be it

Resolved, That we deeply mourn her untimely departure, and sincerely regret the loss of her faithful services as a co-laborer in our literary enterprise, taking refuge in the thought, however, that after having ended her earthly strife she has at last joined the blessed society of the redeemed in heaven.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest and heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted family, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are dealt by a loving hand.

Resolved, That we do honor to her memory by having her name arrayed in black on the roll, and by performing all the rites due on so solemn an occasion.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the *National Weekly Educator*, that a copy thereof be placed in the archives of the society and another sent to the parents of the deceased.

——— ———, Committee.

18. ON THE DEATH OF A STUDENT.

At a meeting of the ——— ——— St. Paul's School, Concord, Mass., the following resolutions were drafted:

Since it has pleased Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in

His Providence, to remove our friend and classmate, L. F. W., from among us by death, we desire to place on record our sense of his true worth, and of the great loss and affliction the school and we ourselves, as well as his relatives and family, have sustained, and we accordingly

Resolve, That we unanimously join in the expression of our affectionate regard for one who so long as he has been here has led a blameless, studious life, been pure and reverend in word and deed, and to the best of our knowledge and belief abstained from every wrong way. That we thank God for the example which he set before us, and pray that we may have grace both as boys and men to follow it, that we may reach the same happy rest which we believe he has now entered.

Asking the Divine blessing upon the school and ourselves in particular under this bereavement, the undersigned append their names in behalf of the school.

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